

**TALES,
SKETCHES, POETRY
AND MUSIC.**



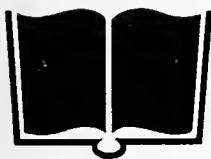
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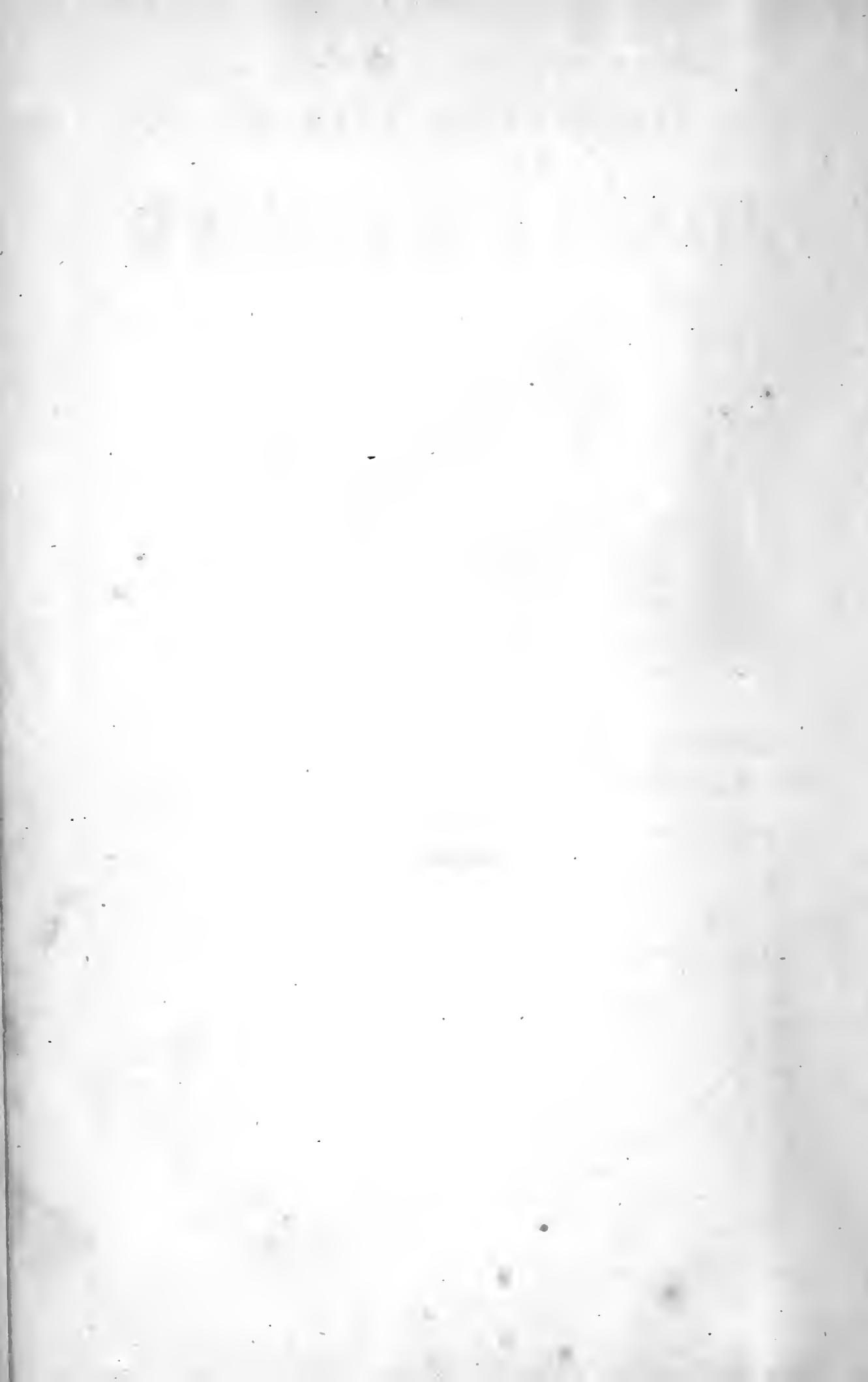
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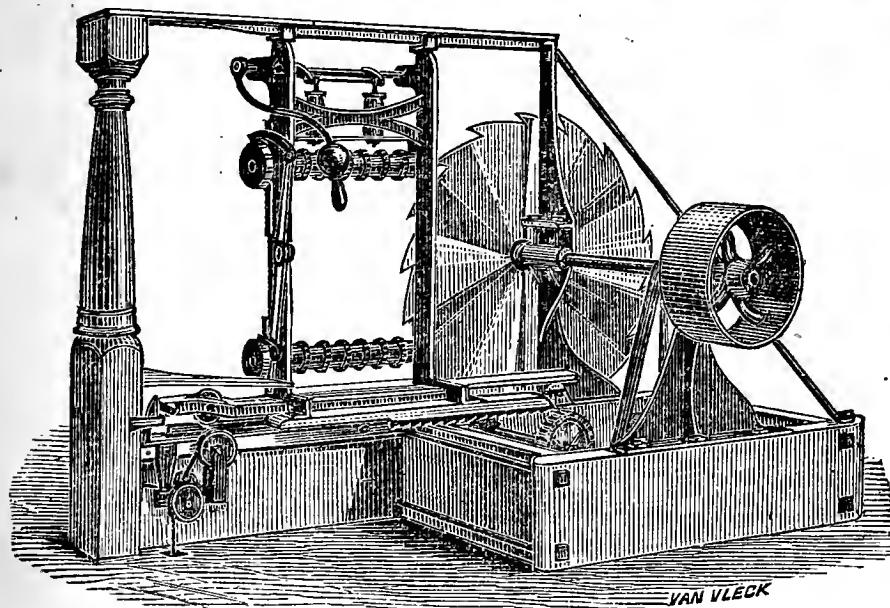
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PREFACE.

A few words concerning the scope, aim and character of this work may not be out of place. An examination of its pages will show that its contents are of a somewhat varied character, comprising, in addition to the Business Guide proper, copious and readable selections in prose and verse, chiefly from California authors, among whom will be found the names of Frank Bret Harte, Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain), Joaquin Miller, John Phoenix (Lieut. Derby), A. G. Beirce, Isabel A. Saxon, Prentice Mulford and Dr. J. M. Haley, together with selections from Oliver Wendell Holmes, Phoebe Cary, Ethel Lynn, Alexander Smith, Mrs. A. M. Diaz, Frances M. Whitcher and J. R. Lowell. The selections are made with a view to entertain and amuse, rather than to instruct.

Several songs with music are also inserted, every one of them having been selected by a competent judge for the unusual excellence of the music. No attempt is made to conceal the fact that the object thus sought is to make the work of a character that will insure its preservation for years. The same end is sought to be attained also by binding the work in a handsome manner, and by printing it in good style on superior paper. The work is published for the benefit of those having descriptions of their business or inventions in its pages, and in this connection it is proper to state that the *business* part of the work will be found full of readable articles and useful information for those wishing to know *where to buy, what to buy, and of whom to buy*. In collecting descriptive articles for this publication, only a few of the most prominent and reliable houses were approached, their character and standing having been previously ascertained.

Of course it is not claimed that all business houses of character and standing in the State are referred to in this work, or that all enterprises and inventions deserving mention are represented in its pages. This only is asserted: that each business man or firm whose name *does* appear is of the highest standing and respectability in the particular business in which he is engaged.

No publicity was given to the fact that the work was in progress, in order that the compilers might not be solicited for space by those persons whose patronage was not desirable. In thus carefully selecting only the most responsible men as subscribers, the compilers necessarily reduced

the patronage that the work might have otherwise obtained, but it will be found that every branch of business carried on, is represented to a greater or less extent. It is probable that an exactly similar work was never before issued.

Firmly persuaded that it cannot fail to be of benefit to subscribers and readers, the work is submitted by

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP, (<i>Frank Bret Harte</i>),	1
IN THE TUNNEL, (<i>Frank Bret Harte</i>),	8
JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS, (<i>Mark Twain</i>),	9
ENTERTAINING HISTORY OF THE SCRIPTURAL PANORAMIST, (<i>Mark Twain</i>),	13
THREE THOUSAND KILLED AND WOUNDED, (<i>Poem, Isabel A. Saxon</i>),	15
TOWN CRIERISMS, (<i>A. G. Bierce</i>),	19
A FRAGMENT, (<i>Poem, Joaquin Miller</i>),	23
SUPPOSE, (<i>Poem, Phoebe Cary</i>),	24
THE YOUNG TOBACCO CHEWER,	26
JEALOUSY,	26
AN ARCTIC AURORA,	28
SHOPPING IN RIO JANIERO,	30
WOOING, (<i>Poem</i>),	32
SONNET, (<i>Poem</i>),	35
POETRY RUN MAD,	35
THE BAKER'S REPLY TO THE NEEDLE PEDDLER,	35
THE GERMAN BY MOONLIGHT, (<i>Poem</i>),	39
HOW LONG TO STARVE,	40
A CURIOUS MEDICAL EXPERIMENT,	42
THE PUBLIC TO MARK TWAIN—HIS REPLY,	44
HISTORICAL SKETCH,	47
THE FUR TRADE—ITS RISE AND PROGRESS,	52
MATCH BOXES AND THEIR MAKERS,	56
WHAT IT COSTS TO ADVERTISE IN NEWSPAERS,	58
THE IDYL OF BATTLE HOLLOW, (<i>Poem, Frank Bret Harte</i>),	59
THE OLD HOME, (<i>Prentice Mulford</i>),	61
BABY FINGERS, (<i>Poem</i>),	64
“GRAN’MA AL’AS DOES,” (<i>Poem</i>),	68
A SINGULAR CALCULATION,	68
PROVERBS,	71
MARK TWAIN IN NEW YORK, (<i>Speech</i>),	74
THE LETTER, (<i>Poem</i>),	76
AN INCIDENT OF THE FRONTIER, (<i>Poem, Jacob Price</i>),	79
“HOW MOTHER DID IT,”	84
THE LOCOMOTIVE, (<i>Poem, Jacob Price</i>),	87
LOST TO SOCIETY—LOST, (<i>Poem</i>),	88
THE GOAT, (<i>Poem, Dr. Hale, Sen.</i>),	92
MARK TWAIN'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH ARTEMUS WARD, (<i>Mark Twain</i>),	97
WHICH SHALL IT BE? (<i>Poem</i>),	99
COURTIN' (<i>Poem, J. R. Lowell</i>),	113
WITH THE PRINTERS,	118
LOVE SONG, (<i>Poem, Alexander Smith</i>),	119
STARTLING ACCIDENT AT FANNY FERN'S,	121
WOMEN IN TAHITI—A CHEERFUL PICTURE,	125
SONG OF STEAM, (<i>Poem, Jacob Price</i>),	129
A LECTURE ON RATTLESNAKES,	130
ONE FOREST FIRE, (<i>Poem, Ethel Lynn</i>),	133
HOW MONKEYS ARE CAPTURED,	134
A MODEL LOVE LETTER—RAPTURES OF CUPID,	138
AUNT TABITHA, (<i>Poem, Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>),	143
MRS. HELPER'S PRESCRIPTION,	143
JOSH BILLINGS ON GONGS,	145
WHERE SHALL THE BABY'S DIMPLE BE? (<i>Poem</i>),	150
CURIOSITIES OF LIFE,	154
REMARKABLE EFFECT OF AN ADVERTISEMENT,	154
SAD TALE FROM SELMA,	155
MELTING MOMENTS,	156
A DICKENS OF A ROMANCE,	157
A BEAUTIFUL CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT,	158
TWO LITTLE ROGUES, (<i>Poem, Mrs. A. M. Diaz</i>),	160
POSTAGE RATES IN THE UNITED STATES,	163
MONEY ORDERS,	164
TEMBLOR MUY TERRIBLE, (<i>Poem, W. Frank Stewart</i>),	165
SKITTER'S TRAP, (<i>Titus A. Brick</i>),	166
THE WIDOW BEDOTT'S POETRY, (<i>Frances M. Whitcher</i>),	170
PROVERBS,	172
SIGNS AND OMENS,	179
CELEBRATED LINIMENT,	179
CHICKEN ON THE BRAIN,	179
A THRILLING RAILROAD ACCIDENT, (<i>Jacob Price</i>),	184
A SMILING MAN, (<i>Poem, W. F. Stewart</i>),	185

Alphabetical List of Advertisers.

ARTHUR, J. D. & SON	190	LINFORTH, KELLOGG & CO	43
ATWOOD & BODWELL.....	100	LUTHER, H. A	41
BADGER, WM. G.....	192	MITCHELL & BELL	117
BAKER & HAMILTON.....	81	MOORE, H. H	145
BALCH, H. M.....	38	MORGAN & WILSON	173
BETTS, WM. M., & BRO.....	132	MORRIS, MRS. E.....	36
BWDISH, M. S.....	169	MORSE, GEO. D.....	77
BOADLEY & RULOFSON.....	57	MURDOCK, C. A. & CO.....	145
CHENERY, SOUTHER & CO.....	162	NORCROSS, DANIEL.....	131
CHESLEY, GEO. W. & CO	161	NORCROSS & CO.....	127
CHURCH, T. R.....	96	NORTON, G. A. & CO	143
COLLINS, J. C.....	94	NUTTING, C. & SON.....	29
COOK, MRS. C.....	140	OTTO, CHAS. & CO.....	140
CROCKER, H. S. & CO.....	118	PACIFIC INK FACTORY	150
CUBERY & CO.....	47	PACIFIC OIL & LEAD WORKS	69
CULVER, J. H.....	85	PACIFIC ROLLING MILLS	82
DANIEL, JOHN & CO	60	PACIFIC SAW MANUFAC'RING CO.....	148
DAY, THOS.....	129	PACIFIC STONE CO	95
DEACON & CO	139	PALMER, W. J. T. & CO.....	37
DEMING, H. A.....	120-164	PEARSON, H. H	136-180
DEWEY & CO.....	33	PLATE, A. J.....	101
EVERSON WALLACE.....	70	PRICE PRESS COMPANY	168
FAIRBANKS & HUTCHINSON	122	ROMAN, A. & CO	48
FISH, A. L	94	SANBORN, VAIL & CO.....	70
FRANCIS & VALENTINE	ii	SEVERANCE, A. J. & CO.....	132
GERKE, HENRY	130	SHERWOOD, W. F.....	78
GLASGOW I. & M. IMPORTING CO.....	124	SIMS, JOHN R.....	101
GODDARD & CO	128	SMITH, WM	122
HAAKE, CHAS	178	SPAULDING, N. W	146
HALLIDIE, A. S	102	STANDARD SOAP COMPANY	126
HANSCOM & CO.....	158	STODDART, WM. B	89-116
HAWLEY, M. C. & CO	159	STEELE, JAS. G. & CO	27
HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.....	31	STEIGER & BOLAND.....	155
HEALY & JEWELL.....	37	TABER, I. W	25
HICKS, D. & CO.....	123	TOLAND MEDICAL COLLEGE	83
HILL, SAMUEL	151-186	TRAVIS & WAGNER.....	42
HOLT, WARREN	87	TRUWORTHY, F. M	183
HOPE, M'KILLOP & CO	191	VACUUM CURE	67
HOWES, E. K. & CO.....	169	WARNER & SILSBY	73
HUNTINGTON, F. A.....	i-180	WATKINS, C. E.....	153
HUNTINGTON, HOPKINS & CO.....	v	WEED & KINGWELL	141
KELLER, HENRY & CO.....	66	WEICHART, J.....	115
KIMBALL CAR MANUFAC'ING CO..	34	WESTLEY & DIERCK	72
KITTREDGE, JONATHAN.....	86	WHEELER & WILSON	89-116
KOHLER, CHASE & CO	17-49-182	WILCOX, ALLEN	22
LAKE & CO.....	85	WILCOX & GIBBS S. M. CO.....	50-135
LEHMAN, R. & CO.....	41	WILSON & EVANS.....	87
LIEBES, H. & CO	52	WOOD, GEO. M.....	183
LIESENFELD, PHILLIP	65		

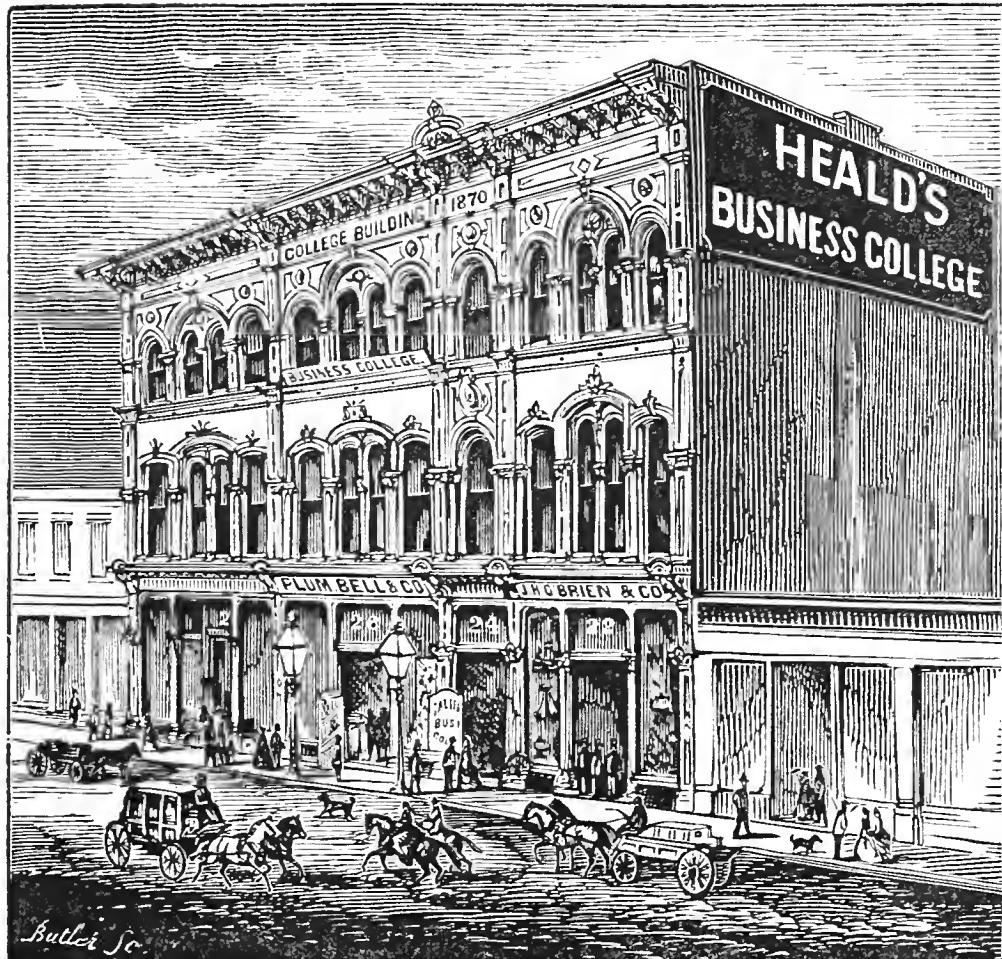
CLASSIFIED BUSINESS LIST OF ADVERTISERS.

CLASS	PAGE	CLASS	PAGE	CLASS	PAGE
Agricultural Hardware.		Hair Jewelry.	PAGE	Printers.	PAGE
Arthur, J. D. & Co.....	190	Cook, Mrs. C.....	140	Crocker, H. S. & Co.....	118
Baker & Hamilton.....	81	Hardware.		Cubery & Co.....	47
Hawley, M. C. & Co.....	159	Baker & Hamilton.....	81	Francis & Valentine.....	11
Linforth, Kellogg & Co.....	43	Hawley, M. C. & Co.....	159	Murdock, C. A. & Co.....	145
Billiard Tables.		Huntington, Hopkins & Co. v		Pumps.	
Liesenfield, Phillip.....	65	Linforth, Kellogg & Co.....	43	Atwood & Bodwell.....	100
Bitters.		Otto, Chas. & Co.....	140	Fish, A. L.....	94
Chesley, Geo. W. & Co.....	161	Hay Presses.		Culver, J. H.....	8
Blacking Manufacturers.		Price Press Company.....	168	Safes.	
Lake & Co.....	85	Hats and Caps.		Kittredge, Jonnathan.....	86
Book Binders.		Collins, J. C.....	94	Sims, John R.	101
Hicks, D. & Co.....	123	Hotels.		Saws and Saw Teeth.	
Books and Stationery.		Cosmopolitan	136-180	Pacific Saw Manufac'g Co....	148
Moore, H. H.....	145	Inks.		Spaulding, N. W.....	146
Roman, A. & Co.....	48	Pacific Ink Factory.....	150	Scales.	
Books (Subscription).		Insurance Companies.		Fairbanks & Hutchinson....	122
Keller, Henry & Co.....	66	Knickerbocker Life.....	131	School and Office Furniture.	
Brass Works.		New England Mutual Life..	70	Holt, Warren.....	87
Weed & Kingwell.....	141	Iron and Steel.		Palmer, W. J. T. & Co....	37
Carpets.		Glasgow I. & M. I. Co.....	124	Sewing Machines.	
Mitchell & Bell.....	117	Huntington, Hopkins & Co. v		Florence S. M. Co.....	151-186
Carriage Springs.		Pacific Rolling Mills.....	82	Howe S. M. Co.....	120-164
Betts, Wm. M & Bro.....	132	Iron Doors and Shutters.		Manhattan S. M. Co.....	78
Car and Carriage Manufacturers.		Sims, J. R.....	101	Wheeler & W. S. M. Co....	89-116
Kimball Car Manufac'g Co... 34		Machinists.		Wilcox & Gibbs S. M. Co... 50	
Clothing.		Deacon & Co.....	139	Wilson S. M. Co.....	143
Church, T. R.....	96	Huntington, F. A.....	1-180	Shirts.	
Colleges.		Marble Workers.		Morris, Mrs. E.....	36
Heald's Business.....	31	Daniel, John & Co.....	60	Soaps.	
Toland Medical.....	83	Mercantile Agencies.		Standard Soap Co.....	126
Confectioners.		Hope, McKillop & Co.....	191	Springs (Spiral).	
Lehman, R. & Co.....	41	Military Goods, Regalia, Etc.		Warner & Silsby.....	73
Dentists.		Norcross & Co.....	127	Stencils, Door Plates, Etc.	
Luther, H. A.....	41	Millstones.		Truworthy, F. M.....	183
Diamond Pointed Drills.		Travis & Wagner.....	42	Wood, Geo. M.....	183
Severance, A. J. & Co.....	132	Musical Instruments.		Stone (Artificial).	
Drugs and Medicines.		Badger, Wm. G.....	192	Pacific Stone Co.....	95
Steele, Jas. G. & Co.....	27	Balch, H. M.....	38	Tanks.	
Edge Tools, Dies, Etc.		Kohler, Chase & Co. 17-49-182		Atwood & Bodwell.....	100
California Tool Works.....	115	Oculists.		Vacuum Cure.....	67
Feed Mills.		Morgan & Wilson.....	173	Water Closets.	
Bowdish, M. S.....	169	Oils and Lead.		Smith, Wm.....	122
Foundries.		Pacific Oil and Lead Works. 69		Water Lifters.	
Ætna Iron Works.....	158	Oysters.		Wilcox, Alien.....	22
Occidental.....	155	Haake, Chas.....	178	Wheelbarrows.	
Pacific Iron Works.....	128	Paints.		Nutting, C. & Son.....	29
Furniture (Patent).		Averill Chemical Paint Co.. 37		Windmills.	
Westley & Dierck.....	72	Patent Agencies.		Atwood & Bodwell.....	100
Furs.		Dewey & Co.....	33	Wire Ropes, Etc.	
Liebes, H. & Co.....	52	Photographers.		Hallidie, A. S.....	102
Gas Fixtures, Pipes, Etc.		Bradley & Rulofson.....	57	Wood and Willow Ware.	
Day, Thos.....	129	Morse, Geo. D.....	77	Howes, E. K. & Co.	169
Guns, Pistols, Etc.		Taber, I. W.....	25	Wines and Liquors.	
Plate, A. J.....	101	Watkins, C. E.....	153	Chenery, Souther & Co.....	162
Wilson & Evans.....	87	Picture Frames, Mouldings, Etc.		Gerke, Henry.....	130
		Sanborn, Vail & Co.....	70		

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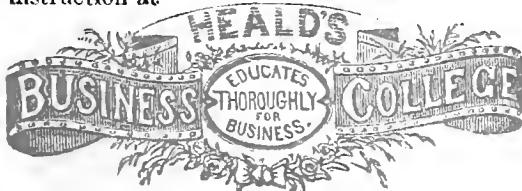


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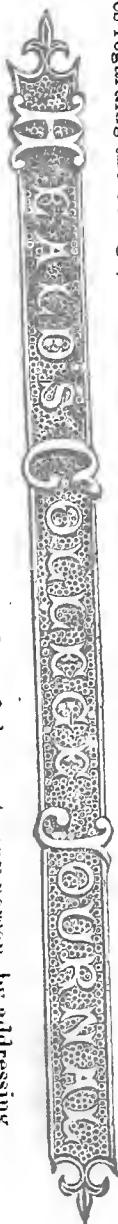
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SELECTIONS.

THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP.

THIS popular sketch of early California life, by Bret Harte, was first published in one of the earlier numbers of the *Overland Monthly*, and did much to draw public attention to this highly appreciated magazine. It met with great favor in England, and a prominent review in that country said of it, that they could see no reason why "The Luck of Roaring Camp" should not be considered the best sketch of frontier life that had been published up to that time:

There was commotion in Roaring Camp. It could not have been a fight, for in 1850 that was not novel enough to have called together the entire settlement. The ditches and claims were not only deserted, but "Tuttle's grocery" had contributed its gamblers, who, it will be remembered, calmly continued their game the day that French Pete and Kanaka Joe shot each other to death over the bar in the front room. The whole camp was collected before a rude cabin on the outer edge of the clearing. Conversation was carried on in a low tone, but the name of a woman was frequently repeated. It was a name familiar enough in the camp—"Cherokee Sal."

Perhaps the less said of her the better. She was a coarse, and, it is to be feared, a very sinful woman. But at that time she was the only woman in Roaring Camp, and was just then lying in sore extremity, when she most needed the ministration of her own sex. Dissolute, abandoned, and irreclaimable, she was yet suffering a martyrdom hard enough to bear even when veiled by sympathizing womanhood, but now terrible in her loneliness. The primal curse had come to her in that original isolation which must have made the punishment of the first transgression so dreadful. It was, perhaps, part of the expiation of her sin, that, at a moment when she most lacked her sex's intuitive tenderness and care, she met only the half contemptuous faces of masculine associates. Yet a few of the spectators were, I think, touched by her sufferings. Sandy Tipton thought it was "rough on Sal," and, in the contemplation of her condition, for a moment rose superior to the fact that he had an ace and two bowers in his sleeve.

It will be seen, also, that the situation was novel. Deaths were by

no means uncommon in Roaring Camp, but a birth was a new thing. People had been dismissed the camp effectively, finally, and with no possibility of return; but this was the first time that anybody had been introduced *ab initio*. Hence the excitement.

"You go in there, Stumpy," said a prominent citizen, known as "Kentuck," addressing one of the loungers. "Go in there, and see what you can do. You've had experience in them things."

Perhaps there was a fitness in the selection. Stumpy, in other climes, had been the putative head of two families; in fact, it was owing to some legal informality in these proceedings that Roaring Camp—a city of refuge—was indebted to his company. The crowd approved of the choice, and Stumpy was wise enough to bow to the majority. The door closed on the extempore surgeon and midwife, and Roaring Camp sat down outside, smoked its pipe, and awaited the issue.

The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. One or two of these were actual fugitives from justice, some were criminal, and all were reckless. Physically, they exhibited no indication of their past lives and character. The greatest scamp had a Raphael face, with a profusion of blond hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice and an embarrassed timid manner. The term "roughs," applied to them, was a distinction rather than a definition. Perhaps in the minor details of fingers, toes, ears, etc., the camp may have been deficient, but these slight omissions did not detract from their aggregate force. The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the best shot had but one eye.

Such was the physical aspect of the men that were dispersed around the cabin. The camp lay in a triangular valley, between two hills and a river. The only outlet was a steep trail over the summit of a hill that faced the cabin, now illuminated by the rising moon. The suffering woman might have seen it from the rude bunk whereon she lay—seen it winding like a silver thread until it was lost in the stars above.

A fire of withered pine-boughs added sociability to the gathering. By degrees the natural levity of Roaring Camp returned. Bets were freely offered and taken regarding the result. Three to five that "Sal would get through with it;" even that the child would survive; side bets as to the sex and complexion of the coming stranger. In the midst of an excited discussion an exclamation came from those nearest the door, and the camp stopped to listen. Above the swaying and moanings of the pines, the swift rush of the river, and the crackling of the fire, rose a sharp, querulous cry—a cry unlike anything heard before in the camp. The pines stopped moaning, the river ceased to rush, and the fire to crackle. It seemed as if Nature had stopped to listen too.

The camp rose to its feet as one man! It was proposed to explode a barrel of gunpowder, but in consideration of the situation of the mother, better counsels prevailed, and only a few revolvers were discharged; for, whether owing to the rude surgery of the camp, or some other reason, "Cherokee Sal" was sinking fast. Within an hour she had climbed, as it were, that rugged road that led to the stars, and so passed out of Roaring Camp, its sin and shame forever. I do not think that the announcement

disturbed them much, except in speeulation as to the fate of the child. "Can he live now?" was asked of Stumpy. The answer was doubtful. The only other being of "Cherokee Sal's" sex and maternal condition in the settlement was an ass. There was some eonjeecture as to fitness, but the experiment was tried. It was less problematical than the aneient treatment of Romulus and Remus, and apparently as successful.

When these details were completed, which exhausted another hour, the door was opened, and the anxious crowd of men, who had already formed themselves into a queue, entered in a singlc file. Beside the low bunk or shelf on which the figure of the mother was starkly outlined below the blankets, stood a pine table; on this a candle-box was placed, and within it, swathed in staring red flannel, lay the last arrival at Roaring Camp. Beside the candle-box was plaed a hat. Its use was soon indicated. "Gentlemen," said Stumpy, with a singular mixture of authority and *ex officio* complaency—"Gentlemen will please pass in at the front door, round the table and out at the back door. Them as wishes to contribute anything toward the orphan will find a hat handy." The first man entered with his hat on; he uncovered, however, as he looked about him, and so, uneonsciously, set an example to the next. In such eommunities good and bad actions are eatching. As the procession filed in, comments were audible—criticisms addressed, perhaps rather to Stumpy, in the character of showman—"Is that him?" "Mighty small specimen." "Hasn't mor'n got the color." "Ain't bigger nor a derringer." The eontributions were as characteristic: A silver tobacco-box; a doubloon; a navy revolver, silver mounted; a gold specimen; a very beautifully embroidered lady's hand-kerehief (from Oakhurst the gambler); a diamond breastpin; a diamond ring (suggested by the pin, with the remark from the giver that he "saw that pin and went two diamonds better"); a slungshot; a bible (eontributor not detected); a golden spur; a silver teaspoon (the initials, I regret to say, were not the giver's); a pair of surgeon's shears; a laneet; a Bank of England note for £5; and about \$200 in loose gold and silver coin. During these proceedings Stumpy maintained a silence as impassive as the dead on his left, a gravity as inscrutable as that of the newly born on his right. Only one incident oecurred to break the monotony of the eurious procession. As Kentuck bent over the candle-box half euriously, the child turned, and, in a spasm of pain, caught at his groping finger, and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and embarrassed. Something like a blush tried to assert itself in his weather-beaten cheek. "The d——d little euss!" he said, as he extreiated his finger, with, perhaps, more tenderness and care than he might have been deemed capable of showing. He held that finger a little apart from its fellows as he went out, and examined it euriously. The examination provokcd the same original remark in regard to the child. In fact, he seemed to enjoy repeating it. "He rastled with my finger," he remarked to Tipton, holding up the member, "the d——d little euss!"

It was four o'clock before the eamp sought repose. A light burnt in the cabin where the watchers sat, for Stumpy did not go to bed that night, nor did Kentuck. He drank quite freely, and related with great gusto his experience, invariably ending with his eharacterstic condemnation of the new-eomer. It seemed to relieve him of any unjust implication of

sentiment, and Kentuck had the weakness of the nobler sex. When everybody else had gone to bed, he walked down to the river, and whistled reflectingly. Then he walked up the gulch, past the cabin, still whistling with demonstrative unconcern. At a large redwood tree he paused and retraced his steps, and again passed the cabin. Half-way down to the river's bank he again paused, and then returned and knocked at the door. It was opened by Stumpy. "How goes it?" said Kentuck, looking past Stumpy, toward the candle-box. "All serene," replied Stumpy. "Anything up?" "Nothing." There was a pause—an embarrassing one—Stumpy still holding the door. Then Kentuck had recourse to his finger, which he held up to Stumpy. "Rastled with it—the d—d little cuss," he said, and retired.

The next day "Cherokee Sal" had such rude sepulture as Roaring Camp afforded. After her body had been committed to the hillside, there was a formal meeting of the camp to discuss what should be done with her infant. A resolution to adopt it was unanimous and enthusiastic. But an animated discussion in regard to the manner and feasibility of providing for its wants at once sprung up. It was remarkable that the argument partook of none of those fierce personalities with which discussions were usually conducted at Roaring Camp. Tipton proposed that they should send the child to Red Dog—a distance of forty miles—where female attention could be procured. But the unlucky suggestion met with fierce and unanimous opposition. It was evident that no plan which entailed parting from their new acquisition would for a moment be entertained. "Besides," said Tom Ryder, "them fellows at Red Dog would swap it, and ring in somebody else on us." A disbelief in the honesty of other camps prevailed at Roaring Camp as in other places.

The introduction of a female nurse in camp also met with objection. It was argued that no decent woman could be prevailed to accept Roaring Camp as her home, and the speaker urged that "they didn't want any more of the other kind." This unkind illusion to the defunct mother, harsh as it may seem, was the first spasm of propriety—the first symptom of the camp's regeneration. Stumpy advanced nothing. Perhaps he felt a certain delicacy in interfering with the selection of a possible successor in office. But when questioned, he averred stoutly that he and "Jinny"—the mammal before alluded to—could manage to rear the child. There was something original, independent, and heroic about the plan that pleased the camp. Stumpy was retained. Certain articles were sent for to Sacramento. "Mind," said the treasurer, as he pressed a bag of gold dust into the expressman's hand, "the best that can be got—lace, you know, and filigree-work and frills—d—m the cost!"

Strange to say, the child thrived. Perhaps the invigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation for material deficiencies. Nature took the foundling to her broader breast. In that rare atmosphere of the Sierra foothills—that air pungent with balsamic odor, that ethereal cordial at once bracing and exhilarating—he may have found food and nourishment, or a subtle chemistry that transmuted asses' milk to lime and phosphorus. Stumpy inclined to the belief that it was the latter and good nursing. "Me and that ass," he would say, "has been father and mother

to him ! "Don't you," he would add, apostrophizing the helpless bundle before him, "never go back on us."

By the time he was a month old, the necessity of giving him a name became apparent. He had generally been known as the "Kid," "Stumpy's boy," the "Cayote," (an allusion to his vocal powers), and even by Kentuck's endearing diminutive of "the d—d little cuss." But these were felt to be vague and unsatisfactory, and were at last dismissed under another influence. Gamblers and adventurers are generally superstitious, and Oakhurst one day declared that the baby had brought "the luck" to Roaring Camp. It was certain that of late they had been successful. "Luck" was the name agreed upon, with the prefix of Tommy for greater convenience. No illusion was made to the mother, and the father was unknown. "It's better," said the philosophical Oakhurst, "to take a fresh deal all round. Call him 'Luck,' and start him fair." A day was accordingly set apart for the christening. What was meant by this ceremony the reader may imagine, who has already gathered some idea of the reckless irreverence of Roaring Camp. The master of ceremonies was one "Boston," a noted wag, and the occasion seemed to promise the greatest facetiousness. This ingenious satirist had spent two days in preparing a burlesque of the church service, with pointed local allusions. The choir was properly trained, and Sandy Tipton was to stand godfather. But after the procession had marched to the grove with music and banners, and the child had been deposited before a mock altar, Stumpy stepped before the expectant crowd. "It ain't my style to spoil fun, boys," said the little man, stoutly, eyeing the faces around him, "but it strikes me that this thing ain't exactly on the squar'. It's playing it pretty low down on this yer baby to ring in fun on him that he ain't going to understand. And ef there's going to be any godfathers round, I'd like to see who's got any better rights than me." A silence followed Stumpy's speech. To the credit of all humorists be it said, that the first man to acknowledge its justice was the satirist, thus stopped of his fun. "But," said Stumpy, quickly, following up his advantage, "we're here for a christening, and we'll have it. I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California, so hclp me God." It was the first time that the name of the Deity had been uttered otherwise than profanely in the camp. The form of christening was perhaps even more ludicrous than the satirist had conceived; but, strangely enough, nobody saw it and nobody laughed. "Tommy" was christened as seriously as he would have been under a Christian roof, and cried and was comforted in as orthodox fashion.

And so the work of regeneration began in Roaring Camp. Almost imperceptibly a change came over the settlement. The cabin assigned to "Tommy Luck"—or "The Luck," as he was more frequently called—first showed signs of improvement. It was kept scrupulously clean and white-washed. Then it was boarded, clothed, and papered. The rosewood cradle packed eighty miles by mule—had, in Stumpy's way of putting it, "sorter killed the rest of the furniture." So the rehabilitation of the cabin became a necessity. The men who were in the habit of lounging in at Stumpy's to see "how 'The Luck' got on" seemed to appreciate the change, and, in self-defense, the rival establishment of "Tuttle's grocery" bestirred itself, and imported a carpet and mirrors. The reflections of the latter on the

appearance of Roaring Camp tended to produce stricter habits of personal cleanliness. Again, Stumpy imposed a kind of quarantine upon those who aspired to the honor and privilege of holding "The Luck." It was a cruel mortification to Kentuck—who, in the carelessness of a large nature and the habits of frontier life, had begun to regard all garments as a second cuticle, which, like a snake's, only sloughed off through decay—to be debarred this privilege from certain prudential reasons. Yet such was the subtle influence of innovation that he thereafter appeared regularly every afternoon in a clean shirt, and face still shining from his ablutions. Nor were moral and social sanitary laws neglected. "Tommy," who was supposed to spend his whole existence in a persistent attempt to repose, must not be disturbed by noise. The shouting and yelling which had gained the camp its infelicitous title were not permitted within hearing distance of Stumpy's. The men conversed in whispers, or smoked with Indian gravity. Profanity was tacitly given up in these sacred precincts, and throughout the camp a popular form of expletive, known as "D—n the luck!" and "Curse the luck!" was abandoned, as having a new personal bearing. Vocal music was not interdicted, being supposed to have a soothing, tranquilizing quality, and one song, sung by "Man-o'-War Jack," an English sailor, from her Majesty's Australian colonies, was quite popular as a lullaby. It was a lugubrious recital of the exploits of "the Arethusa, Seventy-four," in a muffled minor, ending with a prolonged dying fall at the burden of each verse, "On b-o-o-o-ard of the Arethusa." It was a fine sight to see Jack holding 'The Luck,' rocking from side to side as if with the motion of a ship, and crooning forth this naval ditty. Either through the peculiar rocking of Jack or the length of his song—it contained ninety stanzas, and was continued with conscientious deliberation to the bitter end—the lullaby generally had the desired effect. At such times the men would lie at full length under the trees, in the soft summer twilight, smoking their pipes and drinking in the melodious utterances. An indistinct idea that this was pastoral happiness pervaded the camp. "This 'ere kind o' think," said the Cockney Simmons, meditatively reclining on his elbow, "is 'evingly." It reminded him of Greenwich.

On the long summer days "The Luck" was usually carried to the gulch, from whence the golden store of Roaring Camp was taken. There, on a blanket spread over pine-boughs, he would lie while the men were working in the ditches below. Latterly, there was a rude attempt to decorate this bower with flowers and sweet-smelling shrubs, and generally some one would bring him a cluster of wild honeysuckles, azelias, or the painted blossoms of Las Mariposas. The men had suddenly awakened to the fact that there were beauty and significance in these trifles, which they had so long trodden carelessly beneath their feet. A flake of glittering mica, a fragment of variegated quartz, a bright pebble from the bed of the creek, became beautiful to eyes thus cleared and strengthened, and were invariably put aside for "The Luck." It was wonderful how many treasures the woods and hillsides yielded that "would do for Tommy." Surrounded by playthings such as never child out of fairy-land had before, it is to be hoped that Tommy was content. He appeared to be securely happy, albeit there was an infantine gravity about him, a contemplative light in his round gray eyes, that sometimes worried Stumpy. He was always tracta-

ble and quiet, and it is recorded that once, having crept beyond his "corral"—a hedge of tesselated pine-boughs, which surrounded his bed—he dropped over the bank on his head in the soft earth, and remained with his mottled legs in the air in that position for at least five minutes with unflinching gravity. He was extracted without a murmur. I hesitate to record the many other instances of his sagacity, which rest, unfortunately, upon the statements of prejudiced friends. Some of them were not without a tinge of superstition. "I crep' up the bank just now," said Kentuck one day, in a breathless state of excitement, "and dern my skin if he wasn't a talking to a jaybird as was a sittin' on his lap. There they was, just as free and sociable as anything you please, a jawin' at each other just like two cherry-bums." Howbeit, whether creeping over the pine-boughs or lying lazily on his back blinking at the leaves above him; to him the birds sang, the squirrels chattered, and the flowers bloomed. Nature was his nurse and playfellow. For him she would let slip between the leaves golden shafts of sunlight that fell just within his grasp; she would send wandering breezes to visit him with the balm of bay and resinous gums; to him the tall red-woods nodded familiarly and sleepily; the bumble-bees buzzed, and the rooks cawed a slumbrous accompaniment.

Such was the golden summer of Roaring Camp. They were "flush times"—and the "Luck" was with them. The claims had yielded enormously. The camp was jealous of its privileges and look suspiciously on strangers. No encouragement was given to immigration, and, to make their seclusion more perfect, the land on either side of the mountain wall that surrounded the camp they duly preempted. This, and a reputation for singular proficiency with the revolver, kept the reserve of Roaring Camp inviolate. The expressman—their only connecting link with the surrounding world—sometimes told wonderful stories of the camp. He would say: "They've a street up there in 'Roaring,' that would lay over any street in Red Dog. They've got vines and flowers round their houses, and they wash themselves twice a day. But they're mighty rough on strangers, and they worship an Ingin baby."

With the prosperity of the camp came a desire for further improvement. It was proposed to build a hotel in the following spring, and to invite one or two decent families to reside there for the sake of "The Luck"—who might perhaps profit by female companionship. The sacrifice that this concession to the sex cost these men, who were fiercely sceptical in regard to its general virtue and usefulness, can only be accounted for by their affection for Tommy. A few still held out. But the resolve could not be carried into effect for three months, and the minority meekly yielded in the hope that something might turn up to prevent it. And it did.

The winter of 1851 will long be remembered in the foot-hills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain creek became a river, and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous watercourse, that descended the hillsides, tearing down giant trees and scattering its drift and debris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned. "Water put the gold into them gulches," said Stumpy. "It's been here once and will be here again!" And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks, and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

In the confusion of rushing water, crushing trees, and crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy nearest the river-bank was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner; but the pride, the hope, the joy, the "Luck" of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts, when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong here?"

It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding the "Luck" of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair, they saw that the child was cold and pulseless. "He is dead," said one. Kentuck opened his eyes. "Dead?" he repeated feebly. "Yes, my man, and you are dying too." A smile lit the eyes of the expiring Kentuck. "Dying," he repeated, "he's a taking me with him—tell the boys I've got the 'Luck' with me now;" and the strong man, clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.

IN THE TUNNEL.

BY FRANK BRET HARTE.

Didn't know Flynn?—

 Flynn of Virginia—
Long as he's been 'yar
Look'ee here, stranger,
Whar *hev* you been?

Here in this tunnel

 He was my pardner—
That same Tom Flynn.
 Working together,
 In wind and weather,
Day out and in.

Didn't know Flynn!

 Well—that *is* queer—
Why it's a sin
To think of Tom Flynn;
 Tom with his cheer,
 Tom without fear—
Stranger, look 'yar!

Thar in the drift,

 Back to the wall,
He held the timbers
 Ready to fall;
Then in the darkness

I heard him call;

 "Run for your life, Jake!
Run for your wife's sake!
Don't wait for me."

And that was all

 Heard in the din
 Heard of Tom Flynn,
 Flynn of Virginia.

That's all about

 Flynn of Virginia.

That lets me out.

 Here in the damp—

 Out of the sun—
 That 'ar derned lamp
 Makes my eyes run
Well, there—I'm done!

But, sir, when you'll

 Hear the next fool
 Asking of Flynn—

Flynn of Virginia,

 Just you chip in,
 Say you knew Flynn;
Say that you've been 'yar.

—*From the Overland Monthly.*

THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY.

THE following ludicrous yarn was among the first written by that remarkable humorist, Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens), and had probably more to do with attracting public attention in California to his drollery, than any other article from his pen. If any person can contemplate the ludicrous discomfiture of "thish-yer Smiley," when his frog was anchored to floor by the device of the wicked stranger, without laughing in spite of him or herself, they may set it down that they are differently constituted from the majority of mankind :

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner, and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat me down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle flowing key to which he tuned the initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. To me, the spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn without ever smiling, was exquisitely absurd. As I said before, I asked him to tell me what he knew of Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and he replied as follows. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once :

There was a feller here once by the name of *Jim Smiley*, in the winter of '49—or may be it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first came to the camp; but anyway he was the curiosest man about, always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't, he'd change sides. Any way that suited the other man would suit him—any way just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solitry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse race, you'd find him flush, or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp meeting, he would be there reg'lar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was, too, and a good man. If he ever seen a straddlebug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddlebug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for, and how long he was on the road. Lots of

the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he would bet on *anything*—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he came in, and Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy—and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Prov'dence she'd get well yet; and Smiley before he thought, says, “Well, I'll risk two and a-half that she don't, anyway.”

Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavoring and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust, and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

And he had a little small bull pup, that to look at him you'd think he wan't worth a cent, but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was put up on him, he was a different dog; his under jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bullyrag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—would never let on but what he was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'nt of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, this-yer Smiley had rat tarriers, and chicken coeks, and tom eats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or may be a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat footed and all right like a eat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was edercation, and he could do most anything—and I believe him. Why I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quieker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywhere, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, may be, but it an't—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it around this way and that, and says, "H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for *one* thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and gave it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"May be you don't," Smiley says. "May be you understand frogs, and may be you don't understand 'em; may be you've had experiencee, and may be you an't only a amateur, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I an't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the

box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog and fetched him in, and give him to this feller and says :

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore paws just even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it wan't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted, too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away, and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for—I wonder if there an't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck and lifted him up, and says, "Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And—

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.] And turning to me as he moved away, he said : "Just set where you are stranger, and rest easy—I an't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim Smiley* would be likely to afford me much information concerning the *Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley*, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and recommenced !

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller, one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only jest a short stump like a bannanner, and—"

"Oh ! hang Smiley and his afflicted cow!" I muttered, good naturally, and bidding the old gentleman good day, I departed.

ENTERTAINING HISTORY OF THE SCRIPTURAL PANORAMIST.

BY MARK TWAIN.

[I give the history in Mr. Nickerson's own language.]

HERE was a fellow traveling around, in Connecticut (said Mr. Nickerson), with a moral religious show—a sort of a scriptural panorama—and he hired a wooden headed old slab to play the piano for him. After the first night's performance, the showman says :

“ My friend, you seem to know pretty much all the tunes there are, and you worry along first-rate. But then didn't you notice that sometimes last night the piece you happened to be playing was a little rough on the proprieties, so to speak—didn't seem to jibe with the general gait of the picture that was passing at the time, as it were—was a little foreign to the subject, you know—as if you didn't either trump or follow suit, you understand ? ”

“ Well, no,” the fellow said; he hadn't noticed, but it might be; he had played along just as it came handy.

So they put it up that the simple old dummy was to keep his eye on the panorama after that, and as soon as a stunning picture was recled out, he was to fit it to a dot with a picce of music that would help the audience get the idea of the subject, and warm them up like a camp meeting revival. That sort of thing would corral their sympathies, the showman said.

There was a big audience that night—mostly middle aged and old people who belonged to the church and took a strong interest in Bible matters, and the balance were pretty much young bucks and heifers—they always come out strong on panoramas, you know, because it gives them a chance to taste one another's mugs in the dark.

Well, the showman began to swell himself up for his lecture, and the old mud-dobber tackled the piano and run his fingers up and down once or twice to see that she was all right, and the fellows behind the curtain commenced to grind out the panorama. The showman balanced his weight on his right foot, and propped his hands on his hips, and flung his eye over his shoulder at the scenery, and says :

“ Ladies and gentlemen, the painting now before you illustrates the beautiful and touching parable of the Prodigal Son. Observe the happy expression just breaking over the features of the poor suffering youth—so worn and weary with his long march; note also the ecstasy beaming from the uplifted countenance of the aged father, and the joy that sparkles in the eyes of the excited group of youths and maidens, and seems ready to burst in a welcoming chorus from their lips. The lesson, my friends, is as solemn and instructive as the story is tender and beautiful.”

The mud-dobber was all ready, and the second the speech was finished he struck up:

“ Oh ! we'll all get blind drunk,
When Johnny comes marching home ! ”

Some of the people giggled and some groaned a little. The showman

couldn't say a word. He looked at the piano sharp; but he was all lovely and serene—he didn't know there was anything out of gear.

The panorama moved on, and the showman drummed up his grit and started in fresh:

"The fine picture now unfolding itself to your gaze exhibits one of the most notable events in Bible history—our Savior and his disciples upon the sea of Galilee. How grand, how awe inspiring are the reflections which the subject invokes! What sublimity of faith is revealed to us in this lesson from the sacred writings! The Savior rebukes the angry waves, and walks securely upon the bosom of the deep!"

All around the house they were whispering, "Oh, how lovely! how beautiful!" and the orchestra let himself out again :

"Oh, a life on the ocean wave,
And a home on the rolling deep!"

There was a good deal of honest snickering turned on this time, and considerable groaning, and one or two old deacons got up and went out. The showman gritted his teeth and cursed the piano man to himself; but the fellow sat there like a knot on a log, and seemed to think he was doing first-rate.

After things got quiet, the showman thought he would make one more stagger at it, anyhow, though his confidence was beginning to get mighty shaky. The supes started the panorama to grinding along, and he says:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this exquisite painting illustrates the raising of Lazarus from the dead by our Savior. The subject has been handled with rare ability by the artist, and such touching sweetness and tenderness of expression has he thrown into it, that I have known peculiarly sensitive persons to be even affected to tears by looking at it. Observe the half-confused, half-inquiring look, upon the countenance of the awakening Lazarus. Observe, also, the attitude and expression of the Savior, who takes him gently by the sleeve of his shroud with one hand, while he points with the other toward the distant city."

Before anybody could get off an opinion in the case, the innocent old ass at the piano struck up :

"Come rise up, William Ri-i-ley,
And go along with me!"

It was rough on the audience, you bet you. All the solemn old flats got up in a huff to go, and everybody else laughed till the windows rattled.

The showman went down and grabbed the orchestra, and shook him up, and says :

"That lets you out, you know, you chowder headed old clam! Go to the doorkeeper and get your money, and cut your stick! vamose the ranche! Ladies and gentlemen, circumstances over which I have no control compel me prematurely to dismiss—"

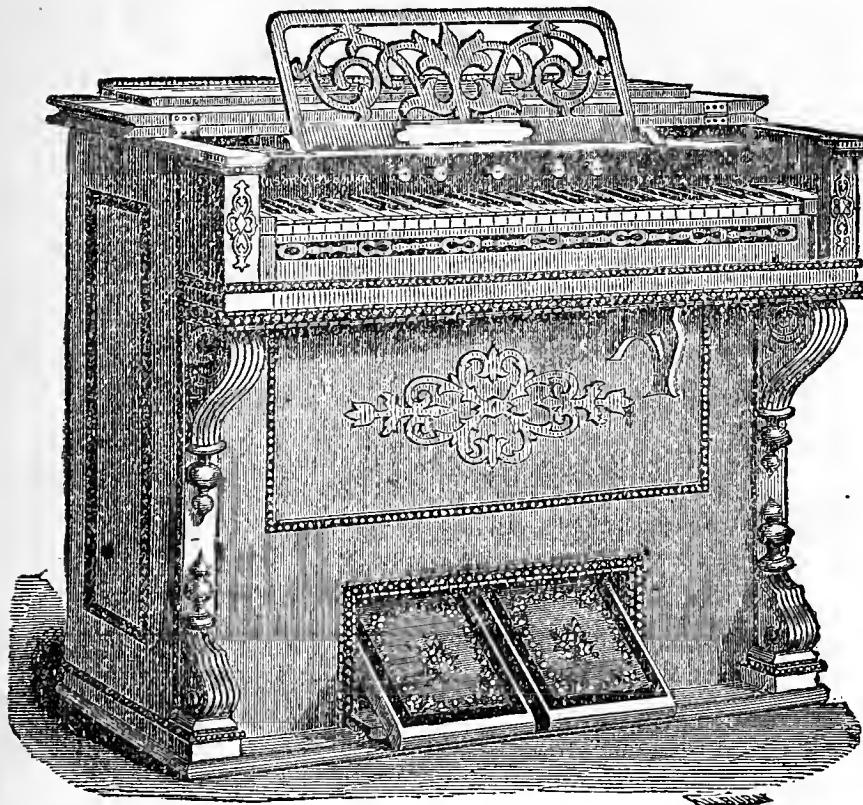
“THREE THOUSAND KILLED AND WOUNDED.”

BY ISABEL A. SAXON.

The following poem, written when the recent terrible war between France and Germany raged fiercest, and first published in the *San Francisco News Letter* proves, we think, that there is at least *one* woman in California who can write—*poetry* :

Are its proud masters fiends, or are they men ?
That in the broadest light of Reason's day
With Science's myriad banners wide unfurled
They dare profane God's footstool with such crime
And call it glory ! Out upon the age !
If in its boasted panoply of worth
This be the most it gives us; we have need
Of something more than to see heroes bleed,
And women writhe in agony of soul
Above their mutilated dead ! All Death
Is fearful to our aching hearts
Feeling the worth we lose, when on the whole
Of this terrestrial orb, no other eyes
Will beam upon us with such looks of love
As those we mourn—holy with thoughtfulness—
Radiant when we were joyful—sad when we
Gazed sadly into them; true, loyal eyes !
How can death harm us but by stealing them,
And closing them forever to our view ?
Yet oft the tyrant monarch comes to such
Upon the verge of Man's allotted span
Reverend and crowned with honors—idolized
By some, and dear to numbers. On the couch
Smoothed by affection, thus to pass away
With the serenity of childhood's sleep—
Is to divest the Conqueror of Life
Of half his terror-dealing influence.
But Death upon the gory battle-field !
Mothers ! Wives ! Sisters ! What see ye afar
Mid the red flash of carnage ? Quivering flesh !
That ye have clasped how often in your arms !
Was it for this, pale watchers, that ye gave
Your very life blood to the reeking earth ?
Poor stricken ones ! Shriek on, and on, and on !
See eyes glaze fast ! White lips that kiss the dust
Which ye so yearn to meet in love and life !
See if your shrieks perchance may reach the ears
Of earth's polluted law-givers—who drench
Her shuddering frame with streaming human blood—
And wring concession from them ! 'Tis a lie

To call us civilized ! A falsehood palpable;
Let him who doubts it look upon the deeds
Wrought by our cannon and death-dealing guns
That tear the vitals, wrench the shrinking limbs,
Annihilate the very form of man
From all that's human ! How right royally
We play the game of murder ! Are we not
Brave, loyal, noble ? Brave ? Aye, brave indeed
To do the work of bloodhounds ! Call us dogs,
And then the dog is libeled. Loyal are we ?
Aye, to our passions; very, very loyal.
Oh Heaven ! After so many myriad years
That Thou hast borne with us, is this the end ?
All we can render thee ! Have Mercy yet,
We are so finite in our faculties !
Thou migh'st well loathe us, that we cannot yield
To Reason's sway. Men—nations—all alike
Bow before passion's shrine. Shall there not come a day
When the whole earth shall be our Fatherland ?
Nor petty voices of our selfishness
Whisper, all nations are to be decried
Save one, and that upheld above them all
Because it gave us birth ? To love that one
And reverence it is sure a holy pride,
But to hold it infallible—and in defense
Of some vain chimera of fancied wrong,
Torture and murder, plunder, rob and burn
In wantonness of insult ! What is war
But Licensed Murder ? And in "first degree,"
For so our judges speak of that which is
"Done with a calm, deliberate purpose, and
Intent to kill." If one poor, pallid wretch,
Shrinking in horror at his own foul deed,
Be worthy punishment, say what are we,
Nations of Murderers ? How dare we raise
Our hands to Heaven imploring pity, while
With full and perfect knowledge of its wrong
We still vociferate "War," vile, fiendish war.
There is no reason in it; are we so wild
So savage in our instincts yet, that councils calm
Of wise and learned and skilled, far-seeing men
From every clime, cannot, by patience' aid
Unravel every snarled and tangled knot
Woven by demagogues and imbeciles ?
God speed the time, when our fair mother Earth
Shall smile in all her lavishness of bloom,
Unmarred by violence, unstained by blood,
United over all her fertile fields,
By hearts that may in one, if but one thought
Agree; abiding hate of murderous War.



ORGANS.

(MASON & HAMLIN'S CABINET.)

Kohler, Chase & Co., Clay street.—Who would suppose it would make any difference in the quality of tone in a reed instrument whether the air is expelled *from* the bellows through the reeds, or is drawn through them *into* it? No one; and yet such is the singular fact, which may be demonstrated in a moment by any one who will take a common accordeon and observe the tones produced when the bellows is pushed *in* and then when it is drawn *out*. In the first case they are wheezy, rough and unsteady; in the second clear, smooth, brilliant and firm. The first pertain to the almost obsolete melodeon; the second to the modern and widely-used cabinet organ. There is more difference between the two than there is between the cabinet organ and the grand pipe organ. Indeed a remark like the following is frequently heard among good musicians: "I would rather have a *good* cabinet than an ordinary *pipe* organ;" and, indeed, there is some reason for the remark, for the orchestral effects produced by a large sized Mason & Hamlin organ in the hands of a master, are surprisingly fine. We believe that the discovery and application of the principle of drawing the air into the bellows instead of forcing it out must be credited to Mr. Needham, of the firm of Carhart & Needham.

Although a great step in advance, the instrument was yet far from being satisfactory. It required an immense amount of practice to enable the performer to give any expression to the music. In the hands of an ordinary player it produced a steady, monotonous, unbroken roar, ending as

abruptly as the grinding of a coffee mill. Evidently the instrument would never be very popular unless this defect could be overcome.

After the trial of various unsuccessful devices such as knee swells, extra pedals, etc., etc., a complete, simple and perfect remedy was found in the invention of what is properly called the "Automatic Swell," which was immediately secured for the Mason & Hamlin organ and has made it, in connection with other excellencies, the leading instrument of its class throughout the world.

With respect to this remarkable invention it is perhaps sufficient to say that its effect is to enable an ordinary performer to produce a most perfect and beautiful crescendo and diminuendo, with the pedals only. In other words although the player may move the pedals rapidly and irregularly, when he first places his hands on the keys, yet he will produce a tone at first soft as the whisper of an *Æolian* harp which will evenly and grandly swell up to the full overwhelming power of the instrument, and then although he may suddenly lift the feet from the pedals, keeping his hands on the keys, it will as gradually and smoothly die away to the faintest whisper. It is perfection itself, and puts a soul into the instrument that makes it a formidable rival to the piano. By its action the instrument becomes, so to speak, a part of the player and responds to his sympathies and tastes like a violin in the hands of an artist.

We are acquainted with the organs of several other makers, and while many of them possess fine tones, numerous stops, good workmanship and pleasing exteriors, none that we have ever seen yet possess the power of expression or the capability of producing the exquisitely modulated tones that pertain to the Mason & Hamlin.

It takes no cultivated musician to understand and prove these statements; any person who chooses may seat himself at any other kind of an organ and endeavor to the best of his ability to produce what is termed a "swell," in music, and he will find it utterly impossible to do so. He may partly succeed, but he will find that just as his ear is anticipating the finish of a perfect diminuendo, the sound abruptly ceases as if the instrument had suddenly got out of breath. Now let him attempt to obtain the same result with the Mason & Hamlin and how easily and perfectly he succeeds, unskillful though he may be. This is no idle talk, but is simply a fact which is worth while for those who contemplate purchasing organs to look into. This invention makes the Mason & Hamlin as much superior to other organs as other organs are to the old fashioned melodeon—in fact it is the Mason & Hamlin that has sold others, by making cabinet organs popular. One other characteristic deserves notice: they are always ready never seriously out of order, and always in tune—indeed, we think one with proper usage would be in good condition after fifty years service. We admire the piano forte very much, yet while doing so we cannot help admitting that the music of an organ is of a more elevating and refining character. It might be difficult to say why this is so, yet it is undoubtedly true, and we cannot avoid the conclusion that their use must cultivate, refine and purify the hearts and minds of those who come under their influence.

TOWN CRIERISMS.

THE following *diablerie* is from the "Town Crier," in the *San Francisco News Letter*, one of the queerest sheets ever published, and withal, one of the most entertaining. It is not a newspaper—does not pretend to be—neither is it a literary, political, or religious journal, nor yet the organ of any society or organization; it is not a comic or sporting publication, nor devoted to the interests of any nationality or class. In fact, it is easier to tell what it is not than what it is, except that it is readable. It probably contains more genuine original wit and stinging satire, than any paper published in America, albeit not always used in a manner entirely consistent with fairness—in the opinion of the victims :

A MODEL REPORT.

"At the last session of the Board of Supervisors, the Fire and Water Committee was instructed to inquire into the circumstances attending the late fire. We have obtained a sight of the report the Committee will present next Monday evening. It is as follows : 'Your Committee has made careful and impartial inquiry, and we find that one prominent feature of the late fire was an intense heat, to which, without doubt, much of the damage is to be attributed. We find, moreover, that this heat was greatest in those places where the conflagration raged most fiercely, and least where it did not rage at all—for example, at North Beach and Oakland. We find that where water was got on in sufficient quantity the flames were wholly extinguished, and we feel justified in the opinion that if half the water daily wasted in navigation had been promptly applied some hours before the conflagration, the building could not have been ignited. We would be recreant to our duty did we not call attention to the shameful conduct of the fire ordinance in not preventing combustion when flame and wood are brought into direct personal contact. As to the other circumstances attending the fire, some of them were female and the remainder were mostly drunk.' If this report shall not have the effect of restoring the property destroyed there will be very little encouragement to make another. We think the Board should in that case pass a resolution declaring that no property was destroyed.

LUMINOUS.

"We are pained to learn that the case of Ching Wong *vs.* Luin Shu has been set for hearing March 31st. Why so long a postponement was necessary we are not advised, but in view of the important interests involved, and the vast amount of property likely to be affected by the decision, it is to be regretted that it could not be brought to an immediate issue. We shall advise our readers of the final result, provided we can learn what the mischief it is all about. Meantime, we side with Lum Ching and utterly condemn and revile the dastardly conduct of Wong Shu. In saying this we know that our motive will be suspected; we know that the base hirelings of an infernal press—the boneheaded, bladderhearted, snakespirited, rumblinded, unconstitutional incomprehensibilities of contemporary journalism—will seek to cast a wet blanket of detraction upon the lambent flame of our duty to the public; but we don't care a tinker's imprecation ! We feel that Shu Ching is in the right, and we mean to

sustain him, even if our disreputable contemporaries should descend to their usual blackguardly business of calling names. The *News Letter* cannot be swerved the diameter of a gnat's eye-lash from the path of rectitude as marked out by the sympathies of its patrons. Those sympathies are unmistakably in favor of Wong Lum. The other litigant party may go to—Oakland !

A MERITED REBUKE.

“We are pained to note that Professor Bolander, of our Academy of Sciences, has been maligning the Golden State, which has tolerated him for years without a word of complaint. At the meeting last Monday evening, the ungrateful wretch asserted that the geological and climatic conditions of the State are not favorable to the formation of peat. What ! a State that produces silk, and rice, and ramie, and cotton, and the poppy, and coffee, and tea, and all other possible and impossible vegetables (*vide* the newspapers, *passim*) not capable of secreting peat ? We are disgusted. We have seen ledges of peat in Tuolumne county fifteen feet wide and of astonishing richness, needing only water power to get it out by the shipload. A gentleman well known in peat circles informs us that the soil of Merced is admirably adapted for its cultivation from the seed. The Siskiyou *Snorter* says, editorially, that the rivers of that county are full of peat; as many as seventy barrels have been caught in one day by a single man. It supposes that a married man could take twice as many. California not adapted to peat ! Stuff and nonsense ! Mr. Bolander has simply insulted every pioneer concerned in laying the geological and climatic foundations of this State.

SEVERE ON FLORIDA.

“It is reported that an entire county of Florida has sunk out of sight. A gentleman living in that county writes us from Hades that, like the dead, it will rise again. ‘I overheard,’ says he, ‘a conversation between Mr. Satan, in whose dominions we now rest, and one of his lieutenants, which convinces me that we shall be all right again in a few days : ‘Gargoyle,’ said Satan, ‘I have been all over this new territory that you have annexed, and I must say that its acquisition reflects no credit upon your sagacity, and is not at all beneficial to our estate. To be plain with you, the thing is a disgrace to H—, and its inhabitants are not fit to be received here upon any footing whatever. As soon as you get rested, you and Griffin, and Behemoth, and Pachyderm, and Thad. Stevens, just get your backs under the d— thing, boost it up again and key it into its old place. And mind, don’t you annex any more Florida under any pretext whatever. What we are after now are San Domingo and California.’ We congratulate the good people of the sunken county upon their approaching deliverance.

WONDERS OF MODERN TRAVEL.

“A remarkable instance of rapid traveling has just been made public in Liverpool, and telegraphed all over America. Some time last May a man left San Francisco for Liverpool. He got to Omaha in five days, and finding that he had forgotten his baggage, returned for it. He then started again, and got as far as New York, but finding no steamer, took a trip down the coast to Charleston, South Carolina. From that place he went

to New Orleans to see a cousin. Going back to Charleston to get a good start, he sped straight to Memphis with the speed of the wind, and thence he came back to Sacramento. Deducting all the time he 'lay over' at various places, and allowing the highest rate of speed for the time he was actually traveling, it will be seen that if he had gone on to Liverpool as he at first intended, he would have made the trip in a comparatively brief period. We trust his example may stimulate the building of another trans-continental railroad; and also the submerging of another sub-Atlantic telegraph cable to proclaim to a wondering public the astonishing celerity of the modern traveler, when he gets up and goes.

UNAPPRECIATED INGENUITY.

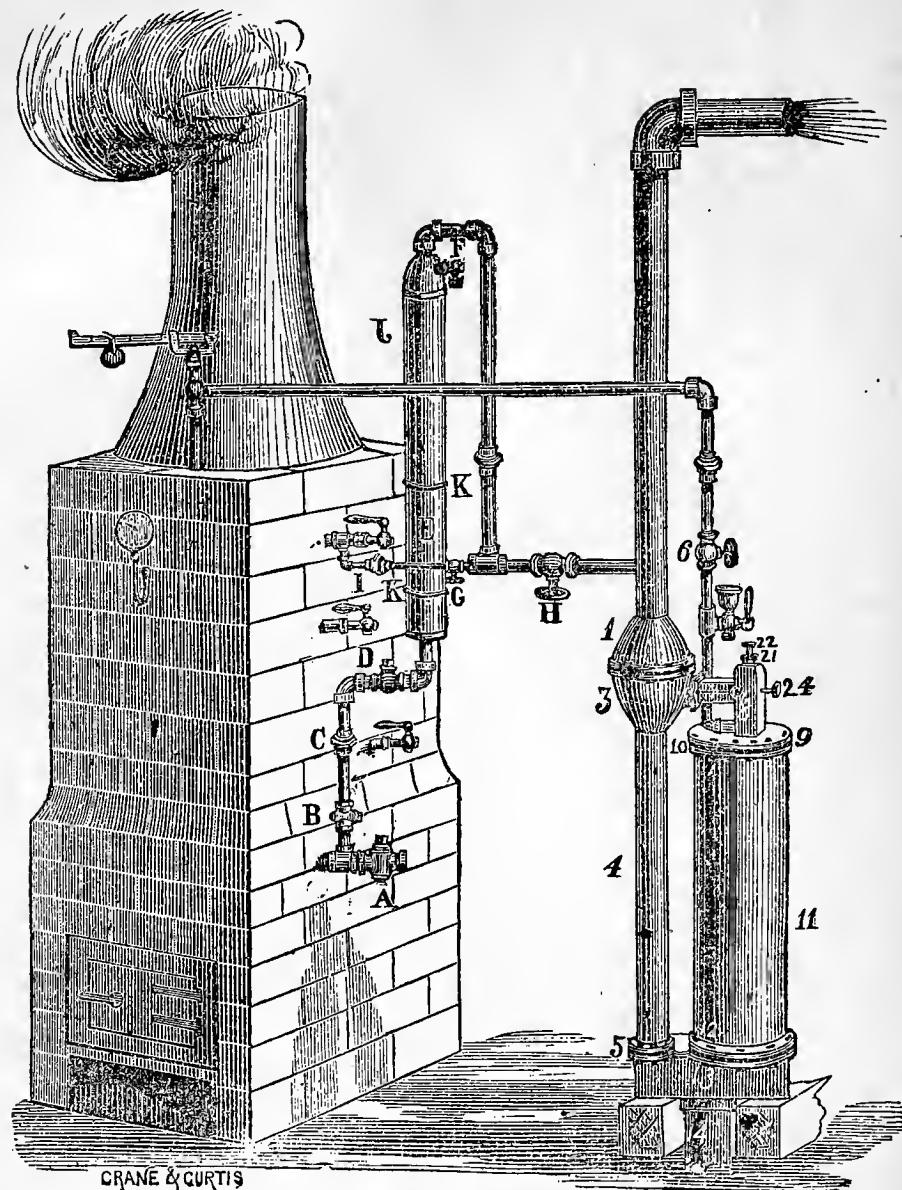
"The 'Town Crier,' who is always incubating some egg of benevolence, has just hatched out a scheme which cannot fail of working much weal. He has invented a contribution box to be used instead of the ordinary plate at church. It is so ingeniously contrived that one may put into it as large a sum as he likes and the amount of it shall be alike unknown to him who passes the box and him who looks on from an adjoining pew. Thus a man may contribute ten and twenty dollar pieces without incurring the derision of the scoffer, the embarrassing gratitude of the pastor, or the distressing envy of the congregation. It is believed that contributions garnered by the use of this device will be at least ten thousand times greater in amount than those gathered in the old way. The inventor grieves to state that, so far, his apparatus has been somewhat coldly looked upon, and in attempting to introduce it he has met with but indifferent encouragement from the clergy. Mr. Fulton, it will be remembered, met with opposition in building his steamboat.

DEMORALIZATION OF INDIANA DIVORCE LAWS.

Indiana has made herself eternally infamous by repealing some of her enlightened legislation, and hedging in the tender relation of divorce with such odious restrictions as must discourage the most hopeful conjugal malcontent. She has actually decided that within her boundaries cold feet shall no longer be deemed a sufficient ground of separation, nor shall the habit of rolling over and taking all the bed-covers along be regarded as incompatibility of temper within the meaning of the law. Nothing less atrocious than a pronounced affection for a neighbor's spouse is hereafter to be regarded as entitling the one who exhibits it to a decree, and even then the privilege of supporting the children is conceded to the other party. We fear the sovereign State of Indiana has degraded herself to the level of other Christian communities, and many worthy married persons will now have to choose between Chicago and suicide. A very intelligent choice may be made by tossing up a copper.

RESIGNATION.

"Mr. Verbloom, of this city, who was supposed to have gone down in the *City of Boston*, has put in an appearance, very greatly to the astonishment of his wife. As that worthy lady had just received a thousand dollars on his life policy, his reception was not attended by any of those external signs with which frivolous natures are accustomed to manifest their joy. After the first start of surprise, the demeanor of his wife was calm, dignified and resigned—something like that of a serene jackass baffled of his turnip by a sudden and tempestuous pig.



STEAM PUMPS.

(WILCOX'S STEAM WATER LIFTER.)

Allen Wilcox, 21 Fremont street.—We are not sure that it is quite proper to class the remarkable invention of Mr. Wilcox, of which the accompanying cut is an illustration, under the head of steam pumps, and yet it performs all the functions of one in a manner unequaled by the best of those machines. What will our readers say of a steam pump that employs neither engine, piston, fly wheel nor crank, but raises water by direct pressure of the steam? We know what that portion of them will say who are not familiar with its action. They will say that there would be a loss of a considerable part of the power by condensation, resulting from the steam coming in contact with the water, to balance which they would probably admit that a saving of nearly one-third would be effected by the entire absence of friction, a considerable degree of that element of resistance being unavoidable in ordinary pumps, employing as they do pistons, valves, etc., working under sufficient pressure to keep

them steam or water tight. When we tell them that not only does the steam act in a place as favorable for retaining its heat as in the cylinder of an engine, but that in addition the power of the exhaust steam also is utilized,—being condensed to produce a vacuum which raises the water 25 feet, without the expenditure of any power whatever—we think that they will begin to see the point, and discover a gain of at least 50 per cent. over any steam pump yet devised.

The successful introduction of this machine on this coast involved an amount of perseverance, faith, coin and nerve, that would have disheartened most men, and its remarkable success can but furnish an additional incentive to those who are slowly and laboriously working their way along with some invention of unrecognized merit, which they *know* in their hearts possess the elements of success. These lifters are in use all over the State, elevating water for any purpose required, at about one-half the cost of any other steam pump. No accident has ever occurred with them and having neither pistons nor packing, they seldom get out of order. They are in use wherever a pump is necessary, on the Central Pacific R. R. from Oakland to Ogden; no less than forty thousand dollar's worth of them being required for the purpose.

Mr. Wilcox has a large shop devoted exclusively to the manufacture of these lifters. He keeps a number on hand and will be pleased to show them in operation to any one interested at any time.

A Fragment.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Let the red lips lift, proud curled to kiss,
And round limbs lean and raise and reach
In love too passionate for speech—
Too full of blessedness and bliss
For anything but this and this;
Let luscious lips lean hot to kiss
And swoon in love, whilst all the air
Is redolent with balm of trees,
And mellow with the song of bees,
While birds sit singing everywhere;
And you will have not any more
Than I in boyhood, by that shore
Of olives, had in years of yore.

She had wept and wondered at my delay,
Alone and in tears, with her head held down,
Where the ships sail out and the seas swirl in,
Forgetting to knit and refusing to spin.
She shall lift her head, she shall see her lover,
She shall hear his voice like a sea that rushes;
She shall hold his gold in her hands of snow,
And down on her breast she shall hide her blushes;
And never a care shall her true heart know,
While the clouds are below, or the clouds are above her.

SUPPOSE.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

Suppose my little lady,
 Your doll should break her head,
 Could you make it whole by crying
 Till your eyes and nose are red ?
 And wouldn't it be pleasanter
 To treat it as a joke,
 And say you are glad 'twas Dolly's
 And not your head that broke ?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
 And the rain comes pouring down,
 Will it clear off any sooner
 Because you scold and frown ?
 And wouldn't it be nicer
 For you to smile than pout,
 And so make sunshine in the house
 When there is none without ?

Suppose your task, my little man,
 Is very hard to get,
 Will it make it any easier
 For you to sit and fret ?
 And wouldn't it be wiser
 Than waiting like a dunce,
 To go to work in earnest
 And learn the thing at once ?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
 And some a coach and pair,
 Will it tire you less while walking
 To say it isn't fair ?
 And wouldn't it be nobler
 To keep your temper sweet,
 And in your heart be thankful
 You can walk upon your feet ?

And suppose the world don't please you,
 Nor the things some people do,
 Do you think the whole creation
 Will be altered just for you ?
 And isn't it my boy or girl,
 The wisest, bravest plan,
 Whatever comes or doesn't come,
 To do the best you can ?

•••

A dumb man recently went to law with a deaf man: the latter, of course, was the deaf-endant.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERIES.

Hail light divine, whose rays doth lend
To us the features of a friend ;
Thy praise mankind shall ever sing
O, thou, that robs death of its sting.

I. W. Taber, 12 *Montgomery street, opposite Masonic Temple.*—This little photographic palace is pre-eminently art's headquarters. Probably there is not such an assemblage of first-class talent in San Franeiseo, as that eonnceted with this gallery. At some other places may be found more extensive suites of rooms and perhaps *larger* collections of pictures, but at none more perfect or beautiful specimens of the photographer's art; and as for paintings, it is sufficient to say that the walls are adorned with the splendid eoneeptions of the Nahls, of whom a writer in the San Franeiseo *News Letter* says: "We may well say the Nahls, for art has become a tradition in this family. The father, grandfather and great grandfather of the young men now in our city were all celebrated artists in their day. The grandfather designed the beautiful tomb of Madame Langhans, in the parish church of Hildelbank, near Berne. Schiller makes honorable mention of the father, and Arthur, one of the young men now in San Franeiseo, gained the gold medal of the Academy of Paris when very young. There are few of our citizens that have not been delighted with the works of these gifted brothers, from their India-ink sketches to the more ambitious oil paintings."

At the present time the reeception parlor at this establishment eontains that splendid serics of paintings by Charles Nahl, entitled, "The Rape of the Sabines." As a delineation of the form, a most noble and majestic man and a dclieiously beautiful woman, these paintings probably exel anything to be found on the Paeifie Coast.

Of Mr. Taber himself, the visitor would probably see but little, unless he should have occasion to visit the operating room, where he may nearly always be found looking through a camera at some victim in the ehair who is desirous of viewing his counterfeit presentiment as shown by a first-class photograph. Mr. Taber is wholly given up to his business and attends to it personally and eonstantly. For seven or eight years he was the prin-eipal operator in one of our largest and most popular galleries.

He has occupied his present rooms about one year, and during that time has demonstrated that as a photographer he has few equals, and no superiors on this coast. His display in the reeent Meehanies' Fair was unsurpassed as speeimens of good photographs and perfect likenesses.

Of eourse, when one of his photographs is submitted to the magie brush of Arthur Nahl, a portrait results which is perhaps as nearly perfect as has yet been produced on this planet. Mr. Taber's establishment although referred to as a "little" place, is really among the largest in San Franeiseo, oeeupying fifteen or sixteen rooms and giving employment to nearly a dozen persons.

These rooms are situated right in the heart of the eity and are constantly filled with visitors, who eome to gratify their love of the beautiful by feasting their eyes on the gems of art with which their walls are adorned.

THE YOUNG TOBACCO CHEWER.

N board the ship one day, we were stowing away the hammocks when one of the boys came with his hammock on his shoulder, and, as he passed, the first lieutenant perceived that he had a quid of tobacco in his mouth.

"What have you got there?" asked the first lieutenant. "A gum boil? Your cheek is much swollen."

"No, sir; there's nothing the matter," replied the boy.

"Oh, there must be! Perhaps it is a bad tooth. Open your mouth and let me see."

Very reluctantly the boy opened his mouth, which contained a large roll of tobacco leaf.

"I see—I see," said the lieutenant. "Poor fellow, how you must suffer! Your mouth wants overhauling and your teeth cleaning. I wish," continued he, "that we had a dentist on board. But, as we have not, I will operate as well as I can. Send the armorer up here with his tongs."

When the armorer made his appearance with his big tongs, the boy was compelled to open his mouth while the tobacco was extracted with this rough instrument.

"There, now, said the first lieutenant, "I'm sure that you must feel better already. You never could have an appetite with such stuff in your mouth. Now, captain of the afterguard, bring a piece of old canvas and some sand, and clean his teeth nicely."

The captain of the afterguard came forward, and grinning from ear to ear, put the unwilling boy's head between his knees, and scrubbed his teeth well with sand and canvas for two or three minutes.

"There, that will do," said the lieutenant. "Now, my little fellow, take some water and rinse out your mouth, and you will enjoy your breakfast. It was impossible for you to have eaten anything with your mouth in such a filthy state. When you are troubled in the same way again, have no scruples about coming to me, and I will be your dentist."

It is needless to say that the affair occasioned a great deal of merriment at the boy's expense. He was, however, completely cured of the habit of tobacco chewing by the occurrence, and doubtless has now no disposition to complain of the apparently harsh discipline which accomplished so desirable a result. If some such measure were adopted with the many young and unfledged chewers and smokers that are to be met with among us, they themselves would be largely benefited, and society relieved of a great evil.—*Rev. George Trask.*

JEALOUSY.—A Virginia lady returning home rather late one evening, recently, heard a noise in a bed-room, and looking through the key-hole saw the round figure of a woman upon whose shoulders her husband was adjusting a shawl. Enraged by jealousy, she seized a shot-gun and, forcing open the door, shot the intruder in the back. Her husband yelled, and she fainted, but when coming to her senses found that she had desperately wounded a dummy which her husband, a dry goods merchant, had brought home for repairs.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

James G. Steele & Co., 521 Montgomery street, between Clay and Commercial—Importers and manufacturers of rare chemicals, selected drugs, pure essential oils, English extracts, standard fluid extracts, and the various proprietary articles, both American and Foreign.

The facilities for dissipation and the necessity for overstraining the mental as well as the physical system, which have followed a constantly improving civilization, seem to have left but little time for the individual to study how to live. His mode of life is largely artificial and correspondingly unhealthy, yet in spite of the thousand and one ills to which flesh has been made heir by the necessities of modern modes of life, longevity has been materially increased within the last few years, and the average duration of life seems to be steadily gaining. The means of cure have increased in a greater proportion than have the diseases, and through the investigations of science and the application of newly-discovered remedies, diseases once feared are readily subdued, and many which were once deemed incurable are overcome by the power of the healing art. The humane efforts of the medical fraternity and the successful practice of the physician and surgeon are both well known, but the part taken by the chemist is not so well appreciated. To the chemist is due much of the credit; his investigations and experiments produce new remedies, some simple and others effective, because of combinations, which are practically applied by the physician, and on him devolves the nice task of compounding drugs according to the formula presented by the doctor. He also is responsible for the quality of the ingredients; it is his place to analyze and test each article to be used. In the introduction of new elements into the *Materia Medica* the chemist apothecary has done much to alleviate suffering. It is within a few years that the system of practice of medicine has been almost completely changed by the application of those discoveries, as instances of which may be cited: morphine and codeine from opium, quinine and einehonine from Peruvian Bark; the active principle is thus obtained in a concentrated form and made both more convenient and more effective. Medicines are prepared which will effect almost any organ of the body; one will accelerate the beating of the heart, another urge a torpid liver to action; a third, supply the means of digestion to a vitiated stomach; a fourth, calm excited nerves and soothe an over-active brain; putting the entire system at rest. The successful apothecary must be not only a good business man, but he must be a theoretical and practical chemist—a man of taste and pleasing address. As an example of a successful house, we may refer to the well-known establishment of James G. Steele & Co., No. 521 Montgomery street, and in Mr. Steele we find those very qualities which have been enumerated as necessary to the successful apothecary. The immediate personal supervision which he exercises over every department of his business; the scrupulous exactness with which every order is filled, and the excellent quality of all articles on sale, have brought him a large and lucrative business. These facts, together with his well-known competency in his business, ought to cause every one to patronize him who desire pure and efficacious medicine, for their bodily ailments.

AN ARCTIC AURORA.

As we emerged into the open air there burst suddenly upon our startled eyes the grandest exhibition of vivid, dazzling light and color, of which the mind can conceive. The whole universe seemed to be on fire. A broad arch of brilliant prismatic colors spanned the heavens from east to west, like a gigantic rainbow, with a long fringe of crimson and yellow streamers stretching up from its convex edge to the very zenith. At short intervals of one or two seconds, wide luminous bands, parallel with the arch, rose suddenly out of the northern horizon, and swept with a swift, steady majesty across the whole heavens, like long breakers of phosphorescent light rolling in from some limitless ocean of space.

Every portion of the vast arch was momentarily wavering, trembling, and changing color, and the brilliant streamers which fringed its edge swept back and forth in great curves, like the fiery sword of the angel at the gate of Eden. In a moment the vast auroral rainbow, with all its wavy streamers, began to move slowly up toward the zenith, and a second arch, of equal brilliancy, formed directly under it, shooting up another long serried row of slender colored lances toward the north star, like a battalion of the celestial host presenting arms to its commanding angel. Every instant the display increased in unearthly grandeur. The luminous bands revolved swiftly, like the spokes of a great wheel of light, across the heavens; the streamers hurried back and forth with swift, tremulous motion, from the ends of the arches to the centre, and now and then a great wave of crimson would surge up from the north, and fairly deluge the whole sky with color, tinging the white snowy earth far and wide with its rosy reflection. But as the words of the prophecy, "And the heavens shall be turned to blood," formed themselves upon my lips, the crimson suddenly vanished, and a lightning flash of vivid orange startled us with its wide, all-pervading glare, which extended even to the southern horizon, as if the whole volume of the atmosphere had suddenly taken fire. I even held my breath a moment as I listened for the tremendous crash of thunder which, it seemed to me, must follow this sudden burst of vivid light; but in heaven or earth there was not a sound to break the calm silence of the night save the hastily muttered prayers of the frightened native at my side as he crossed himself and kneeled before the visible majesty of God.

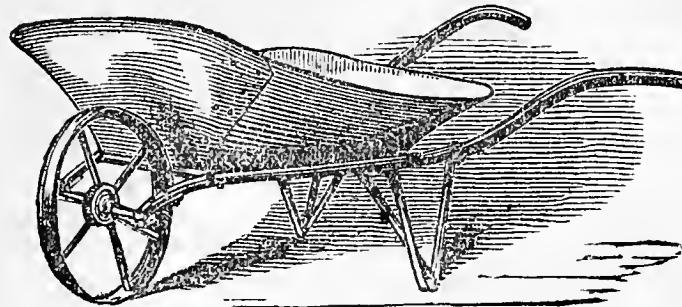
But the end was not yet. As we watched with upturned faces, the swift ebb and flow of these great celestial tides of colored light, the last seal of the glorious revelation was suddenly broken, and both arches were simultaneously shivered into a thousand perpendicular bars, every one of which displayed in regular order, from top to bottom, the seven primary colors of the spectrum. From horizon to horizon there now stretched two vast curving bridges of colored bars, across which we expected to see, passing and re-passing, the inhabitants of another world.

The young wife of an elderly resident awakening from a sound sleep, began to shake her slumbering lord smartly, to make him stop snoring. Just then there came several loud rolls of thunder, and desisting from her attempt, she resigned herself quietly to sleep, remarking: "It is only thundering, after all; I thought you were snoring."

WHEELBARROWS.

(METALLIC TUBULAR.)

C. Nutting & Son, 417 and 419 *Market street, below First*.—Perhaps our readers, after a glance at the caption of this article may be inclined to skip it thinking that they know all about as common a thing as a wheelbarrow. With all due respect we beg leave to inform them that they do not unless they have seen the remarkable invention of which the following cut is a tolerably correct representation.



Consider for a moment what would be regarded as a perfect implement of this kind and then see if this one does not fill the bill completely. Would it not be one that was light, strong, well proportioned and capable of standing rough usage, dry weather, wet weather, hot ashes, cinders, brick, stone, etc., besides being thrown down an embankment or off a scaffold occasionally? Certainly they are subjected to all these things whether they will stand them or not, and with the exception of the kind under consideration, *they will not stand them*. Here comes invention to the rescue. What shall it be made of? Wood? No! Clearly nothing but iron will answer. But iron is heavy and expensive! Use tubes for your frame, suggests invention, and then it will be light and cheap.

No sooner said than done, the result being the Patent Metallic Tubular Wheelbarrow, which, while it costs scarcely more than a thoroughly made wooden barrow is at least three times as strong and will last not *three* but *ten* times as long. It is made wholly of iron; frame, legs, wheel, tray and all, and is to all intents and purposes practically indestructible. We cannot conceive of any way to wear out or destroy one except to attack it with a sledge hammer and cold chisel.

Messrs. Nutting & Son's sales preceding January, 1871, were only ninety-six barrows, yet from January, 1871, to January, 1872, they sold upwards **ELEVEN HUNDRED**.

For the purpose of handling hot ashes and cinders around foundries, and hot ores and rock around roasting furnaces and smelting works, they are absolutely indispensable, while for gardens, railroads, brick yards, wood yards and the like, they will be found not only the best, but also *much the cheapest in the long run*. Certificates without number concerning their strength and indestructibility, might be obtained from foundries, mining companies and others, if it was deemed necessary, but it is self-evident that an iron barrow if made properly must be almost everlasting, hence they are omitted.

They make four sizes, ranging in weight from fifty-eight to one hundred and sixteen pounds, and in price from thirteen to twenty-three dollars.

SHOPPING IN RIO JANEIRO.

"ALK about Yankee shrewdness. The Yankee is nowhere beside a Brazilian. Here is a fair sample of their cunning: Milk here is not carried around in carts, as in the States, but they drive the cow, with the calf tied to her tail and muzzled, right to your door. There she is milked, and one would naturally suppose one might, from such a process, get good, pure milk. But it is a fact, in spite of all this, they manage to put water into it, right under your nose. If there isn't sharpness for you, I don't know where it is to be found. I went into a cigar store the other day to get a good Havana cigar. I commenced, "O senor falla Anglais?" "Nao, senor." "Parlez vous Francais?" "Nao, senor." (I don't know what good it would have done if he could, for I couldn't.) "Do you talk Spanish?" "Nao, senor." He didn't talk anything but English. I told him I wanted some cigars. He got me some. I selected two or three that he said were Havana. Then I wanted to pay for them. We couldn't understand each other. He fired away in Portuguese, and I in English, French, Spanish, Hebrew, Hottentot, Choctaw, Comanche and a little Piute. At last I got them paid for, and had the satisfaction of finding, when I got out in the street, that he had swindled me most egregiously. The Brazilians are the most polite people I ever met. They always raise their hat when they pass an acquaintance. When you meet, you always shake hands. If you part with a friend for one moment, to go into a house or store, when you come out you shake hands. If you meet a man twenty times a day, you shake hands when you meet and when you part. I stopped at the Hotel du Saxe; there I got a room and two meals a day, a bottle of wine for dinner, and coffee on arising, for four millreis a day—two dollars. I went into a restaurant with a friend to get dinner; calling for the bill, I was somewhat startled to find it 3,800 reis. I did not, like Mark Twain's friend, get quite horror stricken, for I was somewhat prepared for it. According to Mark Twain, it took 1,000 reis to make one dollar; according to that the bill would have been \$3 86, but here it takes 2,000 reis to make one dollar, and the bill was but \$1 90. Everybody takes coffee on rising. Two meals a day is the order; breakfast at eight; dinner at half-past four. A good dinner can be had for a millreis. The currency here is paper, and has been since the war with Paraguay. Before, it was coin, and so plentiful that it was a trouble. The smallest piece of paper is a millreis—fifty cents. Twenty and forty reis pieces of copper—one and two cents—are the only coins now in use. All other change is made with ferry and horse-car tickets of 200 reis—ten cents."

"Young man, do you ever drink?" asked a mild looking man accosting Jones. "Well, yes, thank you, as its a cold morning I don't mind," replied Jones, removing his quid of tobacco. "Don't do it any more," replied the mild man, "or you will eventually be damned. Good morning. God bless you."

BUY what thou needest not, and thou shalt soon sell thy necessaries.

Proverbial—Fiery men are easily put out.

A simple-ton—20 cwt.

COLLEGES.

Heald's Business College, 24 Post street, San Francisco.—A GLANCE AT THE LEADING COMMERCIAL SCHOOL OF THE PACIFIC.—In these go-ahead times it is the duty of every young man to secure a practical business education. The farmer, the mechanic, the merchant,—all who would be successful in any calling, are alike interested in this question. Lives which might have been glorious successes become utter failures without this useful education. For obtaining this there is no other institution on this coast which equals HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, located in College Building, 24 Post street. This school, in the number of its students, size, convenience and elegance of its rooms, number and experience of its teachers, and extent and thoroughness of its course of instruction, is far ahead of any other school of business in this State. We know whereof we speak, and can heartily recommend this school. During the past year it has had in attendance over six hundred pupils. In visiting this institution one is struck with its order and discipline; with the intelligence and gentlemanly bearing of its students. We believe we are correct in saying that this is now the most popular school on the Pacific Coast.

The plan of operation adopted by this school is quite novel and interesting; instead of a dry and tedious study of mere text books, actual business transactions are carried on among the students, in connection with a theoretical study of accounts, arithmetic, penmanship, correspondence, commercial law, etc. In order to carry out this system of training, the school-room has been fitted up to represent a miniature business world. There are, in active operation, banks, jobbing and importing houses, insurance and real estate offices, commission houses, express offices, wholesale and retail merchandising houses, etc., etc. In all of these establishments an actual business is carried on by the student, who acts in turn as clerk, salesman, book-keeper, cashier, agent, merchant, broker and banker. In these various capacities he writes up notes, drafts, bills, statements of account, orders, receipts, invoices, accounts sales, certificates, bills of lading, contracts, deeds, leases, bills of sale, articles of copartnership, etc. As a merchant, he buys, sells, ships, consigns, barters, and keeps a complete and systematic record of all his transactions. As a banker, he receives and pays out deposits, makes collections, loans, discounts, issues certificates of deposit, buys and sells exchange, issues and transfers stock, and enters up the results of these transactions into the proper books. So thorough and practical is this system of instruction that the graduates of this college can pass directly from the school-room to the counting house.

There is also connected with the college a telegraph institute, where pupils are thoroughly fitted for operators. We must not forget to mention, however, that ladies are now admitted into all the college departments, and that about twenty-five are already in attendance. This is one of the Bryant & Stratton Colleges so long and favorably known throughout the country. Its scholarships are good in all the schools of the Association. Additional particulars regarding this school may be had by consulting the circular of the college, which will be found in another part of this book. For full information regarding course of study, expenses, etc., address, E. P. Heald, President Business College, San Francisco, Cal.

WOOING.

A little bird once met another bird
 And whistled to her, "Will you be my mate?"
 With fluttering wings she twittered, "How absurd?
 Oh, what a silly pate!"

And off unto a distant tree she flew
 To find concealment in its friendly cover,
 And passed the hours in slyly peeping through
 At her rejected lover.

The jilted bird, with drooping heart and wing,
 Poured forth his grief all day in plaintive song—
 Telling in sadness to the ear of Spring
 The story of his wrongs.

But little thought he, while each nook and dell
 With the wild music of his plaint were thrilling,
 That scornful breast with sighs began to swell—
 Half pitying and half willing.

Next month I walked the same sequestered way,
 When close together on a twig I spied them,
 And in a nest half hid with leaves there lay
 Four little birds beside them.

Coy maid, this moral in your ear I drop:
 When lovers' hopes within their hearts you prison
 Fly out of sight and hearing; do not stop
 To look behind and listen.

A DISCONTENTED fellow, who imagines that all mankind are like unto himself, pitches into them as follows:

Man's a fool!
 When it's hot he wants it cool;
 When it's cool he wants it hot;
 Ne'er contented with his lot.

When it's dry,
 He for showers is sure to sigh;
 When—to meet his wish—it rains,
 Of the wet the fool complains.

Hot or cold, or dry or wet,
 Nothing suits that he can get;
 I consider as a rule,
 Man's a fool!

A flight of imagination.—Cissy—"So you are going away, Effie, and we shall have no more races round the garden for bon bons." Effie—"Yes, Cissy, dear. And if we don't meet in this world again, when you are an angel, and I am an angel, I'll fly you for a box of chocolate creams."

OUR INVENTORS OF THE PACIFIC STATES.

Dewey & Co., Patent Agents, southeast corner of California and Montgomery streets.—Our inventors are found among the noblest minds of all our professions, and industrial classes—miners, mechanics, farmers, manufacturers, and laborers. The pursuits of life on this coast seem to engender a freedom of thought. This, with other causes, has given to California, and some of its neighboring States, a greater number of patents, in proportion to the population, than emanate from other portions of the United States.

About three hundred patents are granted annually to Pacific Coast inventors. The subject of our inventions are greatly diversified, many of them are in reality the children of necessity, brought forth by the novel, and extensive character of our mines, and natural resources, our varied products, and the peculiar character of climate, soil and situation.

The records in the U. S. Patent Office, show also, that a much larger proportion of the applications from this coast, are awarded patents, than those coming from other sections of the Union. This is unmistakably creditable to the originality of our inventors, and also a significant compliment to Messrs. Dewey & Co., publishers of the *Scientific Press*, and the *Pacific Rural Press*, whose patent agency was established in San Francisco, in 1860, and which is now the principal agency on this side of the continent. A large proportion of all the U. S., and also the foreign patents, taken out by Pacific Coast inventors have been solicited through this successful and popular agency, whose inventive patrons may be referred to by the thousands, numbering most of our oldest and most successful patentees.

The rooms of this agency, (which all inventors and patentees are cordially invited to visit), are on the southeast corner of California and Montgomery streets. Here are kept on file, the original copies of an immense number of caveats and patent specifications, with the only full reports of the U. S. Patent Office, from 1844, to be found on this coast. With these are associated the most complete collections of patent law books, foreign patent reports, scientific and mechanical papers, and other useful publications of reference, essential for correct information to inventors, who desire to know what has been patented before going to the expense of applying for a patent. The familiarity of this establishment with the inventions on this coast, and elsewhere, and their experience as editors and publishers of industrial journals for many years; and their knowledge of the general industries of our people, has enabled them, by long tried and strict honesty to save many thousands of dollars to the inventors of this coast, which would doubtless otherwise have been worse than wasted by unsuccessful applications; through distant and less conscientious solicitors.

Their *Scientific Press*, (mining and mechanical), and the *Pacific Rural Press*, (agricultural), are both large, first-class illustrated journals, widely circulated at home and abroad. All worthy inventions of their patrons are liberally noticed in both journals at the most favorable time, giving the agency of Dewey & Co., an extra power of benefiting their clients, beyond that possessed by any other patent agency in the United States.

CARRIAGE AND CAR MANUFACTURERS.

Kimball Car Manufacturing Company, corner *Fourth and Bryant streets*.—The name of George P. Kimball is identified with the early history of California, having commenced the business of carriage making in Sacramento in 1851, where he continued till the great fire of that city in 1852, when he removed to San Francisco, establishing in business on Market street, near Fourth, in 1853, and soon by his popularity and strict attention to business, built up a large trade, and became widely known as adopting all the improvements in the manufacturing business, making all the later styles of vehicles and even inventing himself. Among Mr. Kimball's more prominent inventions is his light carriage and buggy spring, a combination of the thoroughbrace and wooden spring now so popular, and so extensively used in this city and elsewhere. But the great epoch from which to date the foundation of the extensive business of this company, occurred in 1865, in the association in business of that well-known Californian, Captain R. L. Ogden, who assumed charge of the business and financial department for which his extensive experience had so well fitted him, while Mr. Kimball, devoted all his energies to the management and superintendence of the manufacturing department, by this arrangement and consequent increase of business capital, they soon found their accommodations for manufacturing too small, and in 1868 procured a lot of land on the corner of Fourth and Bryant streets, two hundred and seventy-five feet square, on which they erected a three story brick building of five hundred and fifty feet in length, together with other smaller enclosures, making by far the largest establishment of the kind on the Pacific Coast, their works covering an area of nearly two acres, and manufacturing goods not only for all the Pacific States and Territories, but even reaching as far east as Denver City, and west to New Zealand, China and Japan, where they now have a large and prosperous trade.

While the Kimball Car Manufacturing Company build every variety of carriages, wagons, buggies etc., THE GREAT FEATURE of their manufactory is car building, which has reached extensive proportions, embracing not only all styles of street cars, but every variety of railroad cars, even to the most superb palace, drawing-room, sleeping, and dining-room cars not excelled, if equaled, by any eastern or foreign make.

In passing through their factory we were astonished at the extent this branch of their business had attained, and the reader, should he avail himself of a like visit to their institution, will exclaim that "the half had never been told." Here on one portion of their enclosure they have erected two long buildings, about one hundred and fifty feet in length, by fifty feet in width, devoted exclusively to the wood working department of car building.

They are now working in their employ in the various capacities of their manufactory, two hundred hands, all of them well skilled in their departments, so that they are perfectly safe in warranting every vehicle made at their factory, and what is of equal importance, they can fully compete with the East in cost, and the best proof is that importations of wagons, cars, etc., have almost entirely ceased, not being 25 per cent. of the importation three years ago.

SONNET.

“ There are three things that fill my heart with sighs,
 And steep my soul in laughter (when I view
 Fair maiden forms moving like melodies)—
 Dimples, roselips, and eyes of any hue.
 There are three things beneath the blessed skies
 For which I live—black eyes, and brown, and blue :
 I hold them all most dear ; but oh ! black eyes,
 I live and die, and only die for you.
 Of late such eyes looked at me—while I mused,
 At sunset, underneath a shadowy plane,
 In old Bayona nigh the southern sea—
 From a half-open lattice looked at me.
 I saw no more, only those eyes—confused
 And dazzled to the heart with glorious pain.”

POETRY RUN MAD.

The St. Louis *Times* gives the following specimen of poetry. The writer evidently “means business,” and has “gone in on his nerve :”

I stood upon the ocean’s briny shore,
 And with a fragile reed I wrote
 Upon the sand—
 “Agnes, I love thee!”
 The mad waves rolled by and blotted out
 The fair impression.
 Frail reed! Cruel wave! Treacherous sand!
 I’ll trust ye no more ;
 But with giant hand I’ll pluck
 From Norway’s frozen shore,
 Her tallest pine, and dip its top
 Into the crater of Vesuvius,
 And upon the high and burnished Heavens
 I’ll write—
 “Agnes! I love thee!”
 And I would like to see any
 Dog-goned wave wash that out.

THE BAKER’S REPLY TO THE NEEDLE-PEDDLER.

I need not your needles—they’re needless to me ;
 •For kneading of needles were needless, you see ;
 But did my neat trowsers but need to be kneed,
 I then should have need of your needles indeed.

Why is a parson generally a patient angler ? Because he would like to have the reputation of a “judicious Hooker.”

SHIRTS AND COLLARS.

Mrs. Eveline Morris, 526 *Kearny street*.—The manufacture of shirts has been reduced to a science by Mrs. Morris, who has made it a life-time study. That trite old adage, "Jack at all trades, is good at none," is exemplified no more fully in any occupation than that of shirt making—for what man has not had the bitter experience of bad fitting, uncomfortable and illy-made shirts, who has purchased those made for the trade? The writer of this article can speak from his own knowledge, having worn both kinds, and we feel that if the choice was left to us whether we should take the trade shirts as gifts, or pay two prices for those made by Mrs. Morris, we should take the latter. A good fitting shirt will **WEAR** nearly *twice as long*, and then the material used is much better; but more than all these, is the comfort and ease one feels when arrayed in nicely fitted garments. It aids digestion by peace and quiet of mind, and thereby produces happiness, and consequently lengthens out the journey of life.

Mrs. Morris commenced the business of shirt manufacturing in this city in 1864, adopting a different plan from any other factory—that of calling at private residences, public offices, places of business or rooms at hotels, through appointment made by letter, or otherwise, takes measures and returns orders one week from date.

On Tuesday, of every other week, she visits Sacramento, receiving orders at the Golden Eagle Hotel of that city, where she will be pleased to fill any she may receive. Mrs. Morris having a system of her own, taking the measure and acting as cutter, personally, guarantees her goods to please the most fastidious.

At the Mechanics' Fair in 1864, there was quite a lively competition for the award of the first premium, and the committee, after a careful and thorough examination, unanimously gave it to Mrs. Morris for the best shirts, and at the subsequent Fairs of this Institute she has maintained her former position; also the first premium has been awarded her at the California State Fair, county Fairs of Sonoma and San Joaquin, as the diplomas hanging on the walls of her establishment fully attest, and been honored with that well deserved sobriquet, **THE PREMIUM SHIRT MAKER OF THE PACIFIC COAST.**

Gentlemen's underwear is also given especial attention, in which Mrs. Morris excels, having also obtained the first premium for her exhibitions in this line, at the Mechanics' and State Fairs, every time she entered them, in competition with other manufacturers. In her manufacture of drawers, she has little peculiarity of her own invention, that add greatly to their value and give them their superiority over others in use.

Mrs. Morris solicits the continuation of her former patronage, and especially invites strangers to call and examine her work and prices at 526 Kearny street. No better proof of the good quality and value of one's goods can be shown, than the fact that after having once secured a customer, she always retains him.

With the Bard of Avon we can truly say: "For the dress oft proclaims the man."

PAINTS AND OILS.

Averill Chemical Paint Co., *Office, corner Fourth and Townsend streets.*

—We desire to call attention to the Averill Chemical Paint, which claims to be superior to all other paints in use. It is prepared from a chemical formula; it will not spoil by standing; its colors are more firmly held than possible by any other method; it does resist the atmospheric changes of the California climate to a much greater degree than any other paint in use, of which we have abundant testimonials. We would refer to the buildings in Oakland and vicinity which have been painted over three years.

These paints have been in use several years, being now manufactured and sold very extensively in the Eastern States, consequently is no new thing. Its cost is less than Pure Lead, and no waste or trouble in mixing, and will cover one-fifth more surface with a better body and finish. It works well on Brick, Wood, Stone, Iron or any other material.

It is beautiful, durable, elastic, water-proof and fire-proof, rendered so by the Silicate of Soda (Water Glass), which it contains.

It is mixed ready for use, of the purest white and a great variety of beautiful Tints and Colors, and sold only by the gallon.

Send for Circular, Sample Card and Price List.

JESSE HEALY, }
M. C. JEWELL, } Agents.

At a social party, where humorous definitions was one of the games of the evening, the question was put: "What is Religion?" "Religion," replied one of the party, more famous as a man of business than a wit, "is an insurance against fire in the next world, for which honesty is the best policy."

A young girl who recently married a millionaire, is now said to have an old head on young shoulders.

SCHOOL FURNITURE.

W. J. T. Palmer & Co., *Office, 323 California street; Factory, 105 Mission street.*—The manufactory of school and office furniture has become quite a business on this coast, and this popular firm occupy the front rank in their line, having made the furniture of some of our finest and most elaborately furnished offices on the Pacific Coast.

The Lick House bar, which in all its appointments, is not excelled for its beauty and ornamentation in the United States, is the work of Messrs. Palmer & Co. This firm have recently rebuilt and enlarged their factory owing to the increased demand for their goods. Their cabinets for mineralogical specimens are so arranged that both sides of the mineral can be seen from the front, by the aid of a mirror constructed in the back. Messrs. Palmer & Co., are giving especial attention to the manufacture of goods from California woods, and it is well worth one's time to visit their factory to see what ingenious devices in the carving of wood, has been attained in our midst.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

H. M. Balch, 432 *Kearny street, corner California, up stairs.*—Mr. Balch is the only thoroughly practical musical instrument maker in this city, having had twenty-five years' experience in some of the most popular manufacturing establishments in the world.

He commenced the trade of piano-making with the justly celebrated Driggs Piano Company, of New York, where he rose from an apprenticeship to the position of foreman. After storing his mind with all that could be learned in the manufacture of pianos, he connected himself with that popular organ and melodeon factory, Geo. A. Prince & Co., of Buffalo, N. Y., where he was successor to Mr. Hamlin, of that renowned firm of Mason & Hamlin, of Boston. Mr. Balch remained with Messrs. Prince & Co. until he had mastered that branch, and when there was no longer anything more to learn from this source, his mind and nature yearning for a complete knowledge in every department of the manufacturing of musical instruments, and his fixed and determined purpose to master every branch of his profession, he associated himself with E. G. Wright and Graves & Sons of Boston, well-known and popular brass instrument makers, where his large experience, with his ready, intuitive perception, soon made him "master of the situation." Thus did Mr. Balch labor for a *full score of years*, and has laid a foundation for a permanent and prosperous business and the musical fraternity of San Francisco, and of the Pacific Coast, may well feel proud that they have one among them on whom they can depend to keep and put in order every instrument known to the musical profession, from a church organ to a jewsharp.

Mr. Balch came to San Francisco in the early part of 1867 and associated himself with that well-known musical house, Kohler, Chase & Co., to whom he gave valuable assistance while he remained with them. He has now in his employ Mr. Graves, a son of the elder Graves, and formerly one of the firm of Graves & Sons, of Boston, who is also a thoroughly practical man; so that Mr. Balch is prepared to say to the musicians of the Pacific Coast, he is ready to repair all instruments, of whatever nature, at reasonable rates, whether sent by express or otherwise, and our word for it, all patronage will prove well deserved.

CHILDREN'S ARMS.—A distinguished Paris physician says: "I believe that, during the twenty years I have practiced my profession, twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms. Put the bulb of a thermometer into a baby's mouth, and the mercury rises to ninety degrees. Now carry the same to its little hand; if the arm be bare, and the evening cool, the mercury will sink fifty degrees. Of course all the blood that flows through these arms must fall from ten to forty degrees below the temperature of the heart. Need I say when these currents of the blood flow back to the chest, the child's vitality must be more or less compromised? And need I add that we ought not to be surprised at its frequent recurring affections of the tongue, throat or stomach? I have seen more than one child, with habitual cough or hoarseness, entirely relieved by simply keeping the hands and arms warm."

THE GERMAN BY MOONLIGHT.

—
NAUGHTY, BUT DELICIOUS.
—

Oh! Lulu, what lots you are losing,
 Condemned to that stupid croquet
 And the country, instead of amusing
 Yourself in an elegant way!

Just fancy the fun and flirtation;
 The dresses, the drives, and the gloves,
 Four buttons, the latest sensation,
 Sublimed from an idea of Love's.

Not the gloves, dear; but darling, delicious,
 Bewitching, enchanting, and new—
 Aunt Prue says it's horrid and vicious—
The German by Moonlight, Lulu!

I'll tell you the way we arrange it,
 This sweetest and new social prank—
 I vow that I wouldn't exchange it—
 With Jim—for pa's balance in bank!

We turn out the gas, as a matter
 Of course; then throw open the blinds,
 And let in the moonlight; the latter
 'S a simple suspicion of shines.

The light's just sufficient! The corners
 Are charming for those who have past
 The outposts of flirting. Belle Warners
 Is going it rather too fast!

You know very well, I am no girl
 To gossip, or hint at a fall,
 But Belle wears a necklace of snow pearl;
 His wife wears no necklace at all!

Well, what with the perfumes and music,
 The dinners, the dancing, the fun,
 Night merges in morning too, too quick—
 I wish I could smother the sun!

Decollette's the hight of the season,
 Or rather the depth, I should say;
 And really it's right, and its reason
 To make a clean breast when one may.

We know, Lu, that words can't discover
 The magic that lies in low neck.
 Jim says—but then Jim is my lover—
 I don't mind what he says, a speck.

I did not dream how much I loved him,
 Till we Germaned by moonlight, it's true;
 Propinquity's certainly proved him
 A partner *il y en a un peu!*

Jim's form is as fine as Apollo;
 Such whiskers! such teeth! and such hair!
 And the set of his bosom and collar
 Is really divine, I declare!

He has the most eloquent fingers,
 Attached to a grizzly bear arm;
 And if that promiscuously lingers,
 I'm sure I can't see where's the harm.

For Luln, I don't mind confessing,
 To Alice, and you, and Kate Deven,
 I feel, when we waltz and Jim's pressing,
 I feel, well, I feel I'm in heaven!

There surely is right in what raises
 Two humans to heaven, with a vini;
 Aunt Prudence may blow till she blazes,
 I go for the German and Jim!

HOW LONG TO STARVE.

A man will die for want of air in five minutes, for want of sleep in ten days, for want of water in a week, for want of food at varying intervals, dependent on constitution, habits of life, and the circumstances of the occasion. Instances have been given where persons have been said to live many weeks without eating a particle of food; but when opportunities have been offered for a fair investigation of the case, it has been invariably found that a weak and wicked fraud has been at the bottom of it.

On the 28th of August, the captain of a Boston whaler was wrecked. For eight days he could not get a drop of water, nor a particle of food. On the day of the wreck, he weighed a hundred and ninety pounds; when rescued, he weighed a hundred pounds. A teaspoonful of brandy was given to each sailor; but before they could be taken aboard the vessel which saved them, they became unconscious, and remained so for two days, but all eventually recovered. Many persons have been killed by eating too much, after having fasted for a long time; the safe plan of procedure, is to feel the way along, as persons who are traveling in the dark and fear a precipice ahead; there can be no one rule given, because there are so many modifying circumstances. Give a teaspoonful of hot drink at a time, and if no ill result, repeat in five minutes, and the same amount of soft food, boiled rice, or softened bread, or gruel; for the stomach is itself as weak as the sufferer in proportion, and can only manage a very small amount of food.—*Journal of Health.*

Would you be surprised to learn that the man who stole the judge's coat shortly afterwards appeared in a law suit?

CANDIES, NUTS, ETC.

R. Lehman & Co., (*successors to C. Borchard,*) 405 Davis street.—Messrs. Lehman & Co., have recently moved from 413, their old stand, where they have so many years supplied their delicate sweets; but business accumulating, their old establishment not affording room, they have removed to that new large brick building, 405 Davis street, a few doors south, where they have added to their manufactory all the new and valuable improvements in the line of their business, and will therefore be enabled to successfully compete with the best houses of the coast, in quantity, quality and prices.

The first premiums at the Mechanics' Fair for 1871, was awarded to this enterprising firm, for the best confectionery, when placed before good judges in competition with other manufacturers.

Since Messrs. Lehman & Co., have occupied their new establishment, they have added a new and important branch to their business, the importation of tropical fruits, dates, figs, citron, etc., and all varieties of nuts, which they offer to the trade at the most reasonable rates.

Dealers from the interior would do well to give them a call before making their purchases elsewhere; as they manufacture all their candies, and import their fruits and nuts direct.

Baking pears—Couples dancing on a hot night.

How to prevent fits:—Buy ready-made boots.

An early din-ner—The milk bell.

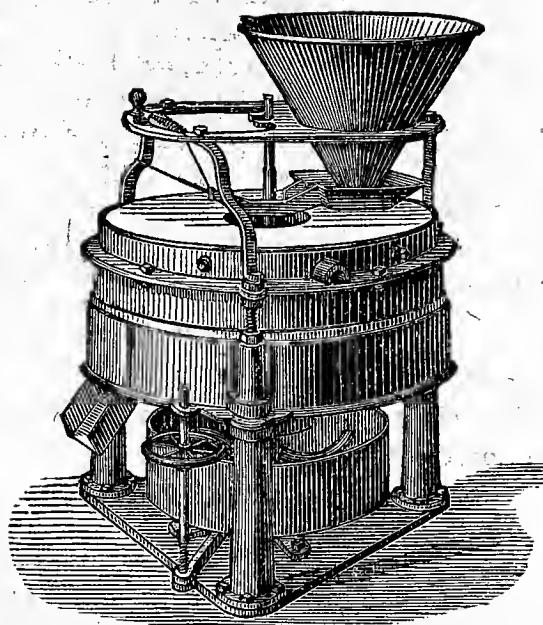
ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

Dr. H. A. Luther, *Dentist*, 24 Post street.—After twenty years of successful practice in the city of New York, Dr. Luther has located himself in San Francisco, where he hopes, by introducing all of the latest improvements both in Surgical and Mechanical Dentistry, to merit the kind patronage of the public, at prices within the means of all. Artificial Teeth—beautiful and substantial sets—only \$15, and warranted equal to any work made in New York or San Francisco, and embodying the most modern and scientific improvements, which for beauty, durability and cheapness, cannot be surpassed at any price. Teeth extracted without the least pain, and no charge for extracting where teeth are to be inserted. Dr. Luther's painless White Platina Filling for sensitive and decayed teeth. Teeth filled without the least pain, in the most perfect manner, with pure Gold and chemically pure White Platina, for \$1 00 and upwards, and warranted for life. The merest shells of decayed and aching teeth restored to their original shape and usefulness. Extracting teeth rendered in most cases unnecessary. Dr. Luther makes a specialty of the treatment of the natural teeth, viz: Filling, cleaning and regulating natural teeth in the most skillful manner, and at very moderate prices. All who value a fine and healthy dentition will not fail to avail themselves of his services. By having your work done at this office you will save from 50 to 100 per cent., and all work warranted first-class. Please call and see specimens. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M.

MILL STONES.

Travis & Wagner, 41 First street.—A number of attempts have been made here in the manufacture of mill stones. Messrs. Travis & Wagner, pioneers in this line, by industry, perseverance and fair dealing, have built up a business that now defies competition. They do their own work, do it well, and can undersell the Eastern market. They have been in successful operation for the last six years, and now have full possession of the field.

In addition to their French Burr Mill Stone, they put up a *Portable Mill*



of different sizes, an illustration of which is here given, adapted for grain or quartz. The stone selected for the quartz-mill is exceedingly hard, grinding the rock to be crushed to the finest flour.

Mill Picks are kept on hand and dressed. Mill stones are repaired and balanced with Fellenbaum's patent balance.

They are agents for Dufour & Co's celebrated *Dutch Anchor Bolting Cloths*, and at the same time do a large business in the way of making up bolting cloths for this market. They keep on hand Smut Machines, Bran Dusters, Mill Irons, Spindles, Bails, etc.

A CURIOUS MEDICAL EXPERIMENT.

In Russia, not long since, it is said, some murderers were placed, without knowing it, in four beds where four persons had died of the cholera. They did not take the disease. They were then told that they were to sleep in beds where some persons had died of malignant cholera; but the beds were in fact, new, and had not been used at all. Nevertheless, three of them died of the disease within four hours.

To-night birds—Whatever you do, mend the break of day.

HARDWARE.

(WHOLESALE.)

Linforth, Kellogg & Co., 3 and 5 *Front street, San Francisco.*—This firm succeeded, four years ago, the well-known house of L. B. Benchley & Co., who started the business on *Battery street*, in the year 1852, and continued it there until 1864-5, when the increase of trade required larger premises and induced them to erect for their own use the elegant three-story building on *Front street*, which they occupied until 1868. At this time the senior partner was called to the supervision of the *Pacific Rolling Mill* and *Pacific Linseed Oil and Lead Works*, in which enterprises he with another member of the firm were largely interested, thus terminating the old firm of L. B. Benchley & Co.

The new firm entered upon business in the store occupied by their predecessors, in fact took up the business where the previous firm left off, extending its ramifications into still more distant localities, as our western country opened up, and as fast as facilities have come into existence for trade with *Asia, Australia and New Zealand*, until it now numbers customers from all the *Pacific States and Territories*, from *Mexico* and the *Islands of the Pacific*, from *Australia and New Zealand*, from *China and Japan*, and other distant localities which the enterprise of California merchants is opening up to commerce.

To insure the success of a business such as this, it is necessary that the stock of goods kept should be always complete, and should come from first hands direct, two essentials kept steadily in view by the present firm. Hence there may be found in their house the fullest line of shelf-hardware, pocket and table cutlery, mechanics' tools and agricultural implements, pumps and gas pipe, nails, rope, fuse, shot, bar lead and ammunition, all direct from the sources of production in the *United States, England and Germany*, insuring lowest market prices to purchasers.

A visit to this establishment will show that a thorough system of sampling exists, which, together with competent salesmen, speaking not only English, but Spanish, French, and German, enables patrons to select their goods, and get their business attended to, with far more promptitude and dispatch than where such facilities do not exist, and which is a matter of the utmost importance where time is of so much value as it is in this money-getting age and country.

In addition to the business already enumerated this firm is sole agent for the *Pacific Coast* for the following:—The “*World*” Mowers and Reapers, “*Ohio*” Mowers and Reapers, and “*Tornado*” Threshers, manufactured by *E. Ball & Co.*, *Canton, Ohio*; for *Rumsey & Co’s* Pump and Fire Engine Works, *Seneca Falls, New York*; and for *Woolworth Handle Works, Sandusky, Ohio*, whose goods are constantly in stock.

Visitors to *San Francisco* could profitably spend an hour in examining the varieties of goods in this establishment, and would be treated with every courtesy, whether they came to buy or not.

THE PUBLIC TO MARK TWAIN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 30th.

MR. MARK TWAIN—Dear Sir: Hearing that you are about to sail for New York in the P. M. S. S. Company's steamer of the 6th July, to publish a book, and learning with the deepest concern that you propose to read a chapter or two of that book in public before you go, we take this method of expressing our cordial desire that you *will not*. We beg and implore you *do not*. There is a limit to human endurance.

We are your personal friends. We have your welfare at heart. We desire to see you prosper—and it is upon these accounts and upon these only, that we urge you to desist from the new atrocity you contemplate.

Yours, truly,

Wm. H. L. Barnes,	Board of Aldermen,
Rear-Ad'l Thatcher,	The Masons,
Samuel Williams,	Cal. Labor Exchange,
Gen. McCook,	Ex-Governor Low,
Geo. R. Barnes,	Brig. Gen. Leonard,
Noah Brooks,	Robt. Rockwell,
Maj. Gen. Halleck,	Stephen J. Field,
J. B. Bowman,	B. C. Horn,
Leland Stanford,	Geo. Pen Johnson,
John McComb,	Maj. Gen. Ord,
Capt. Pease,	Bret Harte,
A. Badlam,	J. W. Tucker,
John Skae,	R. B. Swain,
Abner Barker,	Ned Ellis,
Dr. Bruner,	Judge Lake,
Louis Cohn,	Joseph H. Jones,
Mercantile Library,	Col. Catherwood,
T. J. Lamb,	Dr. McNulty,
Prop'rs Occidental,	A. J. Marsh,
" Russ House,	Sam. Platt,
" Cosmopolitan,	Wm. C. Ralston,
" Lick House,	Mayor McCoppin,
Michael Reese,	E. B. Rail,
Frank Soule,	R. L. Ogden,
Dr. Shorb,	Thos. Cash,
Pioche, Bayerque & Co.,	M. B. Cox,
Asa D. Nudd,	The Citizen Military,
Ben. Truman,	The Odd Fellows,
O. O. Eldridge,	The Orphan Asylum,
Various Benevolent Societies,	
Citizens on Foot and Horseback,	
And 1,500 in the Steerage.	

[REPLY.]

SAN FRANCISCO, June 30th.

TO THE 1500 AND OTHERS: It seems to me that your course is entirely unprecedented. Heretofore, when lecturers, singers, actors, and other frauds, have said they were about to leave town, you have always been the very first people to come out in a card beseeching them to hold on for just one night more, and inflict just one more performance on the public—but as soon as *I* want to take a farewell benefit, you come after me with a card signed by the whole community and the Board of Aldermen, praying me not to do it. But it isn't of any use. You cannot move me from my fell purpose. I will torment the people if I want to. I have a better right to do it than these strange lecturers and orators, that come here from abroad. It only costs the public a dollar apiece, and, if they can't stand it, what do they stay here for? Am I to go away and let them have peace and quiet for a year and a half, and then come back and only lecture them twice? What do you take me for?

No, gentlemen, ask of me anything else, and I will do it cheerfully; but do not ask me not to afflict the people. I wish to tell them all I know about VENICE. I wish to tell them about the City of the Sea—that most venerable, most brilliant, and proudest Republic the world has ever seen. I wish to hint at what it achieved in twelve hundred years, and what it cost in two hundred. I wish to furnish a deal of pleasant information, somewhat highly spiced, but still palatable, digestible, and eminently fitted for the intellectual stomach. My last lecture was not as fine as I thought it was, but I have submitted this discourse to several able critics, and they have pronounced it good. Now, therefore, why should I withhold it.

Let me talk only just this once, and I will sail positively on the 6th July, and stay away until I return from China—two years.

Yours, truly,

MARK TWAIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 30th.

MR. MARK TWAIN: Learning with profound regret that you have concluded to postpone your departure until the 6th July, and learning, also, with unspeakable grief, that you propose to read from your forthcoming book, or lecture again before you go, at the New Mercantile Library, we hasten to beg of you that you will not do it. Curb this spirit of lawless violence, and emigrate at once. Have the vessel's bill for your passage sent to us. We will pay it. Your friends,

Pacific Board of Brokers,
 Wells, Fargo & Co.,
 The Merchants' Exchange,
 Pacific Union Express Co.,
 The Bank of California,
 Ladies' Co-operative Union,
 S. F. Olympic Club,
 Cal. Typographical Union.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 30th.

MR. MARK TWAIN—Dear Sir: Will you start, now, without any unnecessary delay?

Yours, truly,

Proprietors of the *Alta, Bulletin, Times, Call, Examiner, Figaro, Spirit of the Times, Dispatch, News Letter, Golden City, Golden Era, Dramatic Chronicle, Police Gazette, The Californian, The Overland Monthly.*

SAN FRANCISCO, June 30th.

MR MARK TWAIN—Dear Sir: Do not delay your departure. You can come back and lecture another time. In the language of the worldly—you can “cut and come again.” Your friends,

THE CLERGY.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 30th.

MR. MARK TWAIN—Dear Sir: You had better go. Yours,

THE CHIEF OF POLICE.

[REPLY.]

SAN FRANCISCO, June 30th.

GENTLEMEN: Restrain your emotions; you observe that they cannot avail. Read:

NEW MERCANTILE LIBRARY, BUSH STREET.

THURSDAY EVENING JULY 2, 1868, ONE NIGHT ONLY.

FAREWELL LECTURE OF MARK TWAIN,

Subject: *The Oldest of the Republics, VENICE, Past and Present.*

BOX OFFICE OPEN WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY—NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR RESERVED SEATS.

ADMISSION ONE DOLLAR

Doors open at 7.

Orgies to commence at 8 P. M.

~~10~~ The public displays and ceremonies projected to give fitting eclat to this occasion, have been unavoidably delayed until the 4th. The lecture will be delivered certainly on the 2d, and the event will be celebrated two days afterward by a discharge of artillery on the 4th, a procession of citizens, the reading of the Declaration of Independence, and by a gorgeous display of fire-works from Russian Hill in the evening, which I have ordered at my sole expense, the cost amounting to eighty thousand dollars.

AT NEW MERCANTILE LIBRARY, BUSH STREET.

THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 2, 1868.

Historical Sketch

If you had been in San Francisco some years ago, you might have seen two young men wending their way toward Market street. On reaching their destination they hurriedly went up stairs, took off their coats and proceeded to put things to rights in the little office, of which they had just obtained possession. Five different firms had preceded them, and each had failed, but these new comers hoped by strict attention, upright conduct and good work, to triumph; and thus far they have not been disappointed. The office has since then quadrupled its material and capacity for the dispatch of business. Three diplomas have been awarded them by the San Francisco Mechanics' Institute, for the best printing exhibited at three consecutive Fairs. Their patrons are scattered not only throughout California, but in Oregon, Washington Territory, Nevada, Utah, Arizona and Mexico; and the end is not yet. The two partners are still, as in younger days, ever ready to do their duty to their patrons, and are determined to maintain the reputation they have earned for good work at reasonable rates. It is hardly necessary to add that the two persons referred to are *Wm. M. Cubery*, and *F. W. Van Reynegom*, and that the firm is the well-known one of *Cubery & Co.*, Book, Job and Ornamental Printers, 536 Market street, San Francisco.

Few of the sons of Adam realize to what varied uses printing has been put, and to what extent it has benefited the human race. To succeed, the business man must seek the aid of the printer, and what a source of pleasure it is when he first beholds his name in print. Countless bargains have been secured by a discreet use of circulars, cards and posters, and to them many are indebted for their prosperity in a business point of view; and doubtless many failures could be traced to the fact that the parties had neglected to use the printing press with sufficient frequency.

Show Cards are the most permanent advertisements known to the craft. What is more pleasing to the eye of mortals than a show card printed in a variety of colors! The green letters make us think of our early days when we sported in the fields and woods; the violet, of the tiny flower so highly prized; the blue, of the sky and ocean hue; red and gold of the glorious sunsets; and when combined revive memories that make us look with favor on the firm that will thus unite the beautiful with the practical. Admission Cards—The above remarks apply with equal force to cards of admission; for "coming events cast their shadows before." A poor card foretells a meagre programme, while an elegant one is the forerunner of a refined and agreeable entertainment. Visiting Cards should be used more generally. It is evidence of a mean, narrow mind for either a lady or gentleman to be without these mementos of friendship when making calls.

We might go on and state facts illustrating the advantages to be derived from the use of billheads, statements, circulars and labels, and the facilities possessed by the firm for printing transcripts, briefs, books and blanks of all kinds, but we forbear—only send your order for any kind of printing, be it a tiny card or a gigantic poster, and they will be promptly done. Parties outside of the city can send orders for goods not in our line and they will be filled without delay. Address all orders to *Cubery & Co.*, Printers, 536 Market street, San Francisco.

BOOKSELLERS.

A. Roman & Co., 11 *Montgomery street, Lick House Block*.—Publishers, Booksellers, Importers and Stationers, Wholesale and Retail.—This house was established in 1856, and has gained a high reputation for fair dealing and spirit of enterprise. Following the tide, they have recently emigrated from their old quarters, 419 *Montgomery street*, to 11 *Montgomery street*, *Lick House Block*, and their new store will well repay a visit. It is far more roomy, convenient and elegant, than were the old quarters—the general appearance is quite inviting. The wood work is finished off with white cedar and black walnut relief; the ceiling is finely frescoed; all the appointments of tables, office, and fixtures generally, present a harmonious effect. The store is one hundred and sixty-five feet in length. It is divided, about midway, by the cashier's and private office of the firm, which is inclosed by white cedar and black walnut woodwork, surmounted by a glass partition. The office extends only part way across the store, leaving an ample passage way on either side.

The arrangement of different classes of books and various branches of the trade is very methodical; at the right hand, on entering, one finds the space occupied for a considerable distance by a special department, devoted to fine wedding stationery, etc. Orders for all kinds of engraving, stamping, illuminating and card writing, executed in the highest style of the art. Works of fiction, of which the present age is so prolific, follow next; then works on belles lettres; then poetry and the drama; then travels, geography and history; then miscellaneous books, including the literature of Masonry and Odd Fellowship. On the left, and in front, are glass cases containing books of costly and elegant binding, gift books, bibles, prayer books, etc. The remainder of this side is devoted chiefly to books of a solid character, scientific, agricultural, theological, medical, etc. Two rows of tables finished in white cedar and walnut, bear a varied assortment of albums, fancy articles and the latest arrival of new books. At the right, near the cashier's office, the space is devoted to the books of the American Sunday School Union, of which *A. Roman & Co.*, are agents; also, to juvenile and toy books of all styles and subjects. On the opposite side are found samples of stationery for the wholesale trade, and also, the assorted retail stock. The half of the store in the rear of the office, contains the wholesale and packing department, and the shelves are loaded principally with school text books on one side, and stationery on the other. The store opens in the rear on *Lick alley*, through which the heavy goods are received and distributed. In the basement of the store, which is large and dry, is stored heavy stationery, books, slates, ink, school supplies, etc.

Steadily has this firm persevered through flush times and hard times, each year extending the business until now it has assumed vast proportions; they have agents in New York, London and Paris, and are constantly receiving shipments from all quarters, of new and standard goods. Each and every steamer for Japan, China, Honolulu, Australia, Mexico and British Columbia, carries heavy shipments of their goods. Their great success is owing to their upright and liberal dealings, aided by the uniform promptness in which all orders entrusted to them are executed.

PIANOS.

Kohler, Chase & Co., 633-5 *Clay street*.—THIRTY-EIGHT THOUSAND PIANOS!—Can any one realize or really comprehend what thirty-eight thousand pianos would look like if gathered together in one place. Placed end to end they would extend about sixty miles. They would fill Montgomery street from Telegraph Hill to Market street twenty feet deep. They would fill thirty-five hundred ordinary railroad cars, making a train twenty-three miles long. They would weigh in the neighborhood of twenty thousand tons, and would be worth the enormous sum of eighteen millions of dollars. So much for statistics. The next question is what of it, and who, if anybody, has made so many?—The answer is Chickering & Sons—said to be about one quarter of the entire number used in America. These figures speak volumes for the excellence of these renowned instruments. Indeed Chickering pianos have come to be regarded by their possessors very much the same as so much silver or gold which can be converted at a slight discount into cash whenever it is desirable to do so. Let any one advertise a second-hand Chickering, in good order, for sale at a small reduction from the regular price, and how quickly a purchaser is found. Their name is regarded as a synonym for all that is desirable in a piano. Did you ever lay the fingers of your left hand on the lower keys of one of these instruments and observe how smooth, full and voluminous were the tones produced, and how evenly and perfectly they run up from one register into another? What a fine singing quality the middle tones have, like those of a pure soprano, while the higher ones are clear, brilliant and liquid, possessing none of that wiry metallic quality so common in many other instruments.

The tone of the Chickering piano is recognized all over the country; differing widely from the loud, coarse tone of most pianos, which is bad in the beginning and grows worse every day, inasmuch as it is refined and delicate, pure in its vibrations, delightful in its singing capacity, and has all the power, without noise, necessary to produce every legitimate effect.

We suppose that almost everybody is aware of the fact that Messrs. Chickering & Sons carried off the highest honors at the great World's Fair in Paris.—The fact was published with much pride by American newspapers from one end of the Union to the other, and cited as evidence not only of our superior mechanical skill, but also of our culture and progress in æsthetics.

We believe that the Chickering is the only piano that has ever received letters of endorsement from such men as Thalberg and Abbe Liszt, and we assure our readers that it would have to be a very perfect instrument indeed, that should secure a favorable expression from these world-renowned pianists and composers. Chickering & Sons do not attempt to make any cheap instruments whatever, their prices ranging from five to fifteen hundred dollars, but they *do* attempt to make none but first-class instruments, and have succeeded so well that the word "Chickering," on a piano gives it a square cash value, like Commodore Spinner's name on a treasury note.

Dedicated to the Wilcox & Gibbs Family Favorite Sewing Machine.

Music by B. A. RUSSELL.

1. { The 'gay belles of fash-ion may boast of ex - cell-ing In waltz or co-till-ion, at whisk or qua-drille;
And seek ad - mi - ra - tion by vaunt - ing - ly tell-ing Of drawing and paint-ing, and mu - si - cal skill;
2. { If love has a po-tent, a ma - gi - cal to-ken, A tal - is - man, ev - er re - sist - less and true -
A charm that is never e - vad - ed or bro-ken, A witch - e - ry cer - tain the heart to sub - due -
3. { Be wise then, ye maid - ens, nor seek ad - mi - ra - tion By dress-ing for con - quest, and flirt - ing with all;
You nev - er, what - e'er be your for - tune or station, Ap - pear half so love - y at rout or at ball;

But give me the fair one, in coun - try or ci - ty, Whose home and its du - ties are dear to her heart, Who
"Tis this—and his ar - mo - ry nev - er has fur-nished So keen and un - err - ing, or pol - ished a dart; Let
As gay - ly con - vened at a work - cov - ered ta - ble, Each cheer - ful - ly act - ive and play - ing her part, Be -

cheer-ful-ly war - bles some 'rus - ti - cal dit - ty, While a let - ter G hums with her ex - qui - site art. The beau - ty di - rect it, so bright and so burnished, And, oh! it is cer - train of

guil-ing the task with a song or a fa - ble, And ply - ing the nee - dle with ex - qui - site art; The

neat lit - tle let - ter G run-ning so swift - ly, The

neat lit - tle let - ter G run-ning so swift - ly, The

neat lit - tle let - ter G guid - ed by beau-ty and art.

neat lit - tle let - ter G guid - ed by beau-ty and art.

The Fur Trade—Its Rise, Progress and Importance.

From the earliest ages furs have been used as clothing for man. In the history of all nations we find that the skins of animals served to cover him in his savage state, and protect him from the inelemency of the weather; even Holy Writ informs us that after the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise, God clothed them in the skins of beasts; thus proving that the furrier is the most aneient of handierraftsmen, being almost coeval with the creation itself. In those days, however, the skins of animals were made into suits without any regard to their appearanee; warmth being the only desideratum. Such is still the case with Laplanders, Esquimaux and other nations, who have not progressed in civilization. As man, however, advanced in art and science, he was no longer content to wear his clothes for comfort alone, but his adornment beeame of as much if not of more importanee, and artists in furs were as necessary to the medieval king as they are to the modern belle.

Furs besides being used for comfort and adornment, have also been adopted as signs of regal state; a monarch has not for centuries been crowned in Europe, without wearing a robe composed of royal Ermine, or still more royal Sable.

The beauty, eleganee and comfort of furs, soon led to their appropriation by the softer sex, and man (tyrant though he be), has been forced to relinquish to them their almost total monopoly. In England and America, gentlemen have for a considerable time used furs only as robes in driving, and oeeasionally as caps and gloves. In Russia, Germany, China and Japan, the male sex still wear furs, but in all parts of the world where the “cold zephyrs blow,” woman asserts and enforees her right to be clad in costly and royal furs.

The fur trade in Europe has long been one of its most important branches of commerece. At the celebrated Fair held annually in Leipsig, and at the London sales, millions of dollars' worth of furs are bought and sold, merehants attending from all parts of the world; and we behold the strange proceeding of New York merehants going there to purchase furs whieh had passed through their own city, and paying freight for two unneeessary voyages aerooss the Atlantic. Of course, this foolish state of affairs is destined soon to come to an end. What good reason can there be for sending furs to Europe, there to pay tribute, and then bringing them back to America; the fault so far has been in the short sightedness of New York inerchants, who refuse to pay anything near the same price for goods in New York, as they afterwards are forced to do in London and Leipsig.

Until quite recently the United States depended upon Europe for their supply of manufaetured furs. They had long exported raw furs; but forty years ago there were not three good furriers in the whole of America. This state of affairs soon changed; the large German emigration brought with it a number of furriers who soon established themselves in business, and for the last twenty-five years not a dollar's worth of manufactured furs has been imported. In all the principal cities of the Union furriers are now to be found, mostly doing a good and profitable business.

In the history of our own State, it was many years before the fur trade

assumed any prominence; our climate was not cold, but nevertheless the cool summer evenings and moist winter days, soon led to a small importation of manufactured furs from the East. For a time a flickering trade was done, and there were some small attempts at manufacturing, but it was not until 1863, when the arrival in this city of two young men named Hermann Liebes and Charles J. Behlow, (both practical furriers,) laid the foundation upon the Pacific Slope of what is destined to become a gigantic commerce.

Messrs. Liebes and Behlow soon after their arrival in this city, associated themselves together and under the firm name of H. LIEBES & Co., commenced the manufacture of furs. Their first place of business was a small store next to the express office of Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co., which was devoted entirely to retail trade; here they were eminently successful and were soon forced to remove to more commodious premises.

The acquisition of Alaska gave an immense impetus to the fur trade of San Francisco, of which Messrs. H. LIEBES & Co. were not slow to take advantage. One of the firm visited the North and made extensive business arrangements, by which they were enabled to obtain their raw furs at so cheap a rate that they at once established a wholesale trade. Oregon, Nevada, Washington Territory and in fact all west of the Rocky Mountains, soon became aware of the fact that they could purchase furs cheaper in San Francisco than in New York. The opening of the transcontinental railroad was another epoch in the fur trade, which like so many other trades it is destined to revolutionize, and to fulfill Bishop Berkley's prophecy that "Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

Up to last May, Messrs. H. LIEBES & Co. had confined their manufacture to fine goods alone, but since their removal to their present extensive premises, at No. 113 MONTGOMERY STREET, they have manufactured furs of low as well as of fine grades. Heretofore several Dry Goods and Millinery jobbing houses had imported quantities of trashy furs from New York, but this year they found it a losing game, as Messrs. H. LIEBES & Co. sold their furs of a low grade, (properly seasoned and well made up,) at lower figures than the throwings out of the eastern markets (poor as they were), could be imported for. Another leap forward has lately been made: for several years past we have exported to the East and to London, large quantities of raw furs, the produce of Alaska, British Columbia and Oregon; but latterly large invoices of Sable, Ermine and Squirrel, have been brought to this port from Siberia, thus concentrating immense quantities of furs in this city, and making it the *cheapest fur emporium in the world*. Taking advantage of this state of affairs Messrs. H. LIEBES & Co. have commenced exporting manufactured furs; during the last year they sold to eastern customers over thirty thousand dollars' worth of manufactured goods, and they have now orders on their books from two of the most important fur houses in New York, for twelve thousand dollars' worth of fine manufactured furs, to be delivered in September next.

The fur establishment of Messrs. H. LIEBES & Co., is one of the sights of San Francisco, and is well worth a visit. It contains more superficial square feet than any other similar magazine in the United States. It consists of a massive iron building, four stories and basement, in the very centre of the best block in Montgomery street, (No. 113); the whole of the

edifice being devoted to the purposes of trade. We will endeavor to describe the interior of this gigantic fur establishment.

The basement is devoted entirely to raw furs—Here they are received, and from here they are shipped. In one corner stood several casks of furs which had just been landed from a Russian bark; in another corner were piled Sea Otter, Martin and Seal from Alaska; while another heap consisted of Mink and other furs from nearer home. There were several men employed sorting, arranging and packing goods for the London and New York markets; being careful, however, to select the finest skins to be used by Messrs. H. LIEBES & Co. for their own manufacture. The first or ground floor is used for retail trade, and such a profusion of furs as are here exhibited is enough to turn any lady's brain. We saw a Russian Sable jacket which had just been sold for one thousand dollars, and we were assured that the same garment could not be bought in the East for twice the sum. We also saw Ermine sacques and Mink sacques, and muffs and boas of every fur, and of every shape. Some nice boas and collars which we thought were as good as the best, are wholesaled at ninety cents and one dollar and a half each. The second story is the wholesale department, here are to be found merchants from all parts of the western slope, selecting furs for their retail trade; more than one eastern merchant has already made large purchases in this room, and soon no eastern dealer's stock will be complete until he has paid a visit to No. 113 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO. The third story is where the furs, after they are tanned, are manufactured into garments. It looked like a bee hive, so many nimble fingers were at work; more than forty men and women are employed on this floor. The fourth floor is used as a tanning shop, here the raw furs are dressed and cleaned. This floor is not so neat as the others; fur dressing is necessarily a dirty occupation. In this floor there are "sulphur boxes," for bleaching, and "plaster of Paris rooms," where nothing but Ermine is admitted. There are "sand drums," and other complex machinery to be seen, and the room is well worth a visit; but we would not recommend a lady dressed in black velvet to essay it.

Of course such prosperity has led others to engage in the business, and within the last year a few small dealers have sprung up, all of them purchasing the greater part of their stock from Messrs. H. LIEBES & Co.

Fashions in furs are as variable as fashions in other garments; and skins which are valuable at one time, decline in price when the mode changes. It is fortunate that it is so, for when the fur of a certain animal is in great demand, and prices rule high, the poor animals are so closely hunted, that if a change of style did not occur, their race would be exterminated. But fashion (fickle jade as she is) comes to their rescue—their fur declines in price, they are no longer in such demand; the hunter passes them by, and time is given them to "increase and multiply," until another change in ladies' dress once again places in their path the fatal trap.

Immediately on a certain fur becoming fashionable, imitations spring up. The fur dyer, an artist in his way, tries to imitate nature. In the East, this species of imposition is extensively practiced—light skins are made darker, and even the poor Muskrat is colored, and made to imitate the genuine Mink. So far, this has been confined to Europe and the Eastern States, but latterly some unprincipled dealers have introduced this chi-

canery into San Francisco. Messrs. H. LIEBES & Co. have determined that no dyeing chemicals shall ever be introduced into their establishment, and no dyeing machinery shall ever be set up, and they freely throw open the whole of their premises to the public view, as an evidence of their good faith.

In the times of our grandmothers, Bear was the favorite fur, a Russian Bear called the Isabella, bringing fabulous prices. The bear was cut into small strips, and tape was sewed in between; by this method twelve muffs could be made out of one bear. Then came the Fox and the Lynx, and more recently, Stone Martin, Baum Martin, Fitch and Opossum, which, in their turn, had to succumb, and give place to the Mink; a fur which has kept its hold on the fashionable world longer than any fur ever did before, with the exception of Sable and Squirrel—Sable has been worn more or less for the last five hundred years, and Squirrel, as a neat, cheap fur, has been extensively used for the last fifty years, but the signs of a total neglect of Squirrel are very prominent. The Seal, of which we have heard so much, has made a desperate attempt to be placed in the front rank of fashion, but it has not yet succeeded in displacing the long favorite Mink.

The style of garments has also undergone great mutations: the large muffs of our ancestors have given way to the *petite* article of the present day; the long, round boa, the victorine, the pelerine, the shawl, have all had their seasons, but at present the "jacket" and the "collar," are most *distingué*, while the "cape" has many friends, and the "jaunty boa" is used with or without the "jacket."

Messrs. H. LIEBES & Co. are in communication with the leading houses of Paris, Loudon, Berlin and New York, and are in constant receipt of the latest fashions. So well is it understood that the firm of H. LIEBES & Co. is the "Glass of Fashion" in the San Francisco fur trade, that the other dealers would not think of manufacturing an article for the ensuing winter, until they have purchased their "patterns" from Messrs. H. LIEBES & Co.

It is curious how fashions are sometimes introduced. The fur cap, now so universally worn by the ladies of San Francisco, is an instance. Messrs. H. LIEBES & Co. had just finished an order of three hundred fur caps for a New York house—they had no idea of introducing them here—but accidentally showed a few of them to a lady of taste; she declared "they were just the thing," and purchased one for her own wear—and now a fashionable lady will not wear her furs, unless she has a fur cap from the stock of Messrs. H. LIEBES & Co.

Whether we are always to depend upon Paris for our fashions, is a problem the future must decide. The child may already be born who may live to see our city, not only the leading fur mart of the world, but also the point from which must radiate the decrees of fashion.

We thus see that from small beginnings the fur trade in San Francisco has assumed great proportions, and its rise and progress we truly believe will be one of the many wonders of our wonderful city; and if the future but keep pace with the past,—If China and Japan shall become tributary to our fur market, (and there are already signs that they will soon do so,) San Francisco as a fur centre will eclipse in the future, those old established depots, Leipzig and London.

MATCH-BOXES AND THEIR MAKERS.

If you want a twinge of the heartache read the following plain little sketch of match-boxes and their makers: Match-box making is carried on at home, and every member of the family, from the baby upward, joins in it. For every one of the fragile cases which are passed from hand to hand so lightly, represents several departments of labor, and materials which are entirely distinct. "First there's the wood shavins', such as this"—it is the mother of three children under seven years of age, and all at work, who is speaking—"there's a couple of them, they are already creased for bending into shape when they come to us. They form the match-box, and are made ready for shaping by machines, which are worked by boys. Of course, if I could afford it, I'd 'ave a creasing machine of my own, for my elder boy there could work it nicely, and we'd make more money out of every gross. Well, sir, one of these shavins' makes the outer part of the match-box, and this other shavin', which you see, is just a trifle less size, makes the inner part. Then there's a bit of colored paper, like this, which has to be pasted on the inner half to make it look tasty like; and there's this label, with the maker's name we work for, has to be pasted on the outer box. The sand-paper comes next, and is pasted at the bottom like this. The sand-paper is the nastiest part of the box-work." Turning to a grave urchin of three: "Show the gentleman your fingers, Freddy!" The child's hands were raw and bleeding, for his duty was to take up the sand-paper, which was lying in long, narrow slips under the bed and on the floor, and to fold and to snip it into pieces of the prescribed length, and the constant friction had made the cuticle as if it had been rubbed with a file. "Yes, it's a bad part of the business," chimed in the mother; "but what's one to do! He'll have pasting and folding to do to-morrow instead of this, and then his fingers will soon come round. That's the beauty of the box-trade, sir, you can vary your work if there's three or four of yer; and a child can be taught to fold as soon as he can stand. Before he can walk? Certainly. He don't want to walk, you know, when there's boxes to be made, and he soon learns that his food comes after it, and thinks of folding as a kind of play." There was something extremely suggestive in these details, and we understood why the little children never ceased in their labors, but went on folding, pasting and sorting with as much stolid unconcern as if we were not by. They knew that stopping to look about or chatter meant a diminution in the number of boxes they would turn out; and when one hundred and twenty-four boxes have to be made for twopence-half-penny, and there is a deduction from this sum for paste and hemp, the value of minutes is soon learnt. So the little fingers toil on, and the little faces turn steadily to the shavings and the paper, as the completed boxes continue to grow in size.

Those that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

Men think all men mortal but themselves.

Experience teatcheth many things, and all men are his scholars.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERIES.

He spake the words: "Let there be light!"

The glorious flood poured into space,
And drove the black chaotic night
Swift from our planet's smiling face.

Vast continents in living green,
Were straightway dressed; the convex sea
In glorious blue lay calm between;
Fit emblem of His Majesty.

Ten thousand years a sea of light
Had bathed the world, e'er it was known
That fleeting shadows by its might,
Might be forever made our own.

Bradley & Rulofson, 429 *Montgomery street, corner Sacramento*.—Whoa! Pegasus. Whoa, you soaring old hybrid; let us dismount. We wanted to ride you over and around and through one of the finest places you ever saw. We wanted to tell folks all about what we saw at Bradley & Rulofson's, when seated on your cavorting back. We would have shown you a palace equal to those sung by some of your famous riders in the days of "long ago;" you should have walked over luxurious carpets where your steps would have produced no echo; you should have gazed on beautiful pictures till you forgot that you were anything more than an ordinary dray horse; you should have listened to delicious music as it rippled forth from the keys of a "Grand," under the flying fairy fingers of beauty, till you were entranced; you should have seen your winged image reflected from immense mirrors at every turn.—We would even have given you a chance to get elevated in the elevator, and you should have descended in the descender.—All these opportunities should have been yours if you had but trotted along in the quiet valley of doggrel and not attempted to soar away into the blue empyrean with us, where our head got dizzy and we commenced babbling of "glorious floods," and "chaotic nights" and "convex seas," and such. Good-bye Peg, you see where you missed it this time, don't you?

The house of Bradley & Rulofson is about as old as San Francisco itself. Its location, corner of Sacramento and Montgomery streets, has remained the same ever since it was established; and they are probably more widely and favorably known than any other house engaged in a similar business on the Pacific Coast. This is undoubtedly due to many reasons, one of them being, of course, the length of time that they have been established. Their success is also owing to some extent to the fact that Mr. Bradley the senior member of the firm, brings to the aid of the business a thorough knowledge of all of its wants, and being the largest importer of artists' materials in the State, is enabled to provide the best for the use of the house with which he is connected. But we opine that the principal cause, and the grand secret of the whole matter lies in the ability, earnestness, energy and enterprise of Mr. Rulofson. Endowed naturally with a fine mind and a capacity for grasping comprehensively with large enterprises, coupled with the ability to see an inch or so beyond his nose,

he has neglected no means available for placing his business at the head. Has somebody made an improvement that concerns him?—He secures it instanter. Is there something about photographic work that don't quite come up to his ideas of excellence? He immediately sets his brain at work and the defect is remedied, if within the bounds of possibility. Does the picture look too flat, lacking rotundity and fullness? He goes to work and crooks and bends and manipulates the light around the sitter till the photograph stands out in bold relief like a piece of statuary. Is there an opportunity to present their business to the public through the medium of the printing press? He hesitates not to employ it liberally. Does an improvement in the arrangement of their rooms suggest itself? It is carried out most effectually, regardless of cost.

Their last achievements in this line is the opening of a display room on the first floor, level with the street, and the putting in of a first-class elevator. This is the first and only thing of the kind connected with a photograph gallery in the world, and is probably one of the most luxurious, elegant and safe elevators in the United States; it is situated at the rear of the display room spoken of, and is driven not by steam but by water from the city water works, used through the medium of one of H. B. Martin's most thoroughly constructed and beautifully finished hydraulic engines. It is a very powerful one and moves the "car" with the greatest ease, rapidity and smoothness.

The visitors have simply to seat themselves in the "car," and before they can fairly comprehend that they are moving, it pauses; a door is opened and they find themselves in the beautiful reception parlor, where they will probably encounter Mr. Rulofson, overflowing with good humor, to a degree bordering closely on hilarity.

The construction of this engine and elevator cost about four thousand dollars, and is referred to in this article as an example of the enterprise and liberality of this firm.

San Francisco is noted above all other cities for the excellence of its photographs, which fact is attributed to the skill and enterprise of this noted firm, and we advise all to take a pleasant ride in their Elevator and inspect their inimitable works of art.

What it Costs to Advertise in Newspapers.

We have been interested in examining the advertising rates of certain journals published in New York and Chicago. The Chicago *Tribune* asks and receives \$26,000 for a column of advertisements for a year. The lowest rate charged for a column of business advertisements in the New York *Herald* for one year, is \$39,712, and the highest rate \$248,200. The lowest rate for a column of the New York *Daily Tribune* for one year, is \$27,794, and the highest rate for the same space and time, \$85,648. Other leading newspapers published in the principal Eastern, Southern and Western cities, correspondingly high. The highest price charged for a column of the *Call* is \$12,480, and the lowest is \$2,880 for a year.—

S. F. Call.

THE IDYL OF BATTLE HOLLOW.

(War of the Rebellion, 1864.)

No, I won't—thar, now, so! And it ain't nothin',—no!
 And thar's nary to tell that you folks yer don't know;
 And it's "Belle, tell us, do!" and it's "Belle, is it true?"
 And "Wot's this yer yarn of the Major and you?"
 Till I'm sick of it all,—so I am, but I s'pose
 Thet is nothin' to you. Well, then, listen! yer goes:

It was after the fight, and around us all night
 There was poppin' and shootin' a powerful sight;
 And the niggers had fled, and Aunt Chlo' was abed,
 And Pinky and Milly were in the shed;
 And I ran out at daybreak and nothin' was nigh
 But the growlin' of cannon low down in the sky.

And I saw not a thing as I ran to the spring
 But a splintered fence rail and a broken down swing,
 And a bird said "Kerchee!" as it sat on a tree,
 As if it was lonesome and glad to see me;
 And I filled up my pail and was risin' to go,
 When up come the Major a canterin' slow.

When he saw me he drew in his reins, and then threw
 On the gate-post his bridle, and—what does he do
 But come down where I sat; and he lifted his hat,
 And he says—well, thar ain't any need to tell that—
 'Twas some foolishness, sure, but it 'mounted to this,
 Thet he asked for a drink, and he wanted a—kiss.

Then I said (I was mad) "For the water, my lad,
 You're too big and must stoop; for a kiss, it's as bad—
 You ain't near big enough." And I turned in a huff,
 When that Major he laid his white hand on my cuff,
 And he says "You're a trump! Take my pistol, don't fear!
 But shoot the next man that insults you, my dear;"

Then he stooped to the pool, very quiet and cool,
 Leavin' me with that pistol stuck there like a fool,
 When there flashed on my sight a quick glimmer of light
 From the top of the little stone fence on the right,
 And I knew 'twas a rifle, and back of it all
 Rose the face of that bushwhacker, Cherokee Hall!

Then I felt in my dread that the moment the head
 Of the Major was lifted, the Major was dead ;
 And I stood still and white, but Lord ! gals, in spite
 Of my care, that derned pistol went off in my fright !
 Went of—true as Gospel !—and strangest of all
 It actooally injured that Cherokee Hall.

Thet's all now, go 'long. Yes, some folks thinks it's wrong,
 And thar's some wants to know to what side I belong ;
 But I says, "Served him right!" and I go, all my might,
 In love or in war, for a fair, stand-up fight ;
 And as for the Major—sho ! gals, don't you know
 Thet—Lord !—thar's his step in the garden below.

—*Bret Harte, in Atlantic Monthly.*

—————
 What always follows the hounds ? Their tails.

The real yellow fever—Greed for gold.

Taking a drop too much—Hanging one's self.

—————
MARBLE WORKS.

John Daniel & Co., 421 *Pine street*.—The marble in principal use in this city for manufacturing purposes, is imported from Italy, though we have in our State, four or five very good quarries, yet the veins not being so even and symmetrical, the imported article is in much greater demand ; while in the interior towns of the State, and especially Sacramento, our domestic marble is very extensively used.

The principal quarries of the State, are located at Colfax, Drytown, Columbia, and Indian Diggings. There are several very fine quarries in Vermont, especially those at Rutland and Sutherland Falls. The marble is clear, white and beautiful, and is fast becoming popular.

Mr. Daniel commenced business on Pine street, near his present location in 1862, and being a thoroughly practical marble worker, soon built up a good business, and is now working about thirty hands; manufacturing monuments, headstones, plumbers' slabs, mantels, furniture slabs, etc., etc.

Furniture slabs, are now being quite extensively used, and Messrs. Daniel & Co., make them to order—any size required. Their marble mantles, however, are a great feature of their factory; for in passing through their sales-room we find them of various colors, black, brown, mottled and white, and of every conceivable form and device, and some most beautifully ornamented; we also saw several elegantly carved monuments that would do honor to any Italian establishment, and the lettering was uniquely, artistically and tastefully done.

Messrs. Daniel & Co., have on hand, about ten thousand dollars' worth of manufactured goods, being the largest stock in marble on the Pacific Coast, and the purchaser will be more likely to be suited there than elsewhere, and our word for it, you will always find Mr. Daniel an agreeable man, and will take great pleasure in showing you through their establishment.

THE OLD HOME.

*THE EAST AS IT APPEARS TO A VETERAN CALIFORNIAN
—SAG HARBOR AND ITS PEOPLE.*

HLANDED in New York on the 30th day of December. Gotham is immense. To me, the business portion of the city had a squat, Dutchy, dumpish air. I missed the hills and mountains which on every side outline San Francisco. I missed the Chinamen on the streets; I missed also, the comfortable bootblack stands. A wretched boy floundered over my feet for nearly fifteen minutes. There was none of the San Franciscan ease, skill and celerity in his polishing. I paid him with a dime, whereat he wondered greatly, never having, apparently, before seen such a coin. I saw him disappear, followed by a crowd of other small, paripatetic bootblacks, all wondering at that ten cent piece, and occasionally looking back at me with glances of curiosity. This was my first new sensation on landing on my native shore. It is a foreign shore to me. California seems much farther away from New York than does New York from California. You hunt vainly in the daily papers for a scrap of news from home. By home, I mean California. When there, I was always calling the Atlantic slope my home. Home is now a Will-o'-the-wisp, dodging from shore to shore of the continent.

But California here, so far as mention goes, seems a small toad in the puddle. The papers dispose of it in a four-line paragraph. I feel outraged. I have met here, men imagining themselves intelligent who never heard of the Yosemite Valley! I brought a photographic set of Yosemite views to my native place. They were the first which were ever seen here. I had imagined that Yosemite, Big Trees, Geysers and other pictures from their frequency on Montgomery street, were ubiquitous.

I am beset with vexation concerning this Eastern currency. Pass a rag and for change they give me other and smaller rags, diminutive coppers and heavy dumpy looking nickels. It confuses me; I endeavor to count it, that I may ascertain if justice be done, and the more I count the worse I am off. I cannot make the ten cent rags and two, three and five cent metal pieces add up properly together. They seem in my pocket like a worthless assemblage of old brass and pewter buttons. I feel guilty every time I offer them. I constantly expect to hear the storekeeper say "We don't take that stuff here." I am constantly beset with fear lest my ten, twenty-five and fifty cent postage currency has worked itself out of my vest pocket. When one has a piece of silver, they feel they have something tangible; when one's money is changed to these dingy fractional pieces of paper, one feels that it is as uncertain and unreliable as a soap bubble.

Seeing all one's old friends and acquaintances, after a sixteen years' absence, becomes in a short time rather trying. In actual truth it becomes a bore. For the first few days I walked with impunity the streets of my native place. Scarcely anyone knew me; I knew scarcely anyone. I reveled in the luxury of incognitibility; but this was not to last. Gradually

they wormed my secret from me ; and then the surprises, the hand-shakings, the "Bill, I'd never known it was you!" and, "How you've altered!" and, "How old you've grown!" and, "Don't you remember this, that and the other?" and "Come home to get married?" And the immense amount of talk exacted from me, proved a certain species of dissipation, so that at night I dragged myself home as weary as a miner after a hard day's work. I said to myself, "This won't do. I must be more moderate in this matter. I must take these people a few at a time." So, now, I restrict myself to three new recognitions daily. After that I shut down ; and when my friends say, "Won't you go in and see Warner, or Charley Payne, or Peter French," I reply: "If Warner, Payne, French & Co. last, I will reserve them for the morrow. I will not too soon exhaust this species of pleasure. I will now go home and digest perfectly the old friends met to-day."

Arriving in my native village, I find it all true as to the manner in which the mighty distances of one's boyhood shrink, when, arrived at mature years, he returns home. Here are "Haight's Woods," once holding in my estimation the dignity of a forest. In very early years there were dim suspicionings of a bear in these woods. Now, I am all over and through them in two minutes. "Northwest," where we used to trap quail, was deemed a day's journey off. I make it now a pleasant morning's walk. I feel as if wearing seven-league boots in striding through the village. What once seemed miles, now shrink to a few hundred yards. Great ponds have evaporated to puddles. Gull Island Rock was once "way off" in our harbor. It is now only a few hundred yards from the end of the wharf. "Barcelona Bank" was once a dizzy height. I have helped mine away hills ten times their altitude. I wonder if things great at one stage of existence are thus always to be dwarfed in another.

Well, here are the same houses, the same streets with the same curves, the same old corner posts, and even many of the same old people of my boyhood. It seems almost ridiculous to a Californian that it should be so. For we, during the last twenty years, have seen smart, bustling towns containing thousands of people rise, flourish and decay. We have seen the busy mining camp on the river bottom dwindle down to half a dozen shanties, and these to one, and then the floods have arisen and buried the site under four or five feet of alluvial, and on this in a few succeeding years there has sprung a rapid growth of vegetation, so that no one would know that ever man had made his mark there. But here in Sag Harbor things have jogged along through all this time pretty near the same, and so they did twenty years before, and twenty years before that. For instance, there is Alfred Ranger coming into town with an ox-load of wood, bawling, swearing and "booting" those oxen, just as he did in "49," just as he did in 1839, just as he does to-day, just as he probably will during the next twenty-five years, for they never think of dying here until they get into the eighties, and they wouldn't then if they could help it. These old fashioned Eastern towns have a settled, serious, determined air, just as if they meant to go on as long as the terrestrial concern lasted. They improve too. We have painted and "slicked up" wonderfully. We have a railroad; we have gas; we have four street lamps. One may travel around the place at night and find himself lit up every quarter of a mile. We have a telegraph. All these things were not sixteen years ago. There

has really been quite a dribble of progress here. Yet I am thankful that all is not new—glazing and clap-boarding. Farmers still come riding into town to do their trading in old springless board wagons, the sides of which are yellow and green with moss; the agriculturist himself driving in a fur cap and mittens with a long “lash gad,” held stiff as a musket on parade, at his shoulder, while the “old woman” remains seated behind in a straight backed chair, and the bonnet is of the dear old wide-mouthed coal scuttle species, “black as your hat,” and her gown is “shillin calico,” warranted to wash, and purchased at George Brown’s, who was measuring off that “shillin’ calico” when I was an infant, and ages and ages before, in exchange for butter and eggs, and always willing to let it go for a cent less per yard, “seein’ it’s you, you know.” And very nearly the same crowd meets every night at John Ripley’s corner grocery that met there a generation ago, and you hear the same talk, conveying the same information—that such a one killed a hog weighing three hundred pounds, and somebody else’s daughter is about to be married, and it is wondered and speculated at as to the amount of money her husband possesses; and they hug the stove closely in winter, and in the early spring they are seated nearer the door, and in summer their chairs monopolize the sidewalk, and so from year to year the talk and gossip goes on and as fast as one old stager drops off some one else arrives at his majority and fills the place.

Of course one ought to be prepared, after so long an absence, to find himself old and to find a younger set occupying the place he once held. Yet a human nature will not give up without a struggle. I visit some of my old chums, and very soon after entering there comes sailing into the room a full blown specimen of Eastern loveliness, just the sort of article I used to set up nights with some eighteen or twenty years ago, and she is introduced to me as “My daughter,” and I think internally, “My stars and garters, and all that sort of thing, you know, and that is Sam Fordham’s daughter. How dare he have a daughter like that! He that used to be one of Gideon’s Band, who made hideous our village at night by the blowing of tin toot horns, by the unhanging of signs and gates, by the disturbance of singing schools and old ladies’ sewing societies.” And then all at once it flashes over me, “why, you might have had a daughter as old as that if you’d a been a mind to,” and then I regret my wasted youth and opportunities. It makes one feel a little forlorn, too, to see boys playing about the same corners, and shaking on the same ponds where you used to when a boy, and to think that these boys know nor care aught for you, no more than if you were a New Zealander or some other wretched heathen. And the old girls are all dead, or married and gone “out West.” There are plenty on the streets of the same size, and quite as pretty. But they are strangers. They gaze on us indifferently. Or if some one tells them who we are, we know what they think as their eyes fall upon us. They think we are as old as Methuselah, just because we knew their parents before marriage. They do not realize how relatively trivial are generations which follow each other, as do the waves of the sea, and that they, too, are marching steadily along into the thirties and forties.

And when on Sunday, you go to the old church, you find, mayhap, that it is no more the old church at all, but a new one, outside and in, with all the modern improvements. Some of the old elders whom we knew and

feared in our boyhood, are still at their posts. But now they seem very old. They can't be forced into juvenility, as was the old building by new coats of paint.

The heads of many an old family, the Huntings, the Howells, the Cooks, are gone. The people around do not miss them. To them these changes have been very gradual. They are thinking of something else. But you in that pew are living way back in the past, sixteen or twenty years ago. It rushes upon you at once. The great gap of time in which you have been absent, seems all closed up; your California life is for the moment eliminated, and you are brought face to face with a past dead and buried to all about you. You know there is no use looking across the church for the interesting face once always seen there, but you can't help it. She is dead, and the other one is a matron, stout, as to form, and rather coarse, as to features, while her mind runs mainly to mince pies, house-cleaning and rag 'fairs. The grey heads seated about you are those of young men when you left home.

Well, this earth-life is indeed ridiculously short. It is youth, then middle and old age, all huddled up together, and by the time a man begins to learn how to live, it's time for beginning to die.

Prentice Mulford, in Alta California.

BABY FINGERS.

Ten fat little fingers, so taper and neat !
 Ten fat little fingers, so rosy and sweet !
 Eagerly watching for all that comes near,
 Now poking your eyes out, now pulling your hair,
 Smoothing and patting with velvet-like touch,
 Then digging your cheeks with a mischievous clutch
 Gently waving good-by with infantine grace,
 Then dragging your bonnet down over your face.
 Beating pat a-cake, pat a-cake, slow and sedate,
 Then tearing your book at a furious rate,
 Gravely holding them out, like a king to be kissed,
 Then thumping the window with tightly closed fist ;
 Now lying asleep, all dimpled and warm,
 On the white cradle pillow, secure from all harm.
 O, dear baby hands ! how much you infold
 In the weak, careless clasp of those fingers' soft hold
 Keep spotless, as now, through the world's evil ways,
 And bless with fond care our last weariful days.

Let us do or die.

Better late than never.

Two of a trade seldom agree.

Facts are stubborn things.

Never trust much to a new friend or an old enemy.

Procrastination is the thief of time.

BILLIARD TABLES.

Phillip Liesenfeld, 571 *Market street*.—Mr. Liesenfeld commenced the manufacture of billiard tables in the year 1855, in a small building on Battery street below Jackson, where he continued about ten years, but his increased business demanding more room, he removed to Sacramento street near Montgomery, where he remained till a few months since, when he again removed to the spacious ware-rooms and factory he now occupies, No. 571 *Market street*.

Mr. Liesenfeld has competed for premiums for the best billiard tables at nearly all the important Fairs on this coast, and has *always* obtained the first, as the diplomas attest—seven of them can be seen suspending as ornaments on the walls of his ware-rooms.

In our visit to Mr. Liesenfeld's factory, we observed quite an ingenious game table, called the “Patent Top Bagatelle Table,” patented by the foreman of this large establishment, December 12th, 1871. A large number have already been manufactured and sold, and we conclude this will be an important branch of his manufactory.

We have not space to describe it at length—we consider it an indispensable article to all well appointed bar-rooms; and to the domestic circle it will prove a pleasing pastime and substitute for the billiard table, to those unable to afford that luxury.

This enterprising gentleman determined to supply the best of everything in his line of business, has recently purchased the exclusive right to manufacture and sell, on the Pacific Coast, **PHELAN & COLLENDER'S CELEBRATED “EUREKA BILLIARD CUSHION,”** patented May 2d, 1871, which will undoubtedly replace all other kinds in present use. Its advantages consist in having *two wires* properly strained and securely fastened at the ends, and so arranged that a ball when it strikes the cushion, is received *between* the wires, and does not become wedged down against the bed of the table, as it is by a cushion having only a single wire. This wedging of the ball between the wire and the bed of the table, causes it to rebound at the acute and incorrect angle, so objectionable in the single wire cushions, and which, no person who has played on them, can have failed to notice. In a cushion having two wires, greater accuracy and more uniform speed is attained, the ball having a more natural and free rebound than when only a single wire is used.

Another advantage in the new cushion is that the wires being properly strained and securely fastened, cannot become loose, and therefore do not require tightening after having been used a short time; and as a wire is liable to be broken by being tightened, the importance of this advantage cannot be overlooked.

Mr. Liesenfeld has also the exclusive sale of the new billiard table, patented by Hugh W. Collender, May 2d, 1871. The principle object secured by this patent, is the beveled edges of the table, so that players may stand in close proximity to the table without the annoyance of hitting the under part of the table at every motion of the knees.

Any one desiring to purchase goods in the billiard line, will do well to call at 571 *Market street*, before buying elsewhere, as he will supply better articles, and at cheaper rates, than any other house on the Pacific Coast.

SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS.

Henry Keller & Co., No. 543 *Clay street*, have recently purchased the entire business of **H. H. Key & Co.**, and are now the exclusive agents for all of the largest houses in the East, as well as Europe. They are now introducing on this coast many of the most elegant illustrated standard books that are published in the English language.

Something of the magnitude of their business, may be learned from the fact that they have constantly employed, from ten to twenty men canvassing and delivering their valuable books; making regular monthly trips from San Francisco, all through the most distant points in Utah, Nevada, Oregon and California.

This firm commenced business in 1870 under the name of **H. H. Key & Co.**, which, through the energy and good business management of the proprietors, soon built up a large and profitable business, which has in no way diminished under the present management. The extensive sale of the revised edition of *Chambers' Encyclopaedia*, published by **J. B. Lippincott & Co.**, Philadelphia, and principally introduced in the interior cities of this coast by **Mr. R. May**, has made for the firm a handsome business of itself. The large illustrated edition of the *Dore Gallery*, and the other elegant works illustrated by the same artist, and published by **Cassell, London**, are having a very extensive sale, which, with a large circulation of their many valuable works of standard literature, speaks well, both for the intelligence and appreciation of the people, and the enterprise and energy of this firm.

Messrs. **Keller & Co**'s system of issuing books in pamphlet form, is a good one. By this method of subscribing for works, and afterwards binding them, at a slight cost, many persons of small means have made up a large library of valuable books, without feeling the expense, by paying small amounts for each number; and many a poor young man who is now struggling for fame, and whose means will not allow the purchase of an expensive volume, outright, will bless this enterprising firm for the system they are inaugurating, in supplying him with detached portions of books in just such quantities as desired, thus enabling him to reap the full benefits of the publication, holding it, if need be, till he has reaped some reward from his studies, or remunerations from his profession, ere he binds them for his library.

There is another great advantage that **Messrs. Keller & Co.** are to our community. They are giving employment to a large number of enterprising young men, in distributing their varied publications, and their extensive business connections with eastern and foreign establishments, enables them to offer lucrative employment to an unlimited number of energetic and live young men.

In connection with their business, **Henry Keller & Co.**, have a large bindery where all their books issued in pamphlet form are bound, and for this purpose the firm has prepared ornamental stamps, suitable for the character of the works. This department, under the name of **D. Hicks & Co.**, has machinery and facilities for binding, unequaled on the Pacific Coast. For a description of which, see under the head of bookbinderies.

VACUUM CURE.

DR. HADFIELD'S PATENT METHOD.—This is a late invention of Dr. Geo. W. Hadfield of Ohio, who secured letters patent in the United States, Jan. 1, 1857. It consists of appliances constructed to closely fit different portions of the human system, or if the nature of the case requires it, the whole body; and then by an exhaust pump, partially exclude the atmospheric air, thus relieving pressure, and causing the blood to flow freely to the surface, thereby opening any obstruction in the capillaries, and equalizing the circulation of the blood.

With this method they claim to have cured general paralysis, general debility, weak chests, weak lungs, rushes of blood to the head, insanity, fits, epilepsy, torpid circulations either of the blood or the nervo-vital fluid, chills and fever, spinal affections, weak backs, torpid liver, dyspepsia, chronic rheumatism, typhoid pneumonia, narrow chests, incipient consumption, etc., by removing a certain amount of atmospheric pressure equally from every part of the system without pain, causing the blood and nervo-vital fluid to fill the capillary vessels in every part of the body, removing the internal congestion, carrying nutritive fluids to every part of the system, and carrying the waste and dead matter from every part. This restores an equal amount of health and vitality to every part of the system. In liver, kidney, lung diseases and asthma, this method of treatment has won its greatest victories, appearing to the uninformed little less than miraculous.

For local troubles, applications are made with instruments peculiarly adapted to the parts affected. No pain accompanies any part of the treatment, but a marked relief immediately follows the application. It causes the blood in the limb to fill the capillary vessels at once, and opens up a better communication between the limbs and the general circulation, thus removing all obstacles to the general circulation and the diseased limb, enlarging both the vessels which carry off the waste and dead matter from the limbs. This gives new life, tone, health and activity to the limbs, removes diseased matter, and restores its natural functions.

A CASE OF BRAIN PARALYSIS—*A Letter from Gen. Joe. Hooker to a Friend.*—DEAR SIR:—I had a very severe attack of brainal paralysis more than four years ago, and am not yet entirely well of its effects. I have conferred with the most eminent physieians, on this side of the Atlantic, and on the other, and am of the opinion that no one of them ever did me any good. They appeared to know nothing of paralysis, and I have found so many varieties, that I do not pretend to understand any ease but my own, and that I now know fully.

About a year ago I was induced to make an experiment of what is called the "vacuum treatment." I visited thirty-six times, and that cured my congestion, the cause of my paralysis. The treatment is very gentle, and one which a child might stand. This cured me.

I inclose herewith, for your information, the advertisement of the vacuum treatment. It is not expensive, and not tedious. I would have given a fortune to know what I now know, when I was paralyzed.

Very respectfully, your ob't servant, J. HOOKER, Maj. General.

This method is now practiced at No. 331 Kearny street, between Bush and Pine streets.

" GRAN'MA AL'AS DOES."

I wants to mend my wagon,
 And has to have some nails ;
 Just two, free will be plenty ;
 We're going to haul our rails.
 The splendidest cob fences,
 We're makin' ever was !
 I wis' you'd help us find 'em—
 Gran'ma al'as does.

My horse's name is Betsey ;
 She jumped and broke her head.
 I put her in the stable,
 And fed her milk and bread ;
 The stable's in the parlor ;
 We didn't make no muss,
 I wis' you'd let it stay there—
 Gran'ma al'as does.

I's goin' to the cornfield,
 To ride on Charlie's plow :
 I spect he'd like to have me,
 I wants to go right now.
 Oh, won't I gee up awful,
 And whoa like Charlie whoas ?
 I wis' you wouldn't bozzer—
 Gran'ma never does.

I wants some bread and butter ;
 I's hungry worstest kind :
 But Taddie mustn't have 'none,
 'Cause she wouldn't mind.
 Put plenty of sugar on it ;
 I'll tell you what, I knows
 It's *right* to put on sugar—
 Gran'ma al'as does..

A SINGULAR CALCULATION.—A German mathematician recently being present at a concert given by Rubenstein, counted the notes which that famous pianist had struck in playing a single piece, and found that they amounted to 62,990. The mathematician, however, was not satisfied with this enumeration, and, making use of the kreutzer coin as a dynamometer, tested the pressure requisite to strike a key on Rubinstein's piano-forte, and found it to be equivalent to the weight of twenty-four kreutzers, or two and one-fifth ounces. The pressure just necessary to strike the 62,990 notes, therefore amounted to 8,661 pounds; but as some passages were played fortissimo, it was calculated that the force exerted by Rubenstein in performing the piece in question amounted to 10,500 pounds. Experiments were also made upon a piano of harder touch, and it was calculated that on this instrument the pressure to perform the piece would have amounted to 13,216 pounds.

OIL AND LEAD WORKS.

Pacific Oil and Lead Works, Nos. 3 and 5 Front street.—At these works, which were started in 1866, and are as yet the only ones of the kind in this State, are manufactured linseed oil, and oil cake meal, and also oil from the castor bean, mustard seed, etc. The mill, driven by a fifty-horse power steam engine, is large and perfect in all its appointments, each department containing every requisite appliance and every recent improvement. Since their late enlargement these works employ about twenty men and have a capacity to crush many thousands of bushels of flax seed monthly, and to manufacture oil to an extent largely in excess of the present consumption of this coast—every variety of oil here being of admitted superiority over the imported. There is connected with this establishment a mill for grinding in oil, white lead and zinc paints, and for making paints of every variety.

The demand for flax seed and the castor bean, in consequence of the operations of this establishment, has greatly stimulated the culture of these plants in this State, these having proved, in sections of the country suited to their growth, extremely profitable crops. The oil cake meal, which is acknowledged to be the best feed known for milk cows, beef cattle, horses and sheep, is also becoming largely inquired for among the leading agriculturalists of the coast. No other kind of food can compare with this, whether it be for fattening, imparting strength to, or promoting the health of animals. For increasing the quantity of milk or making flesh, one pound of it is worth two of corn meal; in fact, no other sort of feed possesses the fattening properties of this, nor does any other produce such fine, tender and juicy flesh. For life-sustaining properties for all stock exposed to sudden changes of weather or over driving, it has no equal. A small quantity given to chilled cattle or sheep, will keep them alive and greatly increase their warmth and vitality. It is one of the best remedies known for horses subject to the heaves and rheumatism, and greatly increases the cleanliness, evenness and glossiness of the hair. At present price, it is the cheapest food in the market. It is now selling in New York at forty-two dollars per ton, gold; at fifty dollars per ton in England, where it has been proven for a long time to be in every respect the most profitable feed known for stock of all kinds—one ton being fully equal to three tons of bran. The increasing demand for this meal on this coast, where it has been thoroughly tested, has induced the proprietors to increase their facilities for its manufacture; and they are fully prepared to furnish it in such quantities as may be desired.

The company has for several years past entered into contract with farmers at fixed prices, for the flax seed and castor beans, to be produced the ensuing season, furnishing the seed on credit, where it seemed to be a necessity to the producers; and it is the expectation that similar facilities will be hereafter afforded to all reliable parties applying for them.

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, *Wallace Everson, General Agent, 302 Sansome street, corner of California.*—Life Insurance is too well-known and appreciated in our community to need any extended remarks from our pen; the fact that all our best financiers and business men insure their lives, argues more than volumes can speak. The only point for the consideration of the assured, is in the choice of the company.

The New England possesses the following points of superiority over other companies that cannot fail to be appreciated by the most casual observer :

This COMPANY is operating under the MASSACHUSETTS NON-FORFEITURE LAW, having paid losses that other companies would have declared forfeited years before. Claims under this law amounting to over \$60,000 have been paid by this company on this coast. It is purely mutual, all the profits being divided among the policy holders. It is the oldest company in existence, having been incorporated in 1835. It is the most economical company, as a comparison with the running expenses of other companies will show. It issues all desirable kinds of policies, and in short, it seems to us to do everything known to Life Insurance, that works to the interest of the policy holders, and under the direction of Mr. Everson as manager of the company's affairs of this coast, it stands in the front rank.

A man of pleasure is a man of pains.

The root of all wholesome thought is knowledge of thyself.

PICTURES AND PICTURE FRAMES.

Sanborn, Vail & Co., *31 Kearny street, near Market.*—If the reader of this book should be in need of any article in the picture line of any description, whether steel engravings, lithographs, plain and colored, half chromos, or the finest full chromos he cannot do better than to call on, or address, Sanborn, Vail & Co., 31 Kearny street.

This firm also keep on hand, and manufacture to order, all kinds and styles of looking glass frames, suitable for private dwellings, hotels, saloons, &c. Their stock of walnut, rosewood and gilt mouldings, is especially adapted to the trade of interior towns, and will be furnished to dealers at prices to suit the times. In the line of ovals, they are constantly supplied with the largest varieties of solid walnut, imitation walnut, rosewood and gilt double ovals for hair wreaths, moss work &c., also, circle frames in walnut and gilt, of all sizes.

If you want rustic, carved or plain walnut, rosewood and gilt frames, sherman oval, or rubber frames, photograph and cabinet sizes, cheap and in good style, send your orders to Sanborn, Vail & Co., where they will be promptly filled at prices as low as the market can afford.

We would also call the attention of members of the various Orders, to their splendid stock of charts and diplomas, for Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Red Men, Temperance societies, &c. Any person desiring an agency to canvass for their works in the lodges to which they belong, can address as above, and they will receive a prompt reply.

PROVERBS.

No one is a hero to his valet.
Poets and painters have leave to lie.
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
A greedy eye had never a full belly.
A dog will not howl if you strike him with a bone.
A long tongue has a short hand.
An ill turn is soon done.
A proud heart and a poor purse are ill met.
A willing mind makes a light foot.
Pride never left his master without a fall.
A hungry man is an angry man.
Of a little take a little.
There is a French proverb which says: "Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts."
Of all wars peace is the end.
It is a noticeable fact that people who change their minds often, never get a good one.
Perseverance overcomes difficulties.
Despise none, despair of none.
A bashful cat makes a proud mouse.
Oft counting keeps friends long together.
The gown is her's that wears it, and the world his that enjoys it.
Once in use ever a custom.
The more you heap the more you cheap.
A man of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds.
Of all ills the least is the best.
Despair blunts the edge of Industry.
If you have done amiss make amends.
No great loss without small profit.
When I did well I heard it never,
When I did ill I heard it ever.
Positive men are most often in error.
If you have a real good wife, keep still and thank God every twenty minutes for it.
Deliberate slowly, execute promptly.
A sparrow in the hand is worth an eagle on the wing.
Let no one stretch his feet beyond the length of his sheet.
Every crow thinks its own young one prettiest.
A good fellow is a costly name.
Bear wealth, for poverty will bear itself.

PATENT FURNITURE.

Westley & Dierck, 143 *Fourth street*, are House Furnishing and Purchasing Agents, and Manufacturers of Westley's Patent Furniture.

Among the many inventions brought out in this age of progress, none contribute more to the comfort and convenience of a great majority of the people, than improvements in household furniture, and probably no firm, or person, is adding more to the comforts of the home circle than Westley & Dierck, by the introduction of their patent furniture.

WESTLEY'S AUTOMATON OR UNIVERSAL CHAIR, AS AN EASY CHAIR, RECLINING CHAIR, ROCKING CHAIR, LOUNGE, COUCH, OR BED, is simply **PERFECT AND COMPLETE**.

As a **PHYSICIAN'S CHAIR** it has no rival. In a doctor's office it would seem to be absolutely indispensable, when its perfect adaptation to the requirements of such a place is appreciated.

As a **DENTIST'S CHAIR**, is has many points of excellence; and in a **BARBER'S SALOON** it is superb; but it is

As an **INVALID'S OR CONVALESCENT'S CHAIR**, that it is incomparable, while the joints and different members (patterned after the mechanism of the human frame) move easily and surely to perform the various changes of which the chair is capable; they are so constructed that the upholstering material covers them, as the natural covering clothes and softens the human form, leaving no angles, ridges or hardness to complain of, making it the easiest and softest chair imaginable, much more comfortable that it is possible to upholster any adjustable or reclining chair ever before introduced. The many changes this chair is capable of, and the various positions it assumes, permitting any portion of the body (of the occupant) to remain, with muscles relaxed, at rest undisturbed, in any desired position, while other portions of the body are being changed from one position to another, raised, lowered or supported at will, make it, indeed, a place of "rest for the weary."

A **PARLOR CRIB**, "for our darling," the easiest, most secure and comfortable place for little folks ever seen, is one of the many uses to which the **UNIVERSAL CHAIR** can be turned.

WESTLEY'S IMPROVED SOFA BED, "THE GEM," is a wonder of elegance, comfort, convenience and economy. It received the Premium at the Eighth Industrial Exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco, 1871, and is much admired by all who have seen it. Orders are received for it from the best houses in the city, daily.

"**THE GEM**," as a sofa, made to match suits or sets of furniture, (if desired,) or in as many different styles as there are tastes to please, is suitable for parlor, boudoir, library or office, and stands unexcelled in appearance, usefulness or ease in the place it is made to fill, with nothing in its appearance to indicate that it is anything more than a handsome sofa in good style.

In "**THE GEM**," as a bed, every resemblance to the sofa disappears, and in its place we have a handsome and luxurious couch, four feet wide, (more or less, if desired,) soft and elastic throughout its entire length and

breadth, with elegant roll pillows extending (all the way) across one end, graceful in outline and perfect in detail, a perfect gem is "THE GEM SOFA BED."

WESTLEY'S ELYSIAN CHAIR, a cosy RECLINING CHAIR, a LOUNGE or a COUCH, at the will of the occupant; a neat, comfortable, useful and convenient piece of furniture, that is worth more than it costs.

WESTLEY'S IMPROVED SPRING BED, "THE PACIFIC BED BOTTOM" received the premium over all competitors at the Fair of the Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco, 1869. It is the best and cheapest, strongest, lightest and neatest thing of the kind ever made.

WESTLEY'S INDEPENDENT COMPENSATING SPIRAL SPRING.—This newly invented spring for upholstering purposes is a great improvement on the ordinary spiral spring, which it must necessarily soon supersede entirely. It is fully as elastic; it will sustain a much greater weight without injury; in fact, owing to the compensating coil and the peculiar shape of these springs, no weight that can be placed upon them can injure or overstrain them, consequently they never "play out." They are lighter, and consequently cheaper than the ordinary spiral springs; they occupy less space in depth, therefore they can be used to great advantage where there is not room for the ordinary spring; they are self-sustaining, and need no tying, nailing or clamping, which is a great saving in time. All upholsterers will readily see how superior the Independent Compensating Spring is for spring edge work; as it requires no tying, it needs no riser.

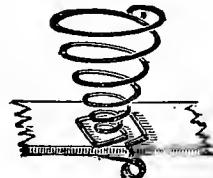
WESTLEY'S "MAGIC DIVAN," received a premium at the Fair of the Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco, in 1869. Since then it has been much improved.

WESTLEY'S IMPROVED BED LOUNGE, "THE ODD FELLOW," a handsome lounge with comfortable back and reclining head; or a superior bed with deep elastic springs and stuffing, that requires no mattress.

The celebrated "INVALID'S BED" (Heath's patent,) manufactured and sold by Westley & Dierck, can be changed into many different positions, and with commode attached, is invaluable to the bedridden.

 Descriptive circulars, with cuts, forwarded to any address. 

Warner & Silsby, 642 *Mission street, near New Montgomery*, manufacture all kinds of spiral springs, bed, sofa, chair and pillow springs, full size and of A No. 1 wire, supplied to the trade at lowest prices. They are agents for, and manufacturers of the celebrated Obermann Self-Fastening Bed Spring, patented January 21, 1870. These springs are simple in construction, easily placed, require no tying, make no noise, afford no harbor for bugs or moths, and for elasticity cannot be excelled.



"MARK TWAIN" IN NEW YORK.

HIS SPEECH AT "THE ALDINE" DINNER.

At the pleasant dinner given at the St. James Hotel on Friday evening by the proprietors of *The Aldine*, speeches were made by Vice-President Colfax, Mr. James Sutton and Mr. Stoddard, publisher and editor of *The Aldine*—and Messrs. R. Shelton, McKenzie, Bayard Taylor, E. Stedman, "Mark Twain," George P. Putnam, Isaac England and others. The characteristic speech by Mr. Clemens—"Mark Twain," was received with shouts of laughter. It is given in full below:

Mr. Clemens said: Gentlemen, I would rather address a "stag" dinner party than any other assemblage in the world [laughter,] for the reason that when you make a point, those who have been listening always applaud, and those who have been talking to each other and did not hear it, applaud louder than anybody else [laughter], and if I only had a speech prepared for this occasion, I would take genuine delight in delivering it [laughter]. But I got the notification to be present at this dinner this evening, at half-past eleven o'clock this morning to pay what I owe to the *Aldine* establishment [laughter]; and I had to leave an hour after that in order that I might take the trip, so I had no opportunity to prepare a speech, and I am not one of those geniuses who can make a speech *impromptu*. I have made a great many happy impromptu speeches but I had time to prepare them [laughter]. Now, it is singular, and I suppose that, but for circumstances which happened when I was fourteen years of age, I might have rushed blindly into real impromptu speeches, and injured myself a good deal [laughter]. This circumstance, which happened when I was fourteen years of age, has always protected me against anything of that kind, and it has led me to think a good deal. Now, I don't think a good deal, generally [laughter] of what may probably be the moving springs of human action. I put that in merely because it is a good expression. I mean it has led me to question in my own mind, what may probably have been the incidents in a man's life which have remained with him longest; whether they are important incidents or whether they are merely trivial ones. I have almost come to the conclusion that the things that stay longest by man, and shape his action in after life, are really things of trivial importance. Now, I call your attention to the fact, in support of this argument, that Newton when he was—well, I don't know what he was doing now; I make no insinuations against Newton; I don't know what he was doing in the apple orchard [laughter], but you know he saw the apple fall, and that suggested the idea of the attraction of gravitation—I call your attention again to that expression [laughter] and then again, one of the greatest inventors that ever lived—I am sorry for your instruction, I cannot tell his name [laughter]—was led into this matter of gravitation by having to wait upon his mother while she was hearing confession, and, seeing the pendulum move back and forward—there was nothing else for him to contemplate—and that set him into this matter of looking at mechanics, and he invented a great many

things—I don't know what they were, now [laughter] it was trivial you know. And Galileo, loafing around in the Cathedral at Pisa, not knowing what he was there for, or how he was putting in his time, but he saw and took note of the gentle vibration of the chandelier to and fro, and through that invented the pendulum, which is understood to have made a revolution in mechanics, and I suppose it has. I take these learned things for granted.

All these are trivial matters, but they brought about vast results. Now the thing that made the deepest impression on my mind, and has lasted until this moment, was a matter itself essentially trivial. It occurred when I was a boy, and it has protected me, up to this time, against making a speech when I hadn't a speech prepared. It was a remark made by a friend. He said: "I could have ketched them cats if I had on a good ready" [laughter]. Now, at first glance, that don't appear to convey an idea, but it does, and the meat of it is this: don't do anything unless you are prepared to do it, therefore, until this moment, I never have made a speech unless I had that speech all set down and ready.

This incident is of no consequence to you at all, and yet I never made a speech in my life unless I tried to inculcate a moral [laughter]; unless I tried to convey instruction, and if I can make you better men than you are [laughter]—it is not for me to say there is room for it, though I suppose there is [laughter]. If I can make you wiser than you are, or if I can protect you in after life as I have been protected, let me do it here, even if I perish on the spot [laughter]. Now this thing occurs in this wise. As trivial as it is, it is a matter to be treasured, I think, and remembered. When I was fourteen, as I remarked before, I was living with my parents, who were very poor and correspondingly honest. We had a youth living with us by the name of Jim Wolfe. He was an excellent fellow, 17 years old, and very diffident. He and I slept together—virtuously [laughter]—and one very bitter winter's night, a cousin Mary of mine—she's married now and gone [laughter]—gave what they called a candy pulling, in those days, in the West, and they took the saucers of hot candy outside of the house into the snow, under a sort of old bower that came out from the eaves—it was a sort of an ell then, all covered with vines—to cool this hot candy in the snow, and they were all sitting around there, and in the meantime we were gone to bed; we were not invited to attend this party, we were too young. All these young ladies and gentlemen assembled there, and Jim and I were in bed. There was about four inches of snow on this ell, and our window looked out on to it, and it was frozen hard.

A couple of tom cats—it is possible one of them might have been of the other sex [laughter]—were assembled on the chimney in the middle of this ell, and they were growling at a fearful rate, and switching their tails about and going on, and we couldn't sleep at all. Finally Jim said, "For two cents I'd go out and snake them cats off that chimney," so I said, "Of course you would;" well, he said, "Well, I would; I have a mighty good notion to do it;" says I "of course you have; certainly you have, you have a great notion to do it." I hoped he might try it, but I was afraid he wouldn't. Finally I did get his ambition up, and he raised the window and climbed out on that icy roof, with nothing on but his socks and a very short shirt. [Laughter.] He went climbing along on all fours on the

roof towards this chimney where the cats were. In the meantime these young ladies and gentlemen were enjoying themselves down under the eaves, and when Jim got almost to that chimney he made a pass at the cats, and his heels flew up and he shot down and crashed through those vines, and lit in the midst of the ladies and gentlemen, and sat down in those hot saucers of candy [laughter], and there was a general stampede, of course, and he came up stairs dropping pieces of chinaware and candy all the way up, and when he got up there—now, anybody in the world would have gone into profanity or something calculated to relieve the mind under such circumstances [laughter], but he didn't; he scraped the candy off his legs, nursed his blisters a little, and said "I could have ketched them cats if I had on a good ready." Now, I say this, that if the opportunity had so fallen out that I could have had ample opportunity to get up a speech, I could have gotton up a speech that would have sent you all —home—happy or otherwise; I could have gotten up a speech that would have done honor to this occasion and to me, but under the circumstances, I have had no opportunity, and I could not get up such a speech, but as long as you live, if you remember the circumstances at all, you will remember that if I had on a good ready, I would have caught these literary cats here present. [Laughter.] Now, I won't bore you any further, but I will simply say that I am glad to be present here, glad to help to celebrate this occasion, the new era of enlarged prosperity for *The Aldine*, and also the calling to the editorial chair of a gentleman of culture like Mr. Stoddard, and I ain glad to be able to sit with so bright a company as this, and hope you will excuse further remarks from yours truly. [Laughter.]

THE LETTER.

Where is another sweet as my sweet,
 Fine of the fine, and shy of the shy ?
 Fine little hands, fine little feet—
 Dewy blue eyes.
 Shall I write to her ? shall I go ?
 Ask her to marry me by and by ?
 Somebody said that she'd say no !
 Somebody knows that she'd say aye !
 Aye or no, if asked to her face ?
 Aye or no, from shy to shy ?
 Go, little letter, apace, apace ?
 Fly !
 Fly to the light in the valley below—
 Tell my wish to her dewy blue eye :
 Somebody said that she'd say no !
 Somebody knows that she'd say aye !

Birth is much, but breeding is more.

Better ride an ass that carries me than a horse that throws me.

Double charge will split a cannon.

A good tale is none the worse to be twice told.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERIES.

Geo. D. Morse, 417 *Montgomery street, between Sacramento and California.*—Why is it that such splendid photographs are produced on the Pacific Coast? Artists elsewhere are doubtless as skillful, and the chemicals which they use are as pure, yet how old fashioned, flat and cheap looking are the pictures which our eastern friends send us when compared with those produced here.

The purity of our atmosphere is generally assigned as the reason, but it is probably only *one* of the reasons. The fact is, the principal galleries of San Francisco are in the hands of clearheaded, intelligent and cultivated men, and the rivalry that exists among them has resulted in some important improvements in photography, besides having led them to employ the very best talent to be had, regardless of expense. Their rooms are marvels of luxury and elegance; as an illustration, we cite the reader to the gallery of the gentleman whose name we have placed at the head of this article.—**Mr. Geo. D. Morse.**

At its entrance may be found what is probably the most pleasing collection of photographic work in the United States. We do not wish in making this statement to exaggerate or do injustice to the specimens displayed by other galleries, but we believe that it was the universal testimony of those visiting the Mechanics' Fair, last fall, that Morse's display afforded them more pleasure than any other. This fact was so apparent that Mr. Morse was awarded the first premium, a silver medal.

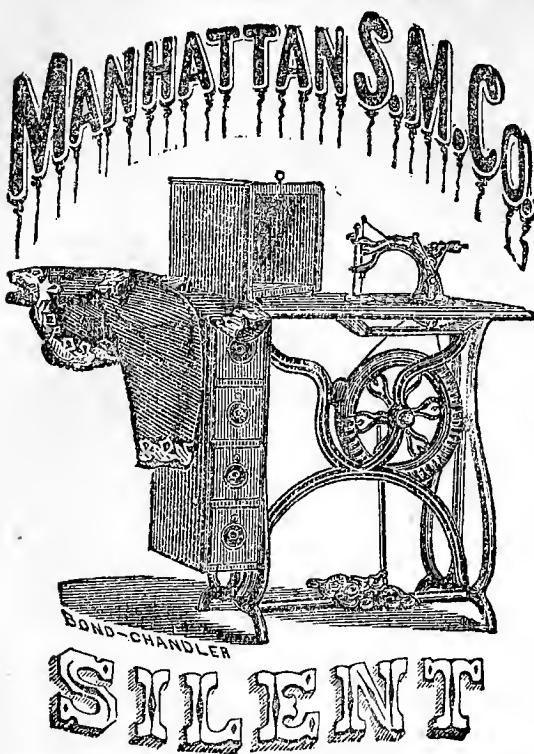
Each picture is a gem in itself. In the first place the subjects were handsome; secondly, the positions are artistic; thirdly, the photographs were perfect, and lastly, they have been most skillfully retouched and beautifully colored, the result being the handsomest collection we ever saw.

The artist employed by Mr. Morse, is Mr. John Koch, who has no superior in his line. As a scenic artist, and in the delicate, difficult and perfect work required for back grounds, his remarkable skill is universally conceded. Perhaps nothing will better illustrate Mr. Morse's determination to produce first-class work than the fact that he employs this gentleman, although his services compel an outlay of \$5,200 a year.

Ascending a single flight of stairs the visitor finds himself in the grand reception parlor, seventy-five feet long, the floor of which is occupied with chairs, sofas, easels, etc., while the walls are just crowded with splendid portraits and views. There are no less than *three* operating rooms, the first about 18 by 27 feet; the next, about 27 by 36; and the last, 36 by 42,—the largest operating room, as far as known, in the United States. The skylight in this room occupies not only a portion of the roof, but extends nearly down to the floor on the north side of the room, and contains over 500 square feet of glass.

This immense establishment extends back nearly 200 feet from the street, occupying no less than 13 rooms and giving employment to nearly twenty persons. Mr. Morse who is generally at his post, superintending the whole concern, is the embodiment of quiet courtesy, and has the happy faculty of making his visitors feel welcome whether they come as purchasers or simply to while away an hour agreeably.

SEWING MACHINES.



W. F. Sherwood, Agent *Manhattan Sewing Machine Company*, 21 New Montgomery street.—The ONLY machine with short, straight, self-adjusting needle making the "Elastic Lock Stitch," direct from the spools, without the shuttle or bobbin.

About three years since there was organized in the city of New York, among the most wealthy and prominent business men of that wealthy and busy city, a company to commence the manufacture of the *Improved Silent Sewing Machine*, which should lead the world.

Availing themselves of the experience of all the pioneers who had introduced sewing machines, more or less crude and imperfect,

and of their own new and most valuable patents, owned and controlled only by themselves, this new company felt at once the full, fresh impetus and power afforded by a guaranteed success.

Years of time and hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent in perfecting the massive and delicate machinery which should turn out at first, with mathematical precision, at least ten complete machines every hour. These machines are finished with the same perfection of mechanism and nicety of detail as we may find in the best chronometer clocks. A separate machine produces each separate part, and each the exact duplicate of every other. But few, comparatively, of these machines have, as yet, been put upon the Western market. Throughout the East it has already gained an unprecedented popularity. They are now being introduced in the West, and comment is everywhere emphatically in their favor, so far as they have been tested in comparison with other machines.

We have seen the demonstration of the fact that its stitch is the strongest, most elastic and most practical, of all the stitches taken by machinery. That in capacity for work it embraces every variety of plain and ornamental, throughout the entire range of family sewing. The power required is very little indeed—not half of that required by many others.

They are ready to give better terms and rates to agents and buyers than others. They want the best available business man in every place for agent. They have established a general agency for the Pacific Coast in San Francisco, which is under the management of W. F. Sherwood, Esq. We wish to advise all interested in the subject to call and examine the Manhattan, or send for *terms* or *samples* of the *work*. You will be thankful for their assistance, and satisfied with their dealings.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRONTIER.

BY JACOB PRICE.

To Willow Springs ? about ten miles—you can't get thcre to-night,
 The trail is hardly plain enough to follow by daylight ;
 You had better stop with us—we'd be pleasd to have you stay,
 For travelcrs from the settlement don't often pass this way.

The boy will take your horse, sir—James, put him in the shed
 By the side of your brown pony, and see that he's well fed ;
 If you'll please walk into the house, my wife will try, I'm sure,
 To provide you with some supper, if our fare you can endure.

Dear little wife, this gentleman will stay with us to-night—
 Take a seat, sir, by the firc—for I thought it hardly right
 To let him pass, the trail's so blind—come here, my little pet
 And see your papa—four, last May ; she hardly speaks plain yet.

Yes, sir, one more ; a son, aged twelve—he led your horse away—
 Who thinks his little sister is not made of common clay ;
 Who treats his gentle mothcr as a courtier treats a quecn ;
 Who obeys his father's lightest wish—such is the boy you've seen. [away,
 Since we came here ? Five years last Junc—how swift time flies
 When health, and love, and happiness abide with us each day.
 Yet once, o'er us, a cloud of woe spread its black wings in wrath ,
 Our hearts; our joy, our life, all seemed directly in its path.

There was a vicious redskin—they called him Whisky Bill—
 Who roamed about these prairies ; at times he uscd to fill
 His carcass with vile whisky, then to our cabin come,
 And frighten wife and little ones, if I was not at home.

One hazy day, last autumn, whilc at work amid the grain,
 I heard a startling yell ! Whisky Bill had come again,
 And with fierce, menacing gestures bade my frightened little wife,
 Give him food and drink, "mucn plenty," or he would take her life .

My face grew white with passion, and ere he was awarc,
 I had cleared the fence that hid me, and in the matted hair
 Of the maddened, painted wretch, I made my left hand fast ;
 My right clutched deep his tawny throat—he nearly breathed his last.

But a shudder thrilled my breast, when, as he lay on the ground,
 He turned those blaek, malignant eyes on me with hate profound ;
 And a devilish glare of *murder* shone in his bloodshot gaze,
 As he rode away in silence—it haunted me for days.

A weck or more had passed away, our hearts had lighter grown,
 We hoped the swarthy fiend had fled. Ah ! had we then but known
 That scaree a hundred yards away, coneealed in a ravinc,
 He watched to strike the stealthy blow, our anguish had not been.

'Twas an Indian summer morn ; the red and smoky sun
 Shed a warm, delicious glow, while we watched our little one
 Straying, barefoot, from the door with her bonnet in her hand,
 Her yellow hair swayed by the breeze with which her cheek was
 [fanned.

Our boy had gone before the sun had risen o'er the hill
 That morn, to seek the antelopes, and on them try his skill—
 For he had shown, though but a lad, a nerve as firm as steel,
 And oft his trusty rifle's spoil enriched our evening meal.

My wife gazed long, with loving eyes, upon the straying child,
 And bade her go not far away ; she turned and sweetly smiled,
 Though with an arch and saucy look, that said, "I won't obey ;
 You'll have to catch me or I shall not mind a word you say."

Like some black bird of prey that with fierce and sudden wing,
 Swoops down upon a shrinking dove—a hideous painted thing
 Swept down and seized our treasure ; seized her floating yellow hair ;
 Yelled wildly to his mustang ; was gone—we knew not where.

"God have mercy !" cried my wife—I stopped to hear no more
 But sped madly, madly forward as man ne'er sped before,
 And as I ran I cursed and screamed in helpless, wild despair,
 At my toilsome, hopeless, failing speed—at last I tried a prayer.

[mean ?
 What do I see ? The horseman stops ! What can his movements
 Why tries he thus to climb the bank that hems in the ravine ?
 Ah ! God be praised ! my noble boy with his poised rifle stands
 Firm as a rock upon the trail, and shouts forth his commands.

"Let my little sister go!"—the savage feigned to yield,
 A moment more and he had turned and held her as a shield,
 And with a loud derisive shout he sought to scale the bank—
 In vain ; that deadly rifle rang—his horse beneath him sank.

With murder gleaming from his eyes he leapt toward my son,
 While I—I flew toward the spot ; each seized upon the gun ;
 A second paused—with one fierce wrench I tore it from his hands,
 Swung it aloft and—Whisky Bill lay senseless on the sands.

Against my bursting heart my girl, with trembling arms, I pressed,
 And wept just like a little child—I need not tell the rest.
 What's that you say ? You'd like to know the fate of Whisky Bill ?
 I said I stretched him on the sands—I guess he lies there still.

Where drums beat, law is silent.

Be it better, be it worse, be ruled by him that has the purse.

After breakfast work and toil,

After dinner sit a while,

After supper walk a mile.

A wise man carries his cloak in fair weather, and a fool wants his in
 rain.

AGRICULTURAL HARDWARE.

Baker & Hamilton, 13 to 19 *Front street, San Francisco, and 9 to 15 J street, Sacramento*.—To almost every farmer and hardware dealer in this State, or even on this Coast, the name of Baker & Hamilton is as familiar as household words. On almost every other cider-press, butter-worker, harrow, plough, fanning mill, threshing machine, or steam engine, scattered over the State, may be seen the familiar words, “Sold by Baker & Hamilton, San Francisco and Sacramento.” This firm commenced business in 1853 at Sacramento, and (with the exception of a branch establishment maintained for a while at Stockton), confined their place of business to that city until 1867, when they established another house at San Francisco under the supervision of Mr. Baker, who left Sacramento for that purpose, Mr. Hamilton retaining charge of the old house at the latter place.

Their establishments occupy, as salesrooms, Nos. 9, 11, 13 and 15 J street, Sacramento, and Nos. 13 to 19 *Front street, San Francisco*, at which places may be found almost anything in the hardware line, from a fish-hook up to a steam engine.

At certain seasons of the year, this establishment presents a scene of bustle, life and activity, that gives one enlarged ideas of our agricultural trade, and gives evidence that this house is one of its great distributing centers. Including the cellar, four stories of their building are occupied by the San Francisco house, a hoistway operated by water power connecting them, and providing an easy and rapid means for the delivery of goods to any part of the building.

Messrs. Baker & Hamilton, are constantly receiving large consignments of goods from the East, both by water and rail.

In the latter portion of this volume will be found a catalogue of their leading articles.

The kinds of hardware sold by this firm embrace nearly every class known to the trade, including—

1st, Stationary and portable steam engines, steam pumps, etc,

2d, Agricultural hardware, all kinds.

3d, Iron-working machinery, lathes, planers, drills, etc.

4th, Wood-working machinery, saws, mortisers, planers, lathes, etc.

5th, Mechanics' tools—a full assortment, by the best makers.

6th, Rope and belting.

7th, Builders' hardware.

In addition to their imports, they also manufacture largely, having an establishment at San Leandro, Alameda County, employing about forty men, where they make large quantities of harrows, gang and single plows, seed-sowers' cultivators, road-scrappers, etc.

Their establishment gives employment, in the capacity of salesmen, book-keepers, porters, mechanics, draymen and laborers, to not less than sixty persons.

Necessity is the mother of invention.

They that give must take.

It is easy to undertake, but more difficult to finish a thing.

Every bird thinks his own nest handsome.

ROLLING MILLS.

Pacific Rolling Mill Company, *Office, 3 and 5 Front street.*—The extensive works comprising what are known as the Pacific Rolling Mills, located at Potrero Point, in the southern part of the city, are the first and only establishments of the kind ever erected west of the Rocky Mountains. They are not only of large capacity, but are very complete in all of their arrangements and appointments, constituting an institution of which California may justly be proud. The company who have erected these mills is composed of our best citizens, being men of enterprise, great business sagacity, and possessed of ample means to carry out and thoroughly perfect their well-devised plans. The erection of these works, so extensive and complete, supplies a necessity that had long been felt on this coast, as they not only enable us to retain large sums of money in the country, that were formerly sent abroad for the purchase of many kinds of iron now produced here, but also afford the means for utilizing material that was before not only worthless, but a nuisance and an incumbrance. Thousands of tons of old iron are now gathered up annually and converted into merchantable commodities, that for years were an eyesore and a waste.

To one unaccustomed to witnessing the operations of the tremendous machinery employed in the manufacture of iron, a rolling mill presents a scene of entrancing interest, unequaled by any industry prosecuted by man. Great masses of iron in semi-fluid state, and glowing with a blinding light, are drawn from the roaring furnaces and plunged into rapidly revolving rolls through which they shoot again and again, each time becoming longer and more shapely, until at last the dull, red, completed bar is laid upon the platform.

Here, too, are immense trip and steam hammers that crush and shape huge masses of metal into any desired form, with an ease and certainty that makes one forget the immense power that operates them. Here also are shears that cut a common bar of railroad iron, cold, as easy, seemingly, as one could snip off a piece of tape with a scissors.

Every class of work, however difficult or ponderous, can be performed here that is done in similar first-class establishments East, such as forging steamship shafts and anchors, making railroad and bar iron, railroad, boat and ship spikes, nuts, washers, bridge and railroad work of all description.

These mills have now been in successful operation for several years, turning out work of this kind; the proprietors having meantime been adding such further machinery and other improvements as necessity required or experience suggested, and it is altogether probable that they can produce any desired article, and execute any class of work with as much expedition, economy and perfection as can be done at any other similar establishment in the United States.

A good name is better than gold.

A stout heart flings misfortune.

Many go out for wool and return shorn.

Forbid a fool a thing, and that he will do.

MEDICAL COLLEGES.

Toland Medical College, Stockton street, near Chestnut.—This college was incorporated in 1864, and bears the name of its founder—having been built by our well-known and eminent physician, Dr. H. H. Toland, of this city. Donations like this are rare, when an individual, unaided, builds a public institution of such magnitude. It has been perfected in its every department, chemical, philosophical, anatomical, etc., including a thoroughly organized museum, and apparatus for illustrating the various departments taught, being fully determined that it shall possess every advantage to perfect an education in the science of medicine known to any college of medicine. This college has a very efficient corps of professors—some of the most eminent physicians in the State.

FACULTY.—H. H. TOLAND, M. D., Professor of Principles and Practice of Surgery; R. BEVERLY COLE, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Clinical Diseases of Women; GEO. HEWSTON, M. D., Professor of Principles and Practice of Medicine; W. T. FISH, M. D., Professor of Physiology; L. FALKENAU, Professor of Chemistry; C. T. DEANE, M. D., Professor of Diseases of Women and Children, and Clinical Obstetrics; C. M. BATES, M. D., Professor of Clinical Medicine; E. TRENOR, M. D., Professor of Medical Jurisprudence and Mental Diseases; A. A. O'NEILL, M. D., Professor of Anatomy; W. T. BRADBURY, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and Pharmacy; W. F. SMITH, M. D., Professor of Ophthalmology and Otology; W. H. JOHNSON, M. D., Adjunct to the Chair of Obstetrics and Clinical Diseases of Women; CHAS. TOLAND, M. D., Prosector to the Chair of Surgery; WM. H. JOHNSON, M. D., Curator of the Museum.

R. BEVERLY COLE, M. D., DEAN; Office, No. 16 Geary street, above Kearny.

There are peculiar advantages to students of medicine attending their lectures and receiving their instruction in localities where they purpose practicing. The more prominent reasons are the experiences of the professors in the diseases incident to the climate, and the observance of the peculiarity of these diseases under clinical instruction.

A college clinic or dispensary has also been established, which, together with the City and County Hospital in close proximity to the college, affords students unsurpassed opportunities for clinical instruction, where they can see the very diseases with which, in their future practice, they will be called upon to battle, which cannot eventuate otherwise than turning out into the community not only theoretical, but practical physicians.

Another advantage of our climate in giving medical instruction, is the evenness of its temperature, which permits the witnessing, during every month of the year, all the different types and phases of diseases, and the practical teaching of anatomy by dissection.

The healthful and invigorating influence of our climate, is an additional inducement to strangers to visit here to pursue the study of medicine, and it is to be hoped that the physicians of the Pacific Coast shall receive the degree of "Doctor of Medicine" from our own home institutions, which will not only guarantee the success of our medical colleges, but will far better qualify them in the faithful performance of their duties to those languishing under the diseases incident to our climate.

“HOW MOTHER DID IT.”

If we were to suggest one thing which, above all other things combined, would most contribute to the happiness of the young housekeeper, it would be to learn how to cook as a husband's mother cooked. Mother used to make coffee so and so! Mother used to have such waffles! and mother knew just how thick or how thin to make a squash pie! And, O, if I could only taste of mother's biscuit! Such are the comments of the husband, and of too many meal-tables. It would be only a little more cruel for the husband to throw his fork across the table, or to dash the contents of his teacup in his wife's face. The experience of a contrite husband is good reading for those men whose daily sauce is “How mother did it.” He says:—

“I found fault some time ago, with Maria Ann's custard pie, and tried to tell her how my mother made custard pie. Maria made the pie after my recipe. It lasted longer than any other pie we ever had. Maria set it on the table every day for dinner; and you see I could not eat it, because I forgot to tell her to put in any eggs or shortening. It was economical; but in a fit of generosity I stole it from the pantry and gave it to a poor little boy in the neighborhood. The boy's funeral was largely attended by his former playmates. I did not go myself.

Then there were the buckwheat cakes. I told Maria Ann any fool could beat her making those cakes; and she said I had better try it. So I did. I emptied the batter all out of the pitcher one evening and set the cakes myself. I got the flour and the salt and water; and, warned by the past, put in a liberal quantity of eggs and shortening. I shortened with tallow from roast-beef, because I could not find any lard. The batter did not look right, and I lit my pipe and pondered. Yeast, yeast, to be sure. I had forgotten the yeast. I went and woke up the baker, and got six cents' worth of yeast. I set the pitcher behind the sitting-room stove, and went to bed.

“In the morning I got up early and prepared to enjoy my triumph; but I didn't. That yeast was strong enough to raise the dead, and the batter was running all over the carpet. I scraped it up and put it into another dish. Then I got a fire in the kitchen and put on the griddle. The first lot of cakes stuck to the griddle. The second dittoed, only more. Maria came down and asked me what was burning. She advised me to grease the griddle. I did it. One end of the griddle got too hot, and I dropped the thing on my tenderest corn while trying to turn it around.

“Finally the cakes were ready for breakfast, and Maria got the other things ready. We sat down. My cakes did not have exactly the right flavor. I took one mouthful, and it satisfied me. I lost my appetite at once. Maria would not let me put one on her plate. I think those cakes may be reckoned a dead loss. The cat would not eat them. The dog ran off and stayed away three days, after one was offered to him. The hens wouldn't go within ten feet of them. I threw them into the back yard, and there has not been a pig on the premises since. I eat what is put before me now, and do not allude to my mother's system of cooking,”

BLACKING MANUFACTORY.

Lake & Co., Office at J. R. Hughes, 13 Kearny street—Factory, 636 Third street.—This business has been carried on in San Francisco for several years past at 636 Third street, by Messrs. Lake & Co., who make the article now so extensively used and favorably known as the Japan Paste Blacking. This valuable preparation has been patented by Mr. Blake, the inventor and proprietor, and the fact of its having been awarded the first premium at several of our Industrial Expositions is a sufficient guarantee of its superior excellence. After being subjected to the test of analytical chemists at the California State Agricultural Fairs, held in 1867, 1868 and 1869, and by them pronounced the best article of the kind ever introduced into the United States, it took the first premium on these several occasions, and also at the Mechanics' Fair held in San Francisco in 1868, where it was declared the best blacking ever made, both for preserving the leather and for producing readily a brilliant and permanent jet black lustre, and yet so dry as not to soil the finest linen. Messrs. Lake & Co. are now manufacturing large quantities of this valuable compound, for which they obtained a steadily and rapidly increasing sale both in California and the other Pacific States and Territories. No other blacking has ever attained to greater favor, not even the famous Day & Martin, which costs considerable more than this. The proprietors put up this article in both the paste and liquid form; every box and jar being labelled "Lake & Co's First Premium Patent Japan Blacking."

WHOLESALE PRICE LIST:—No. 1, regular box size, per gross, \$7.50; No. 2, double deep, \$15.00. Liquid Blacking, No. 1, half pint jars, per doz., \$1.50; No. 2, pint jars, per doz., \$2.00; No. 3, quart jars, per doz., \$3.00. A liberal discount to the trade.

ROPE MOULDING.

J. H. Culver, corner Mission and Fremont streets.—Cable or Rope Moulding has been used and admired in architecture from the earliest ages; but other forms of twist mouldings, owing to the great cost of carving them, have been seldom used.

Recently a machine has been invented and patented by Mr. J. H. Culver, of this city, capable of cutting spirally any form or configuration of mouldings and sizes, from one-fourth inch up to six inches in diameter, right or left, and at prices no greater than for common straight moulding.

One variety we would specially mention: it is in the form of a common rope of two or three strands, but each strand of different wood: say, black walnut, cedar and laurel, which when twisted into each other, and oiled or varnished, forms one of the most beautiful specimens of wood ornamentation imaginable; and the cutting of which, is a marvel in wood working machinery.

For further information, apply to the inventor, who has a machine in operation, and every description of spiral moulding on hand or cut to order.

Greedy folk has long arms.

Good to begin well, better to end well.

FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

(CALIFORNIA MANUFACTURE.)

Jonathan Kittredge, 18 and 20 *Fremont street*.—California cannot claim to be a manufacturing State. As a general observation, this is true, yet when our citizens *do* undertake to produce merchandise from raw material, they do it with such energy, and honesty, and ability, that the eastern article is left far behind, and as frequently happens, is driven entirely from the market.

We could cite a dozen instances where this is the case, if we had space. California blankets, California furniture, California wagons, California leather, are all preferred by our people, and used when they can be obtained.

Jonathan Kittredge has demonstrated that stronger, handsomer and more durable safes are made in San Francisco than anywhere else.

Why this is so we can't say, there is no reason why as good a safe should not be made at the East, as here, the pertinent fact remains, however, that they are not as trustworthy and honestly made as ours, and our merchants and business men have found it out at last.

Mr. Kittredge's safes have been tried in every conceivable manner; the burglar has expended his skill on them in vain; the hottest fires have raged around them for hours, and days even, without doing any damage to their contents. At the great fire in Harpending Block, on Market street, one of these safes, belonging to Oulif, Weiner & Dato, was subjected to the heat for 24 hours, and yet came out with its contents uninjured. The identical safe now stands in front of his factory, where it may be seen by the curious. Messrs. Oulif, Weiner & Dato, purchased another of Mr. Kittredge, and addressed him the following unsolicited testimonial :

“We, the undersigned, hereby certify that this safe was taken from the store lately occupied by us, having stood the test of the great fire in Harpending's Block, on Market street, our books, papers, etc., being found, when opened, in a perfect state of preservation. We therefore recommend Jonathan Kittredge's safes as being entirely fire proof.

“OULIF, WIENER & DATO.”

Messrs. J. J. Halpine, of Pioche, Nevada, had one of Mr. Kittredge's safes in use at the time that town was burned, and it was the only safe that passed through the ordeal, preserving its contents unharmed.

These safes have been repeatedly placed in competition with eastern safes at our industrial exhibitions, and have never failed to be awarded the first premium, in two instances receiving gold medals.

They are not only constructed with the utmost care and skill, but are most elaborately and beautifully finished, both externally and internally. Mr. Kittredge makes all kinds of safes, from the largest bank vault, down to the smallest burglar proof; and his factory for the past year, has been taxed to its fullest capacity. Mr. Kittredge is deserving the patronage of Californians, for having, unaided and single-handed, commenced the manufacture of safes in competition with the importers whom he has fought long and well, and gained for himself the well deserved name, the “Pioneer Safe Manufacturer of the Pacific Coast.”

THE LOCOMOTIVE.

BY JACOB PRICE.

Hark! a wild advancing shriek upon the midnight air,
To which the hills reply again with echoes reaching far;
A mighty roar that awes our souls and fills our hearts with dread,
As when the awful earthquake rushes by with giant tread.

The monster comes; lo, demon-like a single eye fierce gleams
Within its iron forehead set, from which the strong light streams
Into the cow'ring darkness, that seems to shrink away,
As if in dread of its wild glare, like night before the day.

Deep in its savage jaws there glows a fierce, devouring fire
That yields a strength to those grim arms that naught can ever tire,
While from its belching crest there rolls a cloud of smoke and flame
That backward streams along the path from whence the dragon came.

On, on with wild and breathless speed along the trembling ground
With flashing wheels and rapid breath into the night profound,
It plunges, and with lessened roar is lost amid the gloom
Of distant hills; the night once more is silent as the tomb.

—*Alameda Gazette.*

SCHOOL AND OFFICE FURNITURE.

Warren Holt, 607 *Clay street*.—This is the oldest house in this business on the Pacific Coast, having made the manufacturing of school furniture a specialty for the past ten years.

This institute is prepared to furnish schools and seminaries with the most approved school furniture, apparatus, stationery, and all other school supplies, such as blackboards, slating for blackboards, babbittonian pens, map stands, all varieties and colors of inks, dumb bells, pointers, erasers, copy books, pencils, pen holders, paper cutters, maps, charts, globes and ink-wells. Having ample facilities for manufacturing and importing most of the articles used in schools, teachers, county superintendents, and trustees, will find their orders promptly filled, with articles that will give entire satisfaction. Send for Price List.

GUNS AND SPORTING MATERIALS.

Wilson & Evans, 513 *Clay street*.—This old house keep constantly on hand, every variety of fishing and sporting materials, such as guns, rifles, pistols, hooks, lines, ammunition in all forms, etc., etc. They also repair anything in their line at the shortest notice.

The man who can wear a shirt a whole week and keep it clean, is not fit for anything else.

Take good heed, will surely speed.

Greatness of mind is always compassionate.

He that has a goose will get a gander.

LOST—TO SOCIETY LOST.

Touch not the fallen one—drive her away ;
 Guilty and soulless, but beautiful clay ;
 Though her heart's bleeding, hear not her pleading,
 At any cost ;
 Forget what is good of her—speak, if you would of her,
 As lost—to society lost.

So sad and dejected—the poor broken-hearted ;
 Love, honor, and all save life have departed.
 None proffer relief to heal her heart's grief—
 Oh, fearful the cost !
 No one befriends her—fashion condemns her
 As lost—to society lost.

Heed not her sighs, her entreaties and tears—
 Spurn her as one for whom nobody cares ;
 Lost and degraded, to memory she's faded—
 Trifling the cost.
 Forget you ere blessed her, ere kissed and caressed her—
 She's lost—to society lost.

Oh, pity her not—she has fallen from place ;
 Applaud her betrayer, receive him with grace ;
 Smile on her deceiver, but do not relieve her,
 At any cost !
 For such is propriety in Christian society
 When lost—to society lost.

Innocent, loving, betrayed and forsaken ;
 Guilty and fallen—by vice overtaken ;
 Let society blame her—try not to reclaim her,
 At any cost.
 Forget all her beauty—do society's duty :
 She's lost—to society lost.

Oh, merciless fashion, why do you nurture
 Hypocrisy's laws and assassinate virtue ?
 Bow to the false text, oh, immaculate sex,
 At any cost ;
 Frown on the fallen one; and your proud duty's done :
 She's lost—to society lost.

—•—
 It takes two to make a bargain, it ought to take two to break it.

Virtue needs all the enemies she has got, to keep her tools bright and
 in order.

Thieves hunt in couples, but a liar has no accomplice.

Secrets make a dungeon of the heart, and a jailor of its owner.

Wit is the pleasant surprise of truth.

Chastity is like an icicle, if it once melts that is the last of it.

My "Wheeler & Wilson."

[Melody "TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY."]

By permission of M. GRAY, 623 & 625 Clay Street, publisher of this popular melody with the original words in sheet form.



O free and light is my heart to-night, And my voice breaks out in song;
 O, come and see how smooth and free The si-lent wheel goes round,
 Good - bye to sighs and wea - ry eyes, Good-bye to head-ache too,



Let mu-sic sound, for I have found That which I've sighed for long.
 How the nee-dle bright in its rap-id flight, Pro - du - ees scarce a sound,
 Good - bye to tears, im - - - pelled by fears, That one could not get through



RIT.....



It's home at last, my trou - bles past, And now I'll stitch, stitch, stitch no more;
 Yet how the cloth comes stream-ing forth. Sewed with a strong e - las - tie seam;
 Those end-less seams that e'en in dreams Would bid me still to sew, sew, sew;

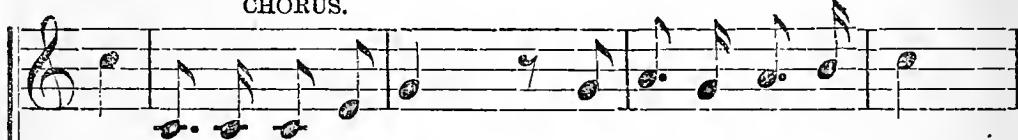




My work is done, for sew - ing is fun; And my soul feels brave and strong.
 Ah, yes, in - deed, such mar - vel - ous speed Be - wil - ders like a dream.
 Such toil no more need I bend o'er; Such wea - ri - ness I'm through.



CHORUS.



Then sound the sweet re - train, Till all shall ring a - - gain,



RIT.....



For rest has come in - to our home, And wea - ry, wea - ry stitch-ing's done,



O hap-py hap-py change, It re-al-ly seems quite strange

That a Whee-ler & Wil-son, with its mer-ry, mer-ry whirr, *At last, at last, has come.*

A HOUSEHOLD SONG.

Air—"AULD LANG SYNE."

In all the range of household art,
There's nothing can compare
With a WEEELER & WILSON Sewing Machine,
For driving away dull care.
For driving away, etc.

Turn with your foot its rapid wheel,
Spool off your thread with a whirl,
Stitch with its sharp stiletto of steel—
You've a garment for boy or girl.
You've a garment, etc.

And what used to be but a day of toil,
Is now but an hour of play,
As you rapidly finish your dainty work
And lay it, completed, away.
And lay it, etc.

Oh! a fairy bright is the Sewing Machine,
With its braider and corder complete,
And a neater Christmas Gift, I ween,
You'll not find on Montgomery street.
You'll not find, etc.

THE GOAT.

The following lines, written by Dr. Haley, Sen., of San Francisco, whose garden had been repeatedly ruined by goats running at large in the neighborhood, will, we think, meet with a hearty response from those subjected to similar annoyances from those mischievous animals.

It is but fair to add that we obtained them for publication without the Doctor's knowledge :

Nature, it seems, once took a freak
 To make a vulgar kind of sheep ;
 To make it near a sheep as could
 By leaving out all traits that's good.
 She made it just about as tame ;
 She made the head and horns the same ;
 She made the legs, and made the feet,
 And made the tail just like the sheep ;
 She made the voice in sound and diction,
 Just like the sheep—there's no distinction—
 Then dropped the sheep while at this station,
 And ceased all further imitation,
 And finished up this vulgar creature
 Without one single comely feature ;
 Then took her book and in it wrote—
 This animal we'll call a goat.
 For wool she gave it shaggy hair,
 Some parts she left entirely bare;
 A bristly mustache gave the male,
 With crumpled horns and short stub tail.
 They've not one moral trait that's good;
 They much prefer to steal their food;
 Go prowling round on empty stomach,
 And rather steal a rotten turnip
 Than have the best of oats and hay,
 Provided in an honest way.
 Their appetite is always good;
 Grass, hay and oats their natural food;
 But such desires have they to steal
 They'll leave this wholesome, sav'ry meal,
 And leap o'er fence, or crawl in under,
 To make their meal on stolen plunder.
 Nature in making every creature,
 On earth, in air, or in the water,
 Omitted not to all of giving
 Some faculty to get their living.
 Superior speed she gave to some
 To catch their prey while on the run;
 To others gave superior cunning ;

They lie in ambush, wait its coming.
 Some range the fields in quest of food ;
 Some dive beneath the surging flood ;
 Some climb on trees where fruits abound ;
 Some dig for roots beneath the ground.
 The swallow glides through evening air,
 And gathers insects sporting there.
 The bee unerring instincts guide
 To where the flowers rich sweets provide ;
 The spider weaves a tangled snare ;
 Suspends it floating in the air ;
 Conceals himself from observation,
 Nor waits in fruitless expectation.

* * * * *

Thus nature, without stint or measure,
 Bestowed on all this valued treasure ;
 All but the goat ; he's an exception ;
 She left him to his own protection.
 His ease she seemed to overlook,
 And so he lives by hook or crook.
 She gave to him no moral feeling,
 So naturally he takes to stealing.
 He's on the tramp from early dawn
 Till evening shadows veil the lawn,
 Hoping to find while on his trail,
 Some open gate, or broken rail.
 He enters, then the next that's known
 The mischief's done ; he's been and gone.
 Your valued garden richly flowered,
 Its tender foliage all devoured.
 Your pinks with variegated hue,
 Your violets and pansies too,
 Your flowering shrubs with beauties rare.
 Whose fragrance filled the morning air,
 The very plants you cherish most,
 All marred and trampled in the dust.
 For this outrageous depredation
 You look in vain for reparation.

There is an adage old and true,
 That we should give the devil his due.
 By acting from this sage suggestion
 Perhaps 'tis well enough to mention—
 The female gives, when highly foddered,
 A quart of milk (before 'tis wartered).
 Aside from this we safely state
 They have not one redeeming trait.

Heald's College Journal.

—————♦♦—————

Help is good at all plays but at meat.

KNOWLES' PATENT STEAM PUMP.

A. L. Fish, Agent, 9 First street, near Market.—This beautifully designed and simple machine stands ahead of all competitors in efficiency, durability, workmanship and quality of material, is manufactured at Warren, Mass. Its patentee and partner in manufacturing, Mr. L. J. Knowles, at one time a mechanic at the lathe, is now the proprietor of three large manufactories, and has stood a prominent member in the Massachusetts Senate, and is now chairman of the Bank Committee of Worcester. His pecuniary success grew out of the high esteem gained by this pump among first-class mechanics and manufacturers in the New England States. At the great Mechanics' Fair, in San Francisco, last fall, after a thorough trial with five steam pumps, of different manufactories, in which three of the first-class participated, the Knowles was shown to be most efficient, and received the *only* award; also we were shown the Diploma and Silver Medal awarded by the last State Fair at Sacramento City.

The best recommendation we can give is the Central Pacific R. R., who have twenty-five or thirty in use; and are used extensively for irrigating and mining purposes throughout the coast. The large pump now awaiting shipment in this city for Messrs. Stevenson & Son, Merced County, is by three times the largest ever on this coast. Its water piston is thirty inches in diameter, and calculated to pump 200,000 gallons per hour.

There is little for the rake after the broom.

He that never rode, never fell.

He that lives on hope has a slender diet.

He is full of fruit that wants an orchard.

What sobriety conceals, drunkenness reveals.

Fear is the first lesson learned, and the last one forgotten.

HATS AND CAPS.

J. C. Collins, 321 Montgomery street.—Mr. Collins was one of the pioneers who established business here in 1852, and continued for ten years, building up a good and prosperous trade; but, like most of our earlier California inhabitants, imbued with the spirit of adventure, and stimulated by the desire to experience the excitement of a frontier life, disposed of his business here—going into the interior of our State, halting awhile in Sacramento, where he followed his trade for a few years, making many friends, but the quiet pursuits of that city not being congenial to his tastes, he soon left for the "Silver State," locating at Virginia City in 1864, where he occupied the famed position, THE LEADING HATTER of that city, until 1871, when he removed to San Francisco, feeling, doubtless, with most everyone, who has resided here, that San Francisco is *the* Pacific Coast.

Mr. Collins makes to order, repairs, remodels and imports every variety of hats and caps known to the trade, and always keeps on hand all the latest styles. Remember his number, 321 Montgomery street, Odd Fellows' Building, and this is his motto : "Best goods and cheapest rates."

ARTIFICIAL STONE.

Pacific Stone Company, *Office and Salesroom, 10 Bush street.*—This beautiful building material so largely used in England and on this continent, is gradually becoming appreciated on this coast, and of late is being used to a large extent for a variety of purposes.

The Scientific American—always very careful and accurate in its statements and deductions—winds up a series of articles concerning building material, by predicting that artificial stone, as made by the Ransome process, will be substituted in the next few years for other material, to an unprecedented extent, and we see nothing to prevent it, for it certainly possesses all the requisites in an eminent degree. It has been in use in England a sufficient length of time to prove its entire indestructibility—indeed the very elements of which it is composed—silicate, (glass) and sand—forbid the possibility of decay and as for strength, beauty, cheapness and utility, it speaks for itself. With the exception of cut stone, there is nothing known that is equal to it, and the variety of uses to which it can be applied is unlimited. For cornices, capitals, columns, balustrades, battlements and all the decorative parts of buildings it is not only the most cheap and durable, but also the handsomest substance that can be used, on account of the ease with which it can be moulded in any desired form—mouldings, scroll work, brackets, heads, busts, figures, etc., no matter how intricate or elaborate the design, are produced with equal ease and perfection. Fountains of exquisite design, and absolutely indestructible, are produced in this material very cheaply; while vases, steps, pavings of various colors and patterns, cemetery work, mantels, curbs for garden borders, etc., etc., are furnished at short notice. Grindstones of any required weight, form and quality, warranted to perform as represented, are also manufactured. The five large statues in the State Capitol, designed by P. Mezzara, are composed of this material, and were manufactured by the Pacific Stone Co. Architects who have examined it, have uniformly pronounced in its favor. Messrs. Wright and Sanders, architects, have addressed the company the following, which explains itself:

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1871.

“ *To the Pacific Stone Company—GENTLEMAN:* Having largely employed Ransome’s Patent Stone in the construction of the First Congregational Church in this city, as well as in sundry cemetery works, we have to state that the favorable opinion we had originally formed of the material has been more than justified. Regarding it in an economic point of view, in all cases in which repetitions of the same forms are admissible, the patent stone offers a valuable aid to the ornamental design, while as a construction agent we are confident that it is as durable as the best quality of sandstone.

Your obedient servants,

WRIGHT & SANDERS.

A bad cloak often covers a good drinker.

Every man has a goose that lays golden eggs, if he only knew it.

Give is a good man, but he is soon weary.

RETAIL CLOTHING.

T. R. Church, *Russ House Block, 223 Montgomery street.*—Who ever saw a man or woman in their right mind who did not look better, feel better, and act better when neatly and comfortably dressed. All are not affected to the same extent by it, and men probably because of their coarser organization, feel its influence on themselves and others, less than women, but all are influenced by it to a greater extent than they are aware of, or would be willing to admit.

It is regarded as a sign of weakness by some men—but by no women—to pay any attention to dress beyond securing covering and warmth, but such are as far wrong and foolish as those who go to the opposite extreme and make dandies of themselves; each is disgusted most heartily with the other, and both in turn disgust persons of common sense. Formerly, it was indispensable if a gentleman would be well dressed, that he should employ a tailor who measured his person and made his garments to order. At the present time it is questionable whether a man, of ordinary build, cannot dress himself with more taste in some of our retail clothing houses. Of course, he must not go into those slop shop establishments where inferior material is thrown together, after the fashions in vogue a half a dozen years ago, and sold at any price that can be obtained, but let him go into an establishment like that of Mr. Church's, whose daily sales are so large that the stock is entirely changed every few months, and, in nine cases out of ten, he will come out of it a better dressed man, after the expenditure of from thirty to fifty dollars, than he would if he had expended twice that sum in a tailoring establishment. Mr. Church has all of his clothing made to order after the latest and most elegant styles, by men whose taste and skill is unsurpassed, and for that reason he is enabled not only to dress a man fashionably and in good taste, but also to warrant his goods both with respect to their quality and workmanship.

Mr. Church has a long array of customers, who rely solely on his judgment concerning their wardrobe, having found by long experience, that they can trust him to their own advantage both as to cost and appearance.

They say to him: "Church, isn't it about time that I had a new suit of clothes?"

"I guess so," is the reply. "What color do you want this time, and about what price?"

"O, I leave that all to you," and so they go on from year to year, their friends supposing from their appearance that they are patrons of some of our high-toned tailoring establishments.

All things are good with the good.

Deed shows proof.

All that is said in the kitchen should not be heard in the parlor.

Quick returns make rich merchants.

Keep a safe conscience and let people say what they will.

He who gives freely gives twice.

Never judge by appearances.

MY FIRST INTERVIEW WITH ARTEMUS WARD.

S. J. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN).

I HAD never seen him before. He brought letters of introduction from mutual friends in San Francisco, and by invitation I breakfasted with him. It was almost religion, there in the silver mines, to precede such a meal with whiskey cocktails. Artemus, with the true cosmopolitan instinct, always deferred to the customs of the country he was in, and so he ordered three of those abominations. Hingston was present. I am a match for nearly any beverage you can mention except a whisky cocktail, and therefore I said I would rather not drink one. I said it would go right to my head and confuse me so that I would be in a helpless tangle in ten minutes. I did not want to act like a lunatic before strangers. B Artemus gently insisted, and I drank the treasonable mixture under protest, and felt all the time that I was doing a thing I might be sorry for. In a minute or two I began to imagine that my ideas were clouded. I waited in great anxiety for the conversation to open, with a sort of vague hope that my understanding would prove clear, after all, and my misgivings groundless.

Artemus dropped an unimportant remark or two, and then assumed a look of superhuman earnestness, and made the following astounding speech. He said:—

“Now, there is one thing I ought to ask you about before I forget it. You have been here in Silverland—here in Nevada—two or three years, and, of course, your position on the daily press has made it necessary for you to go down in the mines and examine them carefully in detail, and therefore you know all about the silver-mining business. Now, what I want to get at is—is, well, the way the deposits of ore are made, you know. For instance. Now, as I understand it, the vein which contains the silver is sandwiched in between castings of granite, and runs along the ground, and sticks up like a curbstone.

“Well, take a vein forty feet thick, for example, or eighty, for that matter, or even a hundred—say you go down on it with a shaft, straight down, you know, or with what you call the ‘inclines,’ maybe you go down five hundred feet, or maybe you don’t go down but two hundred, any way you go down, and all the time this vein grows narrower, when the castings come nearer or approach each other, you may say, that is when they do approach, which of course they do not always do, particularly in cases where the nature of the formation is such that they stand apart wider than they otherwise would, and which geology has failed to account for, although everything in that science goes to prove that, all things being equal, it would if it did not, or would not certainly if it did, and then of course they are. Do not you think it is?”

I said to myself: “Now I just knew how it would be—that cussed whiskey cocktail has done the business for me; I don’t understand any more than a clam.” And then I said aloud, “I—I—that is—if you don’t mind, would you—would you say that over again? I ought—”

"O, certainly, certainly! You see I am very unfamiliar with the subject and perhaps I don't present my case clearly, but I—"

"No, no—no, no—you state it plain enough, but that vile cocktail has muddled me a little. But I will—no, I do understand, for that matter, but I would get the hang of it all the better if you went over it again—and I'll pay better attention this time."

He said, "Why, what I was after was this." [Here he became even more fearfully impressive than ever, and emphasized each particular point by checking it off on his finger ends.] "This vein, or lode, or ledge, or whatever you call it, runs along between two layers of granite, just the same as if it were a sandwich. Very well. Now, suppose you go down on that, say a thousand feet, or may be twelve hundred (it don't really matter), before you drift; and then you start your drifts, some of them across the ledge, and others along the length of it where the sulphurets—I believe they call them sulphurets, though why they should, considering that, so far as I can see, the main dependence of a miner does not so lie, as some suppose, but in which it cannot be successfully maintained, wherein the same should not continue, while part and parcel of the same ore not committed to either in the sense referred to, whereas, under different circumstances, the most inexperienced amongst us, could not detect it if it were, or might overlook it if it did, or scorn the very idea of such a thing, even though it were palpably demonstrated as such. Am I not right?"

I said, sorrowfully: "I feel ashamed of myself, Mr. Ward. I know I ought to understand you perfectly well, but you see that infernal whiskey cocktail has got into my head, and now I cannot understand even the simplest proposition. I told you how it would be."

"O, don't mind it, don't mind it; the fault was my own, no doubt,—though I did think it clear enough for—"

"Don't say a word. Clear! Why, you stated it as clear as the sun to anybody but an abject idiot, but it's that confounded cocktail that has played the mischief."

"No, now don't say that. I'll begin it all over again and—"

"Don't now,—for goodness' sake, don't do anything of the kind, because I tell you my head is in such a condition that I don't believe I could understand the most trifling question a man could ask me."

"Now, don't you be afraid. I'll put it so plain this time that you can't help but get the hang of it. We will begin at the very beginning." [Leaning far across the table, with determined impressiveness wrought upon his every feature, and fingers prepared to keep tally of each point as enumerated; and I, leaning forward with painful interest, resolved to comprehend or perish.] "You know the vein, the ledge, the thing that contains the metal, where it constitutes the medium between all other forces, whether of present or remote agencies, so brought to bear in favor of the former against the latter, or the latter against the former, or all, or both, or compromising as possible the relative differences existing within the radius whence culminate the several degrees of similarity to which—"

"I said: "O, blame my wooden head, it ain't any use!—it ain't any use to try,—I can't understand anything. The plainer you get it the more I can't get the hang of it."

I heard a suspicious noise behind me, and turned in time to see

Hingston dodging behind a newspaper, and quaking with a gentle ecstasy of laughter. I looked at Ward again, and he had thrown off his dread solemnity and was laughing also. Then I saw that I had been sold,—that I had been made the victim of a swindle in the way of a string of plausibly worded sentences that didn't mean anything under the sun.

Artemus Ward was one of the best fellows in the world, and one of the most companionable. It has been said that he was not fluent in conversation, but, with the above experience in my mind, I differ.

WHICH SHALL IT BE ?

[A rich man, who had no children, proposed to his neighbor, who had seven, to take one of them, and promised, if the parents would consent, that he would give them property enough to make themselves and their other six children comfortable for life.]

Which shall it be ? Which shall it be ?

I looked at him—John looked at me,
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed low and weak.

“Tell me again what Robert said ;”
And then I, listening, bent my head.

This is his letter :

“ I will give thee
A house and land while you shall live,
If in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given.”
I looked at John’s old garments worn ;
I thought of all that he had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share ;
I thought of seven young mouths to feed,
Of seven little children’s need,

And then of this.

“ Come, John,” said I,
“ We’ll choose among them as they lie
Asleep.” So, walking hand to hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, baby slept.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in a loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, “ Not her ! ”

We stooped beside the trundle bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so beautiful and fair,

I saw on James' rough red cheek
 A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
 "He's but a baby, too," said I,
 And kissed him as we hurried by;
 Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
 Still, in his sleep, bore suffering's trace—
 "No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
 He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son—
 Turbulent, restless, idle one—
 Could he be spared? Nay; He who gave
 Bade us befriend him to the grave;
 Only a mother's heart could be
 Patient enough for such as he.
 "And so," said John, "I would not dare
 To take him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,
 And knelt by Mary, child of love.
 "Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
 I said to John. Quite silently
 He lifted up a curl that lay
 Across her cheek in wilful way,
 And shook his head, "Nay, love, not thee,"
 The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,
 Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
 So like his father. "No, John, no;
 I cannot, will not, let him go."
 And so we wrote in courteous way,
 We could not give one child away,
 And afterward toil lighter seemed,
 Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
 Happy in truth that not one face,
 Was missed from its accustomed place;
 Thankful to work for all the seven,
 Trusting the rest to One in Heaven.

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WINDMILLS, PUMPS, TANKS, ETC.

Atwood & Bodwell, 211 and 213 *Mission street*.—This is one of our oldest and far most extensive establishments in the manufacture of windmills, tanks, etc., on the Pacific Coast. Their mills are their own patents, and are known from the rocky mountains to the waters of the Pacific.

They have also recently patented a horse power, that we unhesitatingly declare the best we ever saw, both for ease in running and durability. This firm manufacture tanks of any required capacity, also supply pumps, and in short, everything in their line of business, and what is more valuable to the purchaser, all their work is warranted.

IRON DOORS, SHUTTERS, BANK VAULTS, SAFES, ETC.

John R. Sims, *Oregon street, between Front and Davis*.—Since we have not the space to spare for a description of all the establishments in San Francisco engaged in this branch of manufacture, we select, for the purpose of illustrating the importance of this business in our midst, one of the largest and most noteworthy of their number, viz: John R. Sims', located on Oregon street, between Front and Davis.

Mr. Sims started business in this city in the spring of 1853, and in the fall of that same year erected the building he now occupies. Having been long and favorably known to our business community, sustaining the reputation so desirable to a man in business, that of always doing as he agrees, and as a consequence has continued to grow prosperous to the present time, adding thereto all the improved machinery applicable to his manufactory. Mr. Sims constantly employs about twenty-five hands, and the following are the leading varieties of work made at his factory: Bank Vaults, Burglar and Fire Proof Safes, Iron Doors and Shutters, Iron Railings and Fences, Girders and House-Smithing generally.

It is really a pleasure for one who, in his boyhood days was accustomed to see the blacksmith with his cold chisel and punch in hand working away weeks, nay, even months, to execute a small order for a few iron shutters, or perchance a bank vault door, to go through a well appointed shop of this kind and witness the rapidity with which a much superior style of work is now performed through the employment of machinery. We advise those wishing anything in his line to call before contracting elsewhere.

Every one to his liking.

A person is known by the company he keeps.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

It is a pleasant thing to govern, even though it be but a flock of sheep.

A bad vessel is seldom broken.

All is not gold that glitters.

Every dog must have his day.

GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, ETC.

A. J. Plate, 510 *Sacramento street*, commenced business in October, 1850, on Leidesdorff street, removed to Commercial, thence to Sansome, thence to the present location. From a small stand his business has rapidly increased until it now stands as the leading house on this coast. A direct importer of all kinds of fire-arms, both for sporting and military use. Among the rest we can mention Charles W. Lancaster's double grip rebounding locks patent breech loader, the finest fouling piece made; double-barrelled guns, from the plainest to the best; Colt's, Smith and Wesson, and other make of pistols; a full assortment of Dixson & Sons' flasks and pouches, etc.; Eley Bros., London, wads, caps, etc.,—in short any and everything in that line. The Agency for the Remington & Son's guns, rifles and pistols, is also at his store. Particular attention paid to new work and repairing.

WIRE ROPE AND PATENT ENDLESS ROPEWAY.

A. S. Hallidie, 519 *Front street*, Wire Rope Manufacturer, Inventor and sole proprietor of the Patent Endless Ropeway, for transporting material over mountain roads, etc.; Suspension Bridge Builder.

Mining in California in 1849 and mining in 1872 are very different things. The surface scratching of early days—the hen-mining, as it may be called—has given way to the deep underground working—or gopher mining—and there are but few on the Pacific Coast who did not go-for-gopher) mining some time or another—and the many who have remained miners of gold are now minus of gold, unless they have thrown off the old man of '49 and become reconciled to the modes of working of the present day.

The rude machinery, and still ruder processes used in mining have given way to the latest and most improved machinery known in the world, and the scientific processes now so successfully in use all over the Pacific Coast.

Mines that have “petered out,” are now made to pay by the Paul process, who has galvanized new life into poor rock—and rock heretofore too poor to transport from the mine to the mill, is now roped in at remarkably low cost by the Hallidie systems of rope transportation, or endless ropeway.

SUSPENSION BRIDGES.—The rivers on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada are rapid mountain streams, many of them running almost dry in summer, and all, during the winter and spring months, becoming wild, roaring, tumbling, rollicking, dangerous rivers.

Bridges of wood were constructed and every winter washed away; and it was not until Wire Suspension Bridges, of long spans, crossing these rivers at one leap, far enough above the highest water to be away from danger, that any dependence could be placed upon the bridge during the freshets which annually visit the rivers of California; and even with all the precaution and foresight that an engineer could bring to bear in locating a bridge, the river would so far rise above any known water mark, or traditional high water, that even a suspension bridge would once in a while be swept off. Mr. Hallidie's engineering ability was early called into practice, and while yet only nineteen years of age he constructed across the middle fork of the American River, at Horseshoe Bar, a suspension bridge and aqueduct—the first ever constructed on the Pacific Coast of any considerable span—and which supplied the miners on the river bars with water for mining for many years, and served as a crossing for passengers. Many other works of this kind followed, and which, in conjunction with mountain trail cutting and road building, opened up a good chance for rough experience in this particular line of engineering.

In 1860 he built a bridge across the Klamath River which was carried off by the remarkable floods of 1861-2. The bridge was constructed at a point five miles below the junction of the Trinity River, and was ninety-eight feet in the clear, above low water. On a bluff, one mile above, was an Indian village called Weitchpeck, built on a high bluff, and used by the

Indians as winter quarters. Here they had lived for some generations, and the flat stones placed across the oval entrance to their hovels were in some cases worn half through by the crawling in and out of the inhabitants. The Klamath River takes its rise from several lakes nestled in the Sierras, some of which are of considerable dimensions, and surrounded by high mountains. The sudden melting of the snows and immense fall of warm rains caused these lakes to overflow, and cut away a deep outlet, bringing the water down the Klamath River in enormous quantities—so much so that the Indian village of Weitehpeek was washed out of existence, and the wire suspension bridge before referred to, a long time resisting the water and the accumulated debris, in the shape of flumes, trees, wooden bridges, etc., brought against it, finally gave way, and was submerged forty feet. The total rise of water at this point was one hundred and thirty-eight feet.

In 1861-2-3 and 4, Mr. Hallidie constructed the fine suspension bridge over the American River at the town of Folsom, three hundred and thirty feet span; one at Mormon Island; an aqueduct on the Trinity River 300 feet span; a fine bridge at Bear River, two hundred and forty-six feet span; a long suspension bridge at the town of Nevada, three hundred and twenty feet span, and was sent for by the government of British Columbia to construct a bridge across Frazer River, fourteen miles above Yale—the Alexandria Bridge—which he completed during that year. These bridges, and others, remain a testimony to their value and superiority as bridges. In 1867 Mr. Hallidie took out patents in the United States, Great Britain, France, Austria, Italy, and other countries, for an improvement in suspension bridges, whereby he succeeds in making a suspension bridge as nearly rigid as it is possible to make such a structure, and enables the bridge to retain its rigidity under the variations of temperature. A model of this bridge was exhibited at the Industrial Exhibition of 1869.

WIRE ROPE.—During the time Mr. Hallidie was engaged in mining on the American River, he had undertaken the construction of a canal to carry water from the river above to supply a large quartz mill with motive power; the quartz from the mine was brought down the steep hill-side to the mill for a distance of about eleven hundred feet by a tram road; the loaded car descending bringing up the empty one, by means of a large and expensive Manilla rope—which was continually stretching and shrinking, and never lasted over three months. The cost of the ropes used up during the year was about \$1,400.

Mr. Hallidie sent to San Francisco for material and, extemporizing machinery, manufactured on the American Bar the first wire rope on the Pacific Coast, and which was twelve hundred feet long, two and a-half inches in circumference. This rope was substituted for the Manilla rope working on the hillside, and did its work constantly for twenty-seven months—lasting as long as nine Manilla ropes. This rope worked under the immediate supervision of Mr. Hallidie for the first three months, and the fact of his familiarity with wire rope (wire rope being the invention of his father) is undoubtedly due its marked success. Since that trial, Mr. Hallidie has erected machinery from time to time of the most improved style, and to-day has the most complete establishment in the United States, and is enabled to turn out wire rope of immense size in any quantity.

But for the employment of wire rope, many of the mines of the present day would be unable to hoist the ore from the great depths to which they are sunk, many shafts being 1,600 feet deep.

The ropes are made both from iron and steel wire. The steel wire has nearly double the strength of iron of the same size, and cost the same per foot for the same strength.

The importance of wire rope to the mining interest of the Pacific Coast cannot be over estimated. Without it, much of the work now being done would be impracticable and the great economy of its use saves many thousands of dollars. To the mining interests the convenience of a manufactory of this kind in San Francisco is great and often much felt.

Mr. Hallidie found much difficulty in introducing wire rope, and it was only after six or seven years of perseverance and pertinacious efforts that mine owners began to appreciate its advantages. But, as the tendency is for extremes, many who thought well of wire rope believed that it could stand anything in the shape of hard usage. This is a great mistake. Wire rope must be taken care of just as much any as other kind of rope. The pulleys and drums should be of proper dimensions, which is one hundred times the size of the rope; the groove of the sheaves and pulleys should fit the rope and the rope should lead fair on to the pulleys and drums.

It is well for parties about to construct hoisting works to consult Mr. Hallidie in relation thereto, if they intend to use wire rope.

A valuable table is here appended which gives the strength, sizes and weights of each kind of rope and chain :

Capacity of the Ropes and Chains.	Round Iron Wire Rope.			Round Steel Wire Rope.			Round Hemp Rope.			Flat Iron Wire Rope.			Flat Steel Wire Rope.			Iron Chain.	
	Working Load. Lbs.	Breaking Strength Tons.	Circum- ference. Inches.	Weight 100 feet. Lbs.	Diameter of Link. Inches.	Weight 100 feet. Lbs.											
300	1	1	17	—	—	—	2 3/4	33	—	—	—	—	—	—	1/4	66	
550	1 1/2	1 1/4	23	—	—	—	3	50	—	—	—	—	—	—	5-16	92	
800	2 1/2	1 1/2	28	1	17	3 1/4	55	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3/8	133	
1,500	4 1/2	1 3/4	43	1 1/2	28	4 1/4	78	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	7-16	183	
2,000	6	2	65	1 5/8	36	5	100	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1/4	260	
2,500	7 1/2	2 1/4	86	1 3/4	45	6	160	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	9-16	300	
3,300	10	2 1/2	108	2	65	6 1/4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
4,200	12 1/2	2 3/4	124	2 1/8	75	7	200	2x3/8	132	—	—	—	—	—	5/8	400	
5,000	15	3	140	2 1/4	86	7 1/3	234	2 1/4x3/8	154	—	—	—	—	—	11-16	460	
6,000	18	3 1/4	158	2 3/8	97	7 3/4	250	2 1/2x3/8	168	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
7,000	21	3 1/2	180	2 1/2	110	8 1/4	284	3x3/8	220	2x3/8	132	—	—	—	3/4	533	
8,000	24	3 3/4	200	3	140	9	333	3x1/2	270	2 1/2x3/8	168	—	—	—	13-16	650	
9,000	27	4	250	3 1/4	158	10	433	4x3/8	315	2 1/2x1/2	190	—	—	—	7/8	720	
10,000	30	4 1/4	284	3 1/2	180	10 1/4	466	4x1/2	366	3x3/8	220	15-16	—	—	—	833	
11,000	33	4 1/2	320	3 5/8	195	11	500	4 1/2x1/2	390	—	—	—	—	—	1	933	
12,000	36	4 3/4	350	3 3/4	200	12	567	5x1/2	400	3 1/2x3/8	240	—	—	—	—	—	
13,500	40	5	380	3 7/8	225	13	784	5 1/2x1/2	450	3x1/2	270	11-16	—	—	—	1000	
18,000	55	5 1/2	440	4	250	14	900	6x1/2	500	4x3/8	300	—	—	—	—	—	
22,000	65	6	540	4 1/4	280	16	1166	6 1/2x1/2	560	5x3/8	336	—	—	—	—	—	

Thus, if you require to hoist 3,300 pounds (this includes the weight of car, rope and load), you would use a $2\frac{1}{2}$ inch circumference iron wire rope, weighing 108 pounds per 100 feet in length, or a 2 inch circumference steel wire rope, weighing 65 pounds per 100 feet, or a hemp rope, $6\frac{1}{2}$ inch circumference, weighing 166 pounds per 100 feet in length, or a chain $\frac{5}{8}$ in diameter, weighing 400 pounds, the absolute strength of each of these ropes is 10 tons.

Besides wire rope for mining purposes, there is made at the manufactory, wire rope for ship rigging, wire cord for hanging window sashes, dumb waiters, etc., and fancy gold and silver cord for hanging pictures and mirrors.

TRANSPORTATION OF MATERIAL, BY MEANS OF WIRE ROPE, OVER MOUNTAINS AND DIFFICULT ROADS—SUCH AS CONVEYING ORES FROM THE MINE TO THE MILL.—The great expense and difficulty of getting the ore from the mine to the mill in so many places on the coast, early attracted Mr. Hallidie's attention, and caused him to experiment on various methods, having in view the rapid and economical transportation under conditions which would otherwise involve much expense and labor, and in many cases, on account of the low grade of the ore, totally debar the working of the mine, because of the great cost of transportation.

In 1863, in a pamphlet published by Mr. Hallidie, he described a mode of conveying ore on a wire rope; but then he used two ropes—a stationery rope on which pulleys or sheaves traveled, to which was attached the load, actuated by a traveling rope running underneath the stationary rope. Since that time, various improvements have been made in the methods of conveying material by endless wire ropes.

In 1869, Mr. Hallidie applied for a patent for a grip pulley, which he applied to the end of an endless wire rope, and which, by its peculiar construction, grips the rope, not permitting it to slip in the groove of the wheel, and thus sets the endless rope in motion.

Since that time, Mr. Hallidie has been granted seven different patents for various improvements in endless ropeways, and has thus matured in detail a complete system which is adapted to the wants of the country—especially the mining interests thereof.

It would not be possible to fully describe the endless ropeway, except in a general manner, and, for which, we make the following extract from the *Scientific Press*.

We illustrate to-day an invention, recently patented by Mr. A. S. Hallidie, of this city, for the rapid and economical transportation of such material as ores, lumber or goods, over a rough and otherwise inaccessible country, as well as for the transmission of power from one point to another. The invention is one of very considerable merit, and as it concerns a matter of the greatest importance to miners and many others on our coast, we describe it fully.

The invention consists in the use of endless iron or steel wire ropes, supported on peculiar sheaves, placed on posts, actuated by the gravity of the descending loads, or by an engine attached to a grip pulley, and carrying burdens in the manner hereafter described. Similar inventions have been made before, and the merit of this, therefore, depends on the peculiar construction and adaptation to the wants of the localities.

By reference to the various diagrams appended, this system of Mr. Hallidie's will be fully understood.

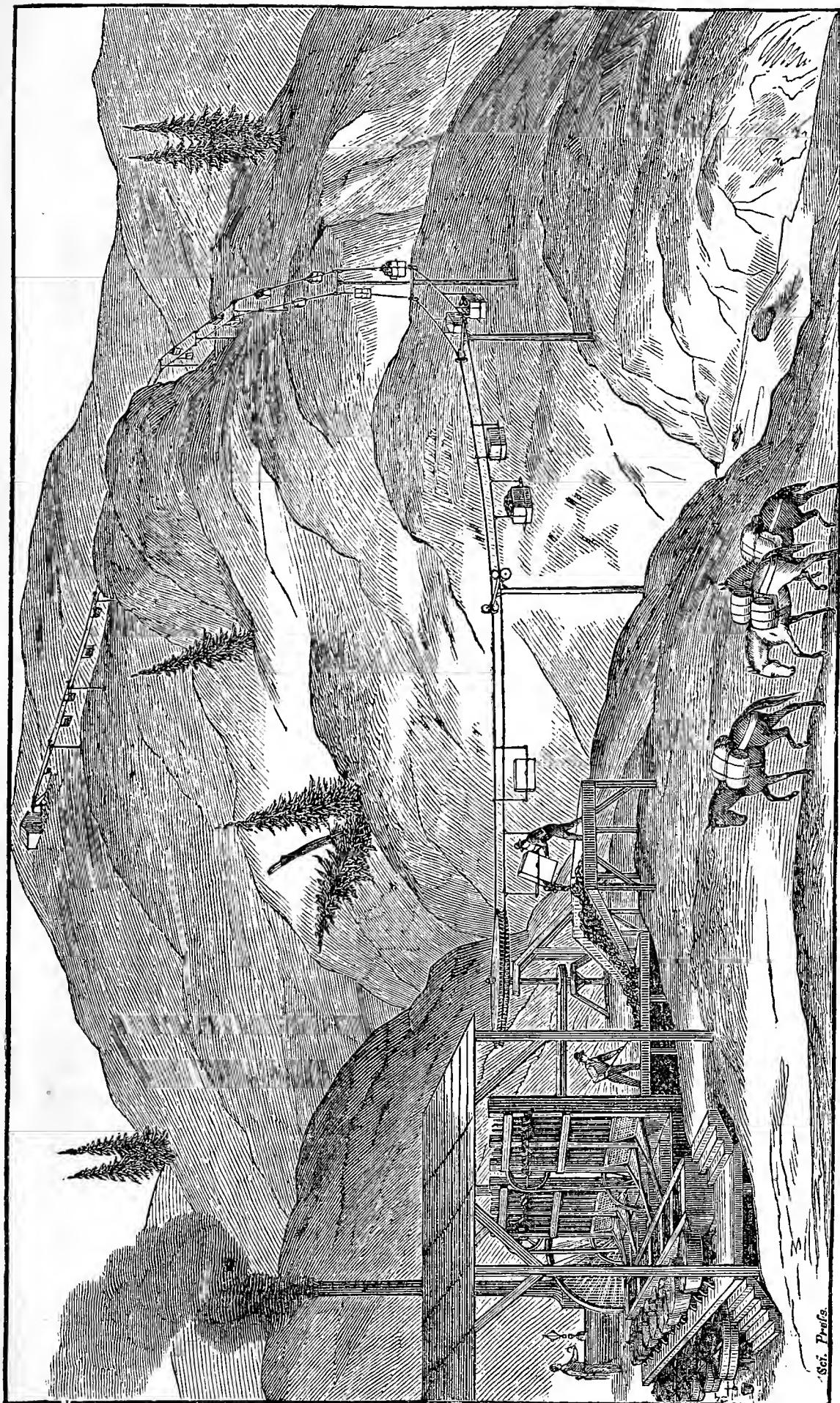


Fig. 1 shows a section of a rough mining region, with the undulations and depressions incidental to such a country, over which it is desired to transport ore from the mine to the mill, distant, say one mile or more. At proper points, from 200 to 600 (usually 250) feet apart, are erected posts, with guide-sheaves, on which the rope travels. For the sake of illustration, ore boxes are shown in the cut, suspended by proper devices to the rope. At each end of the rope-way, are placed horizontal grip-pulleys, devised by Mr. Hallidie, 8 to 12 feet in diameter, around and in the groove of which runs an endless wire rope of sufficient length to extend from one pulley to the other and back, so that the full sacks, or cars, can be run down on one side and back empty on the other.

FIG. 2.

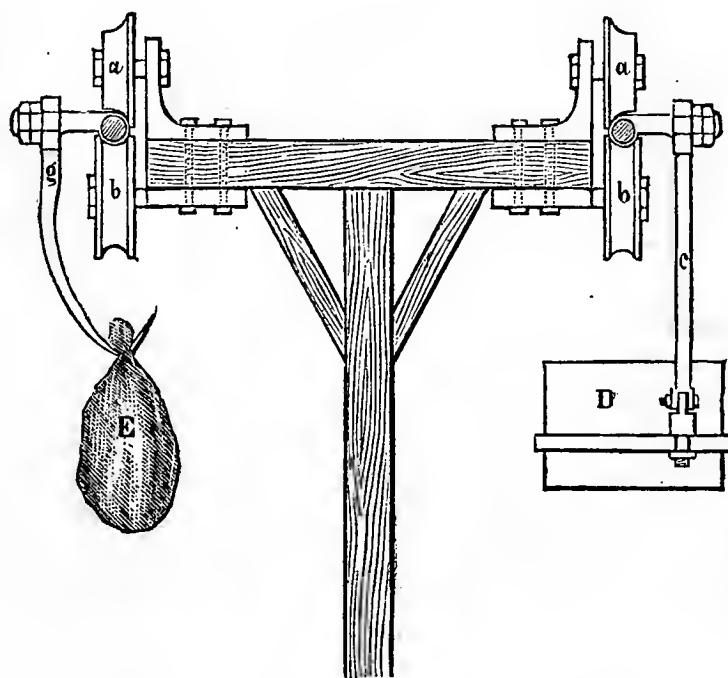


Fig. 2 shows the construction of the supporting posts. These are set firmly in the ground, and have on top a cross-beam, on each extremity of which are placed grooved sheaves, *a*, *b*, freely revolving on spindles attached to the cross-arm, and so arranged, one over the other, that the rope will run between them. The lower sheave, *b*, supports the rope, and the upper one, *a*, keeps it from jumping out of place. In order to give a clear idea, a car, *D*, is shown on one side, and a sack, *E*, on the other.

FIG. 3.

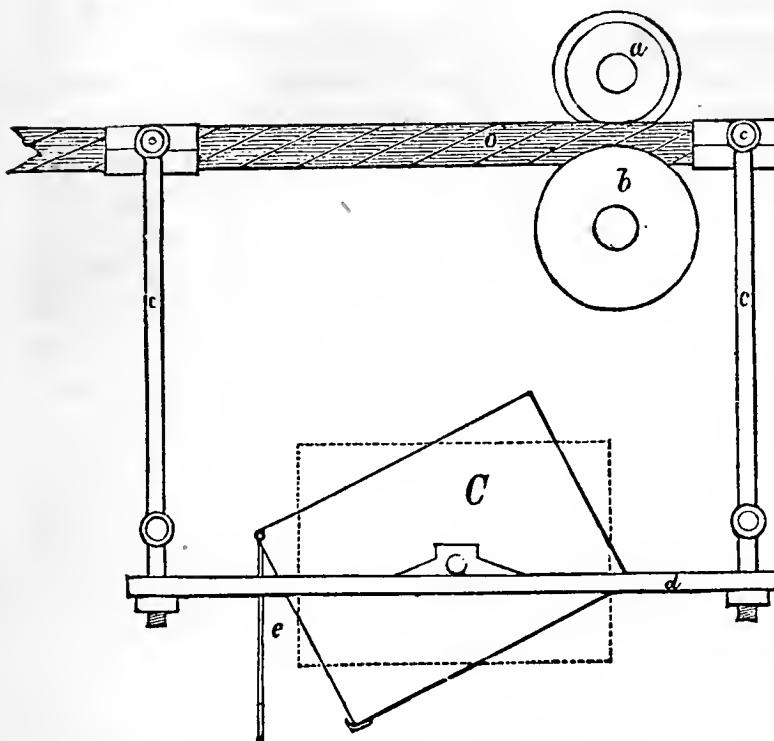
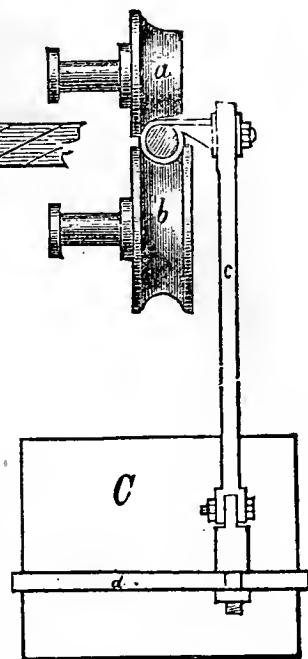
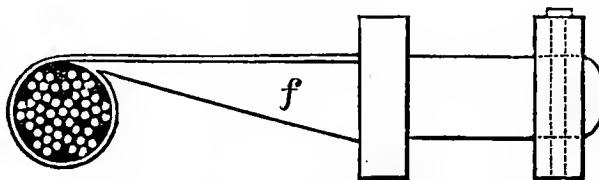


FIG. 4.



Attached to the wire rope at equal distances apart, usually about every 50 feet, are peculiarly constructed carriers. Figs. 3 and 4 show these and the manner of attaching them to the wire rope; Fig. 3 giving a side view and Fig. 4 an end view. Here, *a* and *b* are the sheaves, *o* the rope, and *C*, the car. The carrier supports a frame *d*, which is hung on standards, *c*, in such a manner that the carriers will always maintain a horizontal position, whether going up hill or down. The standards, *c*, are attached to the carrier, *f*, shown on a larger scale in Fig. 5. The end of the bar is swaged

FIG. 5.



out into a band which encircles the wire rope and is riveted to the bar, so as to hold the rope sufficiently to prevent slipping. The carrier, *f*, is about one half the thickness of the rope, and as the center of gravity of the load comes vertically below the wire rope, this carrier always stands out horizontal, and thus allows the load to be carried past the sheaves and pulleys without interference. One end of the car is an apron, *e*, which enables the load to dump itself as it passes between guides at the point of delivery.

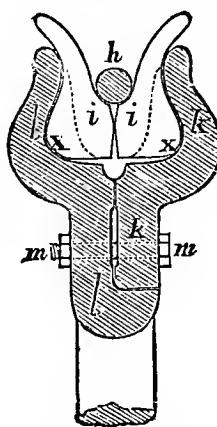
Instead of such a car, sacks may be used if preferred. The simpler arrangement for attaching the sacks, essentially the same as in the case of the car, is shown at *g*, Fig. 2.

FIG. 6.



Fig. 6. shows the patent grip pulley employed at each end of the line, and which is placed horizontally; Fig. 7 is a section of the rim of the pulley, showing the mode of construction. The rope is denoted by *h*; *i*, *i* are clips working on a fulcrum, *xx*. The rope pressing on the clips at the bottom, as it enters them, causes them to close over it, gripping it securely and preventing its slipping. The part of the rim *k*, is cast separately, and bolted to the main wheel, *l*, by the bolt, *m*, *m*. The rim of the wheel is

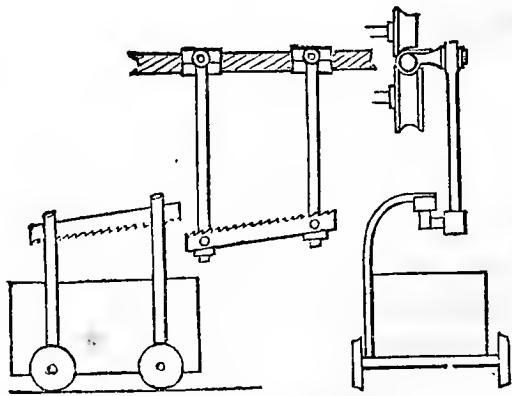
FIG. 7.



cast with recesses to take the clips, fitting them and allowing them to work freely; while the clips cannot possibly be displaced, except by removing the part, *k*, which is cast separate for this purpose.

From this it will be readily understood that the rope is grasped as soon as the pressure begins to act on the clips, and is released as soon as the pressure is removed; the whole acting automatically and invariably. For conveying power over long distances, this feature is of the greatest value.

FIG. 8.



A car is shown in Fig. 8, which may be found very useful in certain cases, as it economizes in manual labor. A car is mounted on wheels so that it can be run into the mine. It has a carrying frame above it, the longitudinal beam of which is inclined so as to correspond with that of the standards. Both are toothed, the former on its lower, the latter on its

upper side. Now if the car be run into position when the standards, which are attached to the rope, come around, they will catch and carry off the car without any manual labor. The teeth on the beams prevent any slipping.

The general system and manner of working of the rope-way will now be understood by a glance at Fig. 1. By it, material can be transported from a higher to a lower, or from a lower to a higher point. In the last case, power must be applied, which can be done directly from a stationary engine at one end by means of the grip-pulley; in the first case, often no extra power will be needed, the gravity of the descending loads being sufficient to keep the rope in motion.

In erecting this system, after the route has been decided on, posts are placed on the prominent points, being of a sufficient height that the rope may be clear from all obstructions on the ground,—as snow, rocks, cattle, etc. At suitable distances between these (which serve to fix the principal points of the line), say 300 feet apart, other posts are erected to support and lead the traveling wire rope. The height and number of these are regulated by the configuration of the line and the necessities for sustaining the rope.

The posts being in position and the grip-pulleys being in working order, the coil of wire rope is placed at the upper terminus of the line, and one end is put in the grip-pulley and carried along from one post to another, being placed between the sheaves on the posts. A brake attached to the grip-pulley regulates the paying out of the rope. One coil being exhausted, the end of the next one is joined to it by a long splice, and the operation is continued until the rope has been carried down one side. Another wire rope is then, in a similar manner, brought down the other side, and the two ends are spliced, the wire rope being placed in the groove of the upper pulley. By means of a powerful purchase at the lower end the rope is stretched tight, spliced and put in the lower pulley.

At the lower end, provision is made by a suitable frame and apparatus, for taking up the slack which occurs for some days after the rope is put on, and then disappears. The carriers are then attached and the line is ready for work.

COST AND RUNNING EXPENSES.—The following is the estimate of the cost per mile for a line in working order:

	LIGHT LINE.	HEAVY LINE.
	2 in. Steel Rope.	2½ in. Steel Rope.
2 Miles of Steel Wire Rope.....	\$2,534	\$4,000
2 Grip-Pulleys and Frame.....	1,300	1,500
17 Posts, with Sheaves complete and erected.....	1,020	2,500
211 Carriers (plain hooks).....	844	1,688
Erecting and Splicing Wire Rope.....	300	500
 Total cost per mile	\$5,998	to \$10,188

The life of a steel wire rope may be placed at four years; of end-apparatus, four years; of posts, seven years; of the running gear, two years.

The running expenses per year, may be estimated as follows :

1 Brakeman at \$100 per month	\$1,200 00
1 Supply man at \$65 per month	780 00
1 Delivery man at \$65 per month	780 00
1 Line man at \$75 per month.....	900 00
	<hr/>
	\$3,660.00
Oil and Grease.....	\$180 00
Tar mixture for rope.....	240 00
Wear and tear of rope.....	635 00
Wear and tear of other parts.....	900 00
Interest on cost, 10 per cent., say.....	600 00
Incidentals	800 00
	<hr/>
	\$3,355.00
Total per annum.....	\$7,015.00
Average per day (300 working days).....	23.38
Average per ton per mile (100 tons per day of 10 hours).....	23c

The running expenses depend on the wear and tear of rope and apparatus, and in the fact whether extra power is required, or whether the line will work by gravitation. Assuming the line to be two miles long, that is, the distance between the mine and the mill,—10,560 feet; speed of rope 3 miles=15,840 feet per hour; distance between carriers, 50 feet; load of each carrier, 100 lbs., (this may be 150 lbs);—then the result is, $15,840 \div 50 \times 100 = 31,680$ lbs. ore delivered per hour=16 tons nearly.

APPLICATION—ADVANTAGES.—The foregoing system is applicable for the following purposes:

For conveying ores from the mines to the mill.

For conveying light loads of any material from place to place.

For transporting lumber across difficult points, and to shipping in an offing.

For conveying passengers across gorges, chasms, and over hazardous roads.

For supplying water to reservoirs across chasms, etc.

The advantages claimed are:

No grading or road-building is required.

It can work under all circumstances of weather, with great depths of snow on the ground, during heavy storms and freshets.

It can run constantly without rest; as well during a dark night as a clear day.

It can cross deep gorges and chasms.

It can pass around precipitous bluffs and perpendicular cliffs.

The rope can never leave the posts or sheaves.

It can furnish and transmit power, when there is sufficient descent, by its own gravitation, or by an engine attached to either end.

It can be constructed and worked cheaper than any other system or road can be constructed and worked.

By using the duplex carrier it can convey any material, such as lumber, goods, ores and even passengers, from place to place.

By addressing Mr. A. S. Hallidie, 519 Front street, San Francisco, full information can be obtained in relation to endless rope transportation, wire ropes and transmission of power by ropes.

THE COURTIN'.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
 Fur'z you can look or listen,
 Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
 All silence an' all glisten.

Zekel crep' up quite unbeknown
 An' peeked in thru' the winder,
 An' there sot Huldy all alone,
 'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
 With half a cord o' wood in,—
 There war n't no stoves (tell comfort died)
 To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
 Towards the pootiest, bless her,
 An' leetle flames danced all about
 The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
 An' in among 'em rusted
 The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
 Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
 Seemed warm from floor to ceilin';
 An' she looked full ez rosy agin,
 Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look
 On such a blessed creetur,
 A dogrose blushin' to a brook
 Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
 Clean grit an' human natur';
 None could n't quicker pitch a ton
 Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He 'd sparked it with full twenty gals;
 He 'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
 Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells,—
 All is, he could n't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
 All crinkly like curled maple,
 The side she bresched felt full o' sun,
 Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
 Ez hisn in the choir;
 My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
 She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she 'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
 When her new meetin' bunnet
 Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
 O' blue eyes set upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
 She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
 For she felt sartin-sure he 'd come,
 Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' *knowed* it tu,
 A raspin' on the scraper,—
 All-ways to once her feelin's flew
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
 Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
 His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
 But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
 Ez though she wished him furder,
 An' on her apples kep' to work,
 Parin' away like murder.

“You want to see my Pa, I s'pose ?”
 “Wal no I come designin'—”
 “To see my Ma ? She's sprinklin' clo'es
 Agin to-morrer's i'nin'.”

To say why gals acts so or so,
 Or don't 'ould be presumin';
 Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
 Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
 Then stood a spell on t' other,
 An' on which one he felt the wust
 He could n't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, “I'd better call agin;”
 Says she, “Think likely, Mister;”
 Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
 An' Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
 Huldy set pale ez ashes,
 All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
 An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snow hid in Jenooray.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
And gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is, they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

TOOL MANUFACTURERS.

California Tool Works, *J. Weichert, Proprietor, 143 Beale street, between Mission and Howard.*—Scattered through San Francisco are numerous unpretending establishments for the manufacture of various specialties, which are but little known and seldom visited, except by those having business with them. Yet, when the casual visitor in search of instruction or amusement does chance to stray into one of them he often finds matter of more interest in them than in larger and more imposing establishments. We were led to these reflections from having made a visit to the California Tool Works, the other day, where we found more curious and interesting things under process of construction than at any place we have visited for a long time.

There were no superintendents, secretaries or foremen scattered about, but each one, from the proprietor down, were at work. It may be asked what kind of tools does Mr. W. manufacture? The reply is all or any kind that may be ordered. A considerable portion of his business consists in the manufacture of reaper and mower sections, and reaper and mower knives complete, both with knife and sickle edges. Another branch is the manufacture of those curious, irregular formed dies used by boot and shoe manufacturers for cutting out their work. They are of every conceivable shape, and have to be made with the utmost accuracy, demanding great skill and care in their construction. All varieties of brands also are made, Mr. Weichert's skill and long experience enabling him to make them of superior form and at much lower prices than an ordinary blacksmith. Any tool wanted for a special purpose, Mr. W. undertakes to make and warrant; he also retemper tools that are too soft or hard; also grinds and polishes by steam power.

A sparrow in the hand is worth an eagle on the wing.
Deal gently with those who stray.
Never go half way to meet misfortune.
Who brews a quarrel soon may bruise his head.
Make a virtue of necessity.



SEWING MACHINES.

The Wheeler & Wilson, *W. B. Stoddart, Agent, 427 Montgomery street.*—The time has arrived when Wheeler & Wilson have got their machine to perfection and no mistake. This each and every woman in the land will admit, when they see their new style Adjustable Draw Feed Machine. Every little difficulty is entirely overcome; drawing the work while sewing, they only require one hand and one foot to do every kind of work perfectly. Purchasers are cautioned to beware of imposters. If you want a *family* sewing machine get a Wheeler & Wilson—but to make sure that it is a Wheeler & Wilson—examine the cloth plate. The stamp upon it should read Wheeler & Wilson Mfg Co., A. B. Wilson, Pat. Mr. Stoddart also sells the best Silent Adjustable Tuck Marker and Binder, at reduced rates; also Silk and Cotton Thread, wholesale and retail.

CARPETS.

Mitchell & Bell, 314 and 316 Pine street, between Montgomery and Sansome.—It was a member of this house who once asked why a wicked man was like a hungry colt. Somebody replied that it was because he was hastening to his dam. Now, that may be profane—to be emphatic—and not too nice; it may be “dam” bad, but, whether that is so or not, one thing is very sure, and that is if you buy carpets of these fellows, you are bound to get a square bargain and delivered just when they say they will. They were ten years with that old pioneer and exempt fireman, William M. Hixon, on Clay street, just above Montgomery, and when he relinquished business in 1869, Mitchell & Bell succeeded him. They commenced by thoroughly systematizing their business—whether it is one room in your house or a large hotel, their order books, duly numbered and paged for reference, contain every measurement, or an outline diagram if the room is irregular, and opposite to each is the pattern number of the carpet laid on it, and a memorandum of the breadths and their respective lengths, so that each customer can know how much carpet he gets. Their salesmen, workmen and sewing women who are paid good wages, are thoroughly disciplined, each one knowing their place and their duties. Every morning the proprietors know where each atom of material was used the day before, and also how and where each workman used his time. They thus know that neither their patrons or themselves are imposed upon. Their salesmen and all assistants are required to treat everyone courteously, and as if they were gentlemen or ladies. The first and most impressive lesson they receive is, that Mitchell & Bell's store is for the exhibition and sale of carpets, oil cloths, matting, rugs, mats, feather dusters, lace curtains, reps, damasks, etc., that a carpet always costs considerable money, and that customers have a right to see the assortment, and that if there is nothing handsome enough to suit them in the store, it is the fault of the proprietors and not the buyer.

The old store on Clay street soon became too small for their rapidly increasing business. In June, 1871, they removed to spacious sales-rooms on Pine street, between Montgomery and Sansome, surrounded by the leading furniture and crockery houses of the city, and adjacent to all the principal hotels, where they are enabled to do greater justice to their customers and their goods, and having perfected arrangements with both English and American manufacturers, they will be supplied with all the new goods as fast as introduced, and laid down here at as low a cost as any other importer in town. They will also have in addition to their own private patterns of carpets—that is those made exclusively for them—those of the other importers here, as well as those of Stewart, Sloane and all the leading importers on the Atlantic slope, thus enabling them to offer as large an assortment of as handsome patterns as can be secured by one house.

Hotel proprietors and housekeepers will not miss it by calling on Mitchell & Bell, 314 and 316 Pine street. They will be certain of a courteous greeting and polite treatment—perhaps receive valuable suggestions in fitting up rooms with carpets and upholstery, and be sure of seeing all grades of goods, from the cheapest hemp to the finest velvet carpet.

WITH THE PRINTERS.

THREE COLORS AT ONE IMPRESSION.

The new establishment of H. S. Crocker & Co., heretofore carrying on the stationery and printing business in Sacramento, have concluded to enlarge their field of operations, and to this end, have opened in San Francisco, corner of Sansome and Sacramento streets, as fine an establishment as any of the kind on the coast. John D. Yost, than whom a more genial, agreeable and polite gentleman cannot be found in the business circles of San Francisco, the junior member of the firm, having charge of the San Francisco house.

On the first floor is the stationery department, full and complete in every particular, writing papers of the best quality and finish, blank books from Shaw's manufactory, which have no superiors; playing cards, pencils, and in fact, all the staple and fancy articles to be found in any first-class house. The firm are agents for many of the leading manufacturers, and therefore are enabled to give customers the benefit of very low figures on all their purchases.

On the second floor is the printing department. And here the interest of the visitor chiefly centers. Everything connected therewith is new.

Economy of space has been secured by the careful management of the general superintendents, and a complicated job can be set up by the printer in a space not exceeding ten feet square. We did not notice how many different styles of type were on hand, but experienced job printers declare that it is the most complete office in San Francisco. Our attention was specially called by Mr. Yost to the chromatic and coupon ticket numbering and printing presses. The firm have duplicates of these in Sacramento, and they are the only ones in California. The chromatic press is a beauty. Small, compact, perfect in its operations and simple in principle, it prints in three colors at one impression, just as readily as an ordinary press prints in one. The impression can be thrown off at pleasure, and is easily adjusted. Within one minute the press may be changed from three or two colors to one. It is solid and firm and of great strength, and runs by steam.

Mr. Yost exhibited specimens of the work executed on the press in three colors at one impression, which elicited the unqualified approval of the experts. The railroad ticket and coupon press is another specimen of mechanical skill. Where there are twenty or more coupons on each ticket, and each coupon has a number, and each ticket a different number, some idea may be had of the difficulty of such printing. But placed upon the press, it starts at number one, and if allowed to keep running, would in course of time print as many different numbers as there are dollars represented in the national debt, and it never makes any mistakes. In addition to these presses, there are four others for ordinary job printing, and three large cylinder presses for newspaper and book work. The lithographing department is under the special direction of a veteran artist. Among the specimens of his handiwork exhibited, were some very unique and exquisite colored fruit labels, some tasty mining certificates and elegant druggists' labels. We question if any other San Francisco lithographing establishment can show a finer display. The entire establishment is

divided up into three separate departments—the stationery department, the printing department the lithographing department. The firm enjoy all the facilities which capital and a large experience can command. They can print anything, from a lady's tiny visiting card to a mammoth poster ; billheads, cards, circulars—in one color, in two colors or in three—to suit the tastes of their customers. They will sell any kind of paper, from the note on which love letters are written, to the largest sized blanket newspaper sheet. The firm starts in with a determination to compete successfully with old San Francisco firms, and as there is a fair field and a "free fight," they are likely to come out at the top of the heap. All the latest improvements in the Art Preservative will be adopted by Crocker & Co., and so old stand-byes must look to their laurels. Their location in Sacramento is 42 and 44 J street, where they are pursuing an extensive business.

LOVE SONG.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

My heart is beating with all things that are,
 My blood is wild unrest;
 With what a passion pants yon eager star
 Upon the water's breast !
 Clasped in the air's soft arms the world doth sleep,
 Asleep its moving seas, its humming lands ;
 With what an hungry lip the ocean deep
 Lapeth forever the white-breasted sands ?
 What love is in the moon's eternal eyes,
 Leaning unto the earth from out the midnight skies ?

Thy large dark eyes are wide upon my brow,
 Filled with as tender light
 As yon low moon doth fill the heavens now,
 This mellow autumn night !
 On the late flowers I linger at thy feet,
 I tremble when I touch thy garment's rim,
 I clasp thy waist, I feel thy bosom's beat—
 O kiss me into faintness sweet and dim !
 Thou leanest to me as a swelling peach,
 Full-juiced and mellow, leaneth to the taker's reach.

Thy hair is loosened by that kiss thou gave,
 It floods my shoulders o'er;
 Another yet ! O, as a weary wave
 Subsides upon the shore,
 My hungry being, with its hopes, its fears,
 My heart like moon-charmed waters, all unrest,
 Yet strong as is despair, as weak as tears,
 Doth faint upon thy breast !
 I feel thy clasping arms, my cheek is wet
 With thy rich tears. One kiss ! Sweet, sweet, another yet !

THE "HOWE."

Melody, "MERRIEST GIRL THAT'S OUT."

With laughter and good hu-mor now I pass my time a-way,

So while I'm here I'll tell you HOWE my heart is light and gay,

And HOWE it is I sing this song and raise a mer-ry shout.

And HOWE I am from this time forth the mer-ri-est girl that's out

CHO.—So you see, that all a-gree I can't be mel-an---chol---y,

For I have got (O hap-py thought) just what will make one jol-ly,

A sew-ing ma-chine, the best yet seen, the la-dies all al--low,

It's name I'll tell, tho' you know well that I must mean the HOWE.

'Twill hem and fell, 'twill braid and quilt, and tuck, and cord, and bind;
And sew through thick and thin as well,—exactly to your mind.
HOWE smooth and still the wheel goes round, HOWE firm and strong the seam;
HOWE rapid too the work comes through; 'tis like some fairy dream.

CHORUS.—So you see that all agree, etc.

There's one thing more that I suppose you all would like to know,
And that is, whether I have got, like other girls, a beau;
Of course I have, but do you think I will tell his name?
O, no, although this nice machine last New Year from him came.

CHORUS.—So you see that all agree, etc.

STARTLING ACCIDENT AT FANNY FERN'S.

"FANNY'S" house-servants are negro girls, and the special duty of one of them is to carry a cup of strong coffee and a biscuit early in the morning to her mistress, who for several hours, until the writing is finished for the day, takes no other refreshment. One certain morning, "Rose" did not appear with the desired coffee, and the bell was appealed to, which, after several impatient jerks, was answered, not by "Rose," but by "Violet." "Where's Rose?" inquires "Fanny." "Busy in de kitchen, Missus," is the answer. "But it is your business to attend to the kitchen work, and I wish 'Rose' to attend to me." With a sniff of outraged propriety and insulting modesty, "Violet" states that "Rose is 'tic'lardy 'gaged, jis dis time in de kitchen, and she can't spare herself from her 'gagement long 'nuff to bring up any coffee." No questioning could elicit from the fair maid "Violet" any further information respecting the "'ticlar 'gagement" of her sister; but she flung out of the room with the remark that, "If Missus come down to de kitchen, you'll see somfin' dat'll make you open dem eyes of you'n at last; tink dey must hab been shut up tight fo' de las' fo' five months." Even had not the natural curiosity of her sex stimulated her to further inquiry, her obvious duty as mistress of the house sent Fanny post-haste down stairs to discover the wondrous mystery attached to her coal-black Rose."

The kitchen achieved, it took but a single glance for an experienced wife and mother to account for the strange communications and actions of her highly-perfumed "Violet."

At five o'clock that morning, "Fanny" had two colored ladies in her kitchen; at seven she had three. The third one, was however, an unexpected new comer, and of an age so tender that she could hardly be expected to be of much service in a domestic capacity for some little time yet. There was no mistake. "Rose's" "'ticlar 'gagement" was with a new-born ink-black baby, of the lady species, whom she had succeeded in introducing to the world in general, and "Fanny Fern" in particular, without the intervening assistance of doctor, nurse or friends. Even her fellow servant, "Violet," had positively refused to render her the slightest assistance, alleging, with a defiant snort of outraged virtue, that she "wouldn't have noffin' to do wid such trash." It was positively true—the poor girl, finding herself unexpectedly ill, had actually suppressed every cry and groan, and made her little contribution to the census alone and unaided, rather than "gib any trouble to Missus Parton." James, the biographer of the anti-slavery editor, was summoned, and, pausing only long enough to exclaim, in his usual cool and collected way, "Why, Fanny! Fanny! Fanny! Who—what—why—how—what is it all about? Is this sort of thing customary. Are there any more Roses to bloom?" Then, as Fanny jammed his hat on his head hind side before, and shoved him forth, he only muttered, "Amazing! 'Can such things be, and overcome us like a jet black cloud, without our special wonder?'" and made a frantic rush for the nearest doctor. The medical man having attended to the wants of his

patients, and Jim, Fanny and the rest of the household, having recovered from their spasms of laughter at the drollery of the whole affair, the explanation of the colored brother—no, mother—was at last listened to.

“Indeed, Mis’ Parton,” cried the poor thing, fearful lest she had given mortal offense by her unexpected performance, “’deed, Mis’ Parton, didn’t go for to do it; ‘pon my soul, Mis’ Parton, never done it befo’, never do so no mo’.” Then with many tears and solicitations of pardon for giving “trouble to Mis’ Parton,” she told the facts. It was the old story; a hasty marriage, a wretched husband, who had deserted her after spending every dollar of her little savings bank account, and left her to go back to her dishpans. She had made arrangements to ask for a few weeks leave of absence, but was overtaken by her fate before she thought. With the genuine charity and kindness of heart that have ever characterized both Mr. and Mrs. Parton, they soothed the poor girl, and took care of her until she was able to be removed in a carriage to her friends. Then, at the request of Rose, “the young bud” was then transferred to the Foundling Hospital, to which establishment the eminent author and authoress both accompanied the little waif, and personally gave it, explaining the circumstances, into the loving care of “Sister Irene.”

SCALES.

Fairbanks & Hutchinson, 126 *California street*.—The name of Fairbanks & Hutchinson is too familiar to everyone for us to say more than if you want the *best scales* go to 126 California street.

We are bound to be honest but not to be rich.

Good deeds are productive of good friends.

While there is life there is hope.

All things are good with the good.

The glory of an age is often hid from itself.

A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grevious words stir up anger.

When friends meet, hearts warm.

Every art is best taught by example.

Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.

When the cup is full, carry it even.

Those who have few faults, are least anxious to discover those of others.

Memory is not wisdom; idiots can rote volumes.

A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold.

Deal gently with those who stray.

WATER CLOSETS.

Wm. Smith, 521 *Jackson street*.—The peculiar shape both for economy of space and utility are the advantages claimed for the castings; but the great feature of Mr. Smith’s patent is in the valve, which the Spring Valley Water Company recommend above all others.

BOOKBINDERS.

D. Hicks & Co., *Bookbinders and Blank Book Manufacturers*, 543 Clay street, commenced business in 1865, by purchasing the business of George T. Emerson, who had been established since 1856. The location of Mr. Emerson's bindery was in the upper story of the building; known as the Miners' Restaurant. In a few months, the new firm removed to their present location, occupying a small room in the third floor; as their business increased they added more room and machinery, and now occupy the entire second and third floors, and have all the latest improved machinery for their business. The firm now employs over twenty hands, and have facilities for doing large editions of books which are not possessed by any other house. Their work may be seen and examined over the entire state, as this firm bound the Pacific Coast Directory 1871-3, of which the large number of five thousand one hundred copies were printed. They and their predecessor, George T. Emerson, have manufactured all the books, blanks, etc., used by Wells, Fargo & Co., in this city, and in their three hundred and fifty agencies on this coast, for the past fifteen years. In 1869, this firm established a branch house at 59 J street, Sacramento, for the purpose of binding the statutes and other works of the state; of which a larger amount was done in 1870-1 than ever before. In 1869 the Mechanics' Institute awarded D. Hicks & Co., a silver medal, being the highest premium for Bookbinding; being the only time this firm ever exhibited their work at the exhibitions of the Institute. Messrs. Hicks & Co., make a specialty of binding all those elegant subscription works, for which Henry Keller & Co., are the agents, and for a description of which see under heading of subscription books.

The ruling of blanks, account books, etc., is conducted under the personal supervision of Mr. Hicks, who for many years past has been acknowledged as occupying the foremost rank in this as a speciality, for years ago, while working at his trade in the employ of others, the premium, in the earlier Fairs of the Mechanics' Institute, was awarded to another bindery for the best binding, gilding, etc., yet the committee awarded a special premium to his employers *for the best RULING*, which was executed by Mr. Hicks.

Mr. Keller, the other member of the firm, is also a thoroughly practical bookbinder of many year's experience, and superintends the binding department to which he is peculiarly adapted.

This firm has working under its employment in their various capacities, about twenty-five hands, and many of them of large experience.

We are instructed by the proprietors to extend an invitation to those interested to visit their bindery, and our assurance for it the time will be well repaid, for in passing through their establishment, you will see all varieties of their business in operation: ruling, stamping, gilding, marbling, pressing, folding, cutting, stitching, glueing, assorting, ornamenting, &c., &c.

Their varieties in binding consists of from the simplest pamphlet to the most elegant and gorgeous display in gilt or gold; and in ornamental binding, we have never seen (we unhesitatingly say it,) anything superior to it done in any part of the world.

IRON AND METAL IMPORTERS.

Glasgow Iron and Metal Importing Company, 22 *Fremont street*.—The industries of California are of such a character that more iron is probably consumed, in proportion to her population, than in any other community, not a manufacturing one, in the world. Her mines demand an immense amount of iron machinery, such as steam engines, quartz crushers, drilling machinery and the like. Great quantities of iron are also consumed for railroads in the tunnels and for carrying ores short distances, while the use of water in a certain class of mines creates a demand for an almost unlimited quantity of iron pipe.

The fact that iron is almost as cheap here as in New York, while hard wood costs two or three times as much, has induced many of our manufacturers of wagons and agricultural implements, to substitute it very largely for the latter article in their manufactures.

These facts have led to the establishment in San Francisco of immense houses, backed by great wealth, devoted to the iron and metal trade. Prominent among these stands the Glasgow Iron and Metal Importing Company, who commenced business about six years ago in an unpretending way in an inferior building opposite their present establishment, under the management of Mr. William McCrindle, to whose energy, urbanity and business ability, coupled with advantageous connections in Europe, may be attributed the success of the house.

In May, 1871, the company completed the commodious warehouse which they now occupy, and which is undoubtedly the best arranged and most extensive of any on the coast devoted to a similar business. It was designed and constructed especially for the purpose of an iron house by experienced persons, and therefore possesses unsurpassed facilities for the storing, inspection and delivery of stock.

Three stories are occupied, the goods being easily transferred from one to the other by means of a well constructed hoist.

Their stock is very extensive indeed, and they are constantly receiving large additions to it. At the present time (April, 1872), there are eight or nine vessels on their way from Europe, each with large consignments to this house.

They keep constantly on hand bar and bundle iron, sheet and plate iron, rivets, carriage bolts, axles, carriage springs, boiler flues, gas and water pipes and fittings, spring, toe, plow, tire and cast steel, pig iron, anvils, rasps, files and vices, horse-shoe iron and nails, best cumberland coal, etc., etc.

They propose to furnish blacksmiths with everything pertaining to their business at rates which superior facilities for purchasing and handling enables them to make very favorable to the purchaser.

Persons who take an interest in such establishments from any cause whatever, can spend an hour or so with much pleasure and profit in a stroll through this establishment, and can be assured of meeting with the utmost courtesy from all connected with the house, whether they visit it in the capacity of purchaser or simply out of curiosity.

WOMEN IN TAHITI—A CHEERFUL PICTURE.

A N entertaining book of travels has been published by Bentley, in London, under the title of "South Sea Bubbles, by the Earl and the Doctor." It describes the scenery and the customs of Polynesia in a delightful fashion, and "nature and human nature" thus equally aroused the writer's enthusiasm :

I can never forget the scene that burst upon my astonished and half-opened eyes as I turned out of bed one morning and found myself entering the port of Papiete. Great mountains of every shade of blue, pink, gray and purple, torn and broken into every conceivable fantastic shape, with deep, dark, mysterious gorges, showing almost black by contrast with the surrounding brightness; precipitous peaks and pinnacles rising one above the other like giant sentinels, until they are lost in the heavy masses of cloud they had impaled; while below, stretching from the base of the mountains to the shore, a forest of tropical trees, with the huts and houses of the town peeping out between them. * * * And the natives! how well they watch the scene: The women, with their voluptuous figures, their unique, free, graceful walk, their nightgowns (for their dress is nothing but a long chemise, white, pale green, red, or red and white, according to the taste of the wearer, which is invariably good), floating loosely about in a cool, refreshing manner; their luxurios black tresses crowned with gracefully plaited Araroot chaplet, and further ornamented by a great flowing bunch of white "Reva-Reva," their delicious perfume of cocoanut oil (it is worth going to Tahiti for the smell alone); and, above all, their smiling, handsome faces, and singing, bubbling voices, full of soft cadences—all this set off by the broken, scattered rays of green light shining through the shady avenues..

The most bashful and coy never will pass you without a greeting, a glance of the eyes, and a slight gathering in of her dress with her elbows, to exhibit her buxom figure to full perfection. Or else, perhaps, she will come up coquettishly, and ask you for the loan of your cigar, take a few puffs at it, and hand it back again gracefully to the rather astonished owner; and then, with a parting compliment, which you most likely don't understand, let you go your way in peace—or *not!* The proper way to walk with your lady-love in Tahiti is as follows: You must put your arm around her neck; and she hers around your waist, and hangs on your breast in a limply affectionate manner. It is as much *selon les rages* as walking arm-in-arm, and much prettier to look at.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

Hints, shrewdly strewn, mightily disturb the spirit.

Open enmity is better than angry friendship.

Good counsel is above all price.

An ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory.

Error is a hardy plant; it flourisheth in every soil.

Love is a sweet idolatry, enslaving all the soul.

SOAP MANUFACTURE.

Standard Soap Company, 204, 206 and 208 *Sacramento street*.—There probably never was a time “since the world began,” when the “arts and sciences” have reached such an advanced position as at the present. Music, poetry, sculpture, architecture, each have innumerable votaries, and their refining and elevating influences, are not only becoming very generally diffused among the enlightened nations of the earth, but are making rapid strides among the more benighted portions of the habitable globe. Inventions that annihilate time and distance, and that render labor almost a synonym for recreation, are multiplying with unparalleled rapidity. Indeed the progress of the present age is so amazing as to bewilder the mind that attempts to contemplate it; while all this and far more is true we are likely from the very magnitude of the theme and the multiplicity of the agents that have contributed to this wonderful progress, to overlook some of the instrumentalities, whose effects have not been so apparent to the superficial observer, but are nevertheless as real and important. Among these silent, unobtrusive but potent auxiliaries, in the diffusion of a high type of civilization, we may justly reckon SOAP.

Soap, what visions of purity, sweetness and cleanliness, does the very name produce? how vice, impurity, and contagion with all their attendant train of horrors hide their deformed heads, and seek safety in an ignominious flight from the presence of their self-constituted destroyer, *Soap*. It has long since passed into an axiom, that the refinement, intelligence and to a large extent the moral tone of communities and nations may be safely determined by the amount and quality of soap they use. If the above be true, as who can doubt, what a debt of gratitude the world owes to such public benefactors as the *Standard Soap Company*, who by the great variety, and immense quantity of soap they manufacture, are contributing so largely to the welfare and happiness of the people.

From a very insignificant beginning about eight years since, this establishment has grown to mammoth dimensions, now occupying the large and commodious brick structure, 204, 206 and 208 *Sacramento street*, having a frontage of sixty feet and extending through a depth of one hundred and twenty feet, to 207, 209 and 211 *Commercial street*. In addition to this, they have recently purchased the extensive establishment known as the *Portmann Soap Works*, which has largely increased their capacity, and they are now prepared to furnish any and all kinds of soap to an extent only limited by the demand for their goods, which is large and rapidly increasing. Time and space will not permit us to give a detailed description of all the goods made at this establishment.

Their list of toilet soaps comprises about fifty varieties, from the most common kinds, to those of the finest texture and most exquisite perfume. The costly perfumes and fine machinery used in the elaborate processes of manufacturing toilet soaps, are imported from Paris.

It is a well-known fact that the French excel in this direction, and the enterprise of the *Standard Soap Company* is seen in the fact that they spare neither trouble nor expense in profiting by the latest inventions of modern science. Their list of family and laundry soaps is also very complete,

embracing about thirty varieties of almost every conceivable style and quality. We must not omit to mention the *celebrated preparation called Standard Washing Powder*, which is widely known and has given universal satisfaction; the unparalleled success which has attended its manufacture and sale, has stimulated the production of various imitations which are seeking (without success), to insinuate themselves into public favor upon the reputation of the *original and only genuine washing powder*, which always has the *Standard Soap Company's* brand upon boxes and packages.

It only remains for the public by their generous patronage, to show their appreciation of the earnest efforts made to serve them by the *Standard Soap Company*.

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MILITARY, NAVAL, MASONIC AND ODD FELLOWS' REGALIA, ETC.

Norcross & Co., 4 Post street, *Masonic Temple*.—This house was established in 1849, on Sacramento street, near Montgomery, engaging exclusively at first in Masonic and Odd Fellows regalia, importing it from the East, but gradually extending their business as their trade increased, and in 1852 commencing themselves the manufacture of many varieties of goods—at one time manufacturing largely ladies' dress trimmings, and being the only manufacturers of the kind on the Pacific Coast.

Their salesroom is No. 4 Post street, occupying the basement for their factory, where they are manufacturing to order all kinds of military and naval goods, Masonic and Odd Fellows' regalia—in short they supply all the secret orders with regalias, books, jewels, swords, flags, banners, costumes, ballot boxes, seals and all articles needed for societies' purposes.

In passing through their factory we found all variety of work progressing, requiring much more machinery than the reader would suppose. We found beautiful specimens in progress, but one banner that had just been completed for an Odd Fellows' Order, on one of the adjacent islands of the Pacific, is deserving of especial mention, for it is as finely executed a piece of workmanship as we ever saw anywhere. While Mr. Norcross was one of our men of '49 who came to an almost unknown land in search of fortune and fame, and while great credit is due him for building up the leading business in this line on the Pacific Coast, we would do great injustice should we fail to mention in this connection, that much of the taste displayed, and of the beauty and ornamentation of the goods manufactured at this house is to be attributed to the "*THE LADY*" of the establishment, **MRS. NORCROSS**, so long and favorably known in our community as a woman of great executive ability, business tact and taste. Mrs. Norcross was—in the true sense of the word—one of the few lady pioneers who also braved the trials and hardships of a California life, when it was a luxury to see a woman on the streets of San Francisco, doffing the conventionalities of her earlier life, joining her "*other half*" in business pursuits, aiding in a great measure towards building up this great and prosperous business of Norcross & Co.

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Who brews a quarrel soon may bruise his head.

GAS AND WATER PIPE.

Pacific Iron Works, First street, between Mission and Howard.—Gradually are new enterprises being developed on this coast—one by one new industries are inaugurated—slowly but surely new and permanent sources of wealth are being opened up. We were led to these reflections by witnessing the other day the successful result of a new process which has recently been introduced on this coast, for the casting of water and gas pipes. This process, which is the invention of, and has been patented by John Farrar, of Boston, Mass., consists in the substitution for the ordinary clay moulds, of a sectional 3-part, cast-iron flask, attached together with hinges, and secured by strong wrought-iron clamps. The inside of the flask (which constitutes the mould), is lined up with a preparation of fire clay and plumbago, secured in place by flanges, and which effectually resists the action of heat, over 600 having been cast from one flask without relining. The flasks when ready for use, are suspended on trunnions, one end projecting over a pit. The process of casting consists of putting in place a core, clamping the flasks and hoisting it up on end; the molten iron is then poured in at the top, filling the space between the core and flask, and thus forming the pipe. As soon as the metal has "set," the flask is brought down to a horizontal position, opened and the pipe taken out. The lining of the flask is then washed with a preparation of black lead, laid on with brushes, when the process of casting is immediately repeated.

An average of about five pipes an hour is thus made from each flask while the heat lasts—which usually continues from two to three hours. On the occasion referred to three flasks were alternately used, by a gang of eighteen men, who turned out a pipe about every five minutes.

The advantages of this process are: The flask makes a permanent mould, admitting of the casting of an indefinite number of pipes without renewal; uniformity in thickness, secured by equal pressure upon the core-barrel, a close texture of metal and absence of sand holes. Messrs. Rankin & Brayton, the proprietors of these works, have now eight flasks in position, from which they are casting from 600 to 1,000 feet per day of 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 inch pipe.

The usual process of making pipe in the East is that of the ordinary sand mould, which requires an iron flask for each pipe, necessitating a large outlay for the equipment of a foundry of any capacity. The extraordinary advantages of this process are apparent, when it is seen that no moulding is required, and one flask is made to do the work of 12 or 15 on the old plan. This invention is justly regarded by iron men as the most important improvement ever introduced into this branch of the foundry business. The gentlemen above named, have secured the exclusive use of the process for this coast, and the very remarkable facilities it affords will enable them to compete successfully with either Eastern or European manufactures, thus adding another most important and useful industry to our list of local manufactures. Some idea of the saving which this invention will secure to this State may be formed from the fact, that something like 60 miles of pipes are now on the way from the East to this city; but that in view of the improved facilities hereby offered, no eastern firm can hereafter afford to enter into competition with the work here.

SONG OF STEAM.

BY JACOB PRICE.

Clang ! clang ! clang ! clang !
 Forges glow and anvils ring;
 Pond'rous wheels with thund'rous sound
 And fearful speed, swing madly round,
 And crash and roar and hiss and scream
 Swell my wild song—the song of steam.

My fierce, hot breath puts forth its strength
 In grimy, iron lungs ; at length
 The clanking engine moves with life ;
 Long shafts respond. The busy strife
 Shakes the vast factory; wall and beam
 Throb with my might—the might of steam.

My arm impels the roaring blast
 Into the glowing furnace ; fast
 The molten iron, sparkling white
 With heat, leaps forth like liquid light
 Into the smoking sand; fit birth
 For forms of beauty, strength and worth.

How swift yon crowded steamer glides
 Mid thronging ships. Her quivering sides
 Spurn the dark wave. In seeming wrath
 She tramples white a snowy path
 Of undulating foam ; 'tis steam
 Thrills her with life from keel to beam.

By me long snake-like trains are hurled
 From State to State across the world
 With speed of light. See how they glide
 Along the mountains' dizzy side
 And through green valleys ; prairies vast
 Scarce greet the gaze ere they fly past.

Behold, then, puny man, thy slave !
 I work thy will ; yet must I have
 An iron armor staunch and strong
 And without blemish, lest my song
 Shall change to crashing thunder, when
 I seek my freedom once again.

GAS FIXTURES, PIPES, ETC.

Thomas Day, 732 Montgomery street and 335 Pine street.—The name of Thomas Day has so long been associated with gas fixtures in this city that it is useless for any extended remarks from us. The house is one of our oldest and most substantial ones, and is doing an extensive jobbing business.

A LECTURE ON RATTLESNAKES.

Two miles out on our road back, we found Straddlebug sitting like a statue, gazing at something in the road just ahead of him. "Come here, General Bradley," he called, "I want to introduce you to one of the inhabitants of this delightful country," at the same time pointing to a monster rattlesnake coiled in the trail. "I have been plaguing him," continued old Straddle, "and he is a game fellow. See," he added, holding out his sabre toward the reptile. Quickly the snake raised his chest and sprang his full length, falling within two feet of the legs of old Straddle's horse. "Look out there, or he'll bite you," cried General Bradley. "Not a bit of it," replied Straddle. "The fact is, General, I have been studying this specimen of the natural productions of this country for more than an hour; and I have found out, first, that he will not bite unless coiled; second, that he can only jump the length of himself when coiled." He then made the snake coil up again and strike two or three times. "He ain't much of a traveler, either," said old Straddle, whipping the reptile when stretched out and making it run as fast as it could. "He coils tail first," continued the experimenter, making him coil, "and like an honest fellow, gives fair warning before he strikes, which is more than some of our own kind do, General; besides I don't believe he'd strike in the dark at all. You will readily observe," continued old Straddle, growing facetious, "the difference between the nature of the snake and the dog; a dog shakes his tail to show you he is pleased; the snake shakes his tail to show you he is mad. Look at that eye, sir, I have looked a mutineer in the eye and disarmed him; but I would not like to look at that fellow steadily in the face for the space of five seconds." The snake was coiled, his body resting on his tail, and his head raised to the height of a foot, and his neck proudly curved. His eyes shone like two little diamonds, and his yellow skin glistened in the sun. The spots on his back seemed ever changing from dark brown to a bright red copper color. "Come," said old Straddle, "I'll bet there's not a man in the crowd can shoot him in the head." (It is said to be almost impossible to shoot the head off a rattlesnake. The hunters declare that their sensitiveness is so great that they can feel the wind of a coming bullet, and dodge it. Be this as it may, I have seen men who could hit a bull's eye or drive a nail at one hundred yards that could not shoot a snake in the head.) Several revolvers were leveled and discharged at him, but the snake remained unharmed. A soldier then dismounted, and taking a carbine, at the fourth shot nearly severed the body of the reptile. "Foul!" cried out Straddle; "you hit him in the body; but take off the rattles the game is yours." The man did as he was bid, and there were eleven rattles and a button.

NATIVE WINES.

Henry Gerke, 418 and 420 Market street, corner of Sutter.—The Gerke Wine is the production of his own vineyard, in Tehama County, and though of recent introduction, is fast becoming a popular beverage, and a favorite for its medicinal qualities.

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

Knickerbocker Life Insurance Company, Daniel Norcross, General Agent, Office, 331 Montgomery street.—The history of Life Insurance in the United States presents no example of consistent and unvarying progress so remarkable as that afforded by the Knickerbocker of New York (organized in 1853,) from the very outset of its career. No company has contributed so largely to liberal modifications of old time methods, nor effected so much for what may be called the utilization of the science to the practical advantage of its beneficiaries.

When the country was unhappily divided by civil war, and many southern policy holders by stress of circumstances became unable to meet their premiums, thereby forfeiting all legal claim upon the company, it was the Knickerbocker which disdained to take advantage of their adversity, magnanimously invited the renewal of their lapsed policies on reasonable conditions, and made glad in many cases the hearts of widows and orphans by the payment of losses for which, by the letter of the bond, it could not have been held liable. By this memorable action the Knickerbocker leaped at once into immense popularity, and entered upon the second decade of its growth under auspices of unexampled promise. The fruits of its past experience, and sturdy discipline and liberal forethought were now to be realized.

It is to this company that the people and the profession are originally indebted for the modification of various oppressive conditions then in vogue, and which are still retained in the policies of many companies. It was the first in the country to exercise a just liberality to its patrons in respect of residence and occupation, and it is the first to adopt the system of **SAVINGS BANK LIFE INSURANCE**—a plan which must commend itself to insurers above all others. These **SAVING BANK POLICIES** can be converted into cash at any time after meeting surrender charges, which grow lighter every year from the start. Consequently, after a few annual payments, the policy has a definite, easily determined cash value, patent on its face, so that whatever has been paid upon it, beyond the cost of carrying the risk, is not locked up, but is available as security for a loan. It, therefore, has as good a standing in the money market as the company's check, payable at the end of a year or less, while at the same time the premiums are much smaller than under the old system. The demand for Life Insurance grows out of the necessity which every honorable man feels to provide against his family becoming a burden to others, and, to this end, the Savings Bank Life Insurance stands out in bold relief as the magic wand which creates the competence and blunts the thorns which grow under the pillow of anxiety. This form of Life Insurance combines all the benefits of the **SAVINGS BANK** with those of the Life Insurance Company, avoiding the well-known defects of the latter, so as to give the greatest possible facility for what old Homer proclaims the highest duty of man, *the preservation of the family he founds*, and which Paul affirms, when he says to Timothy: "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

The success and prosperity of the Knickerbocker Life Insurance Com-

pany, and the lenient course pursued toward the policy holders, places it in the very first rank of insurance corporations, and attests the skill, energy and integrity by which it has uniformly been guided.

To the people of this city and State, however, the crowning feature of success to the company is the appointment of that old well-known citizen and pioneer, Colonel Daniel Norcross, as General Agent for the Pacific Coast, under whose zeal and strict business integrity, there can be no such thing as fail; we congratulate the company upon the choice they have made, and attest the wisdom of the appointment.

SPRING MANUFACTURERS.

Wm. M. Betts & Bro., 218 *Fremont street*.—Do all of our wagon and carriage makers know that all the various kinds of springs used in the different vehicles can be obtained in San Francisco direct from the manufactory? We feel sure that all of them do not, although this firm has been before the public for some time, and has made some splendid displays both at our Mechanics' and State Fairs, at the former of which they received a gold medal. Messrs. Betts & Bro., have made a success of the prosecution of this industry on this coast and are to-day turning out a better made, better finished and better tempered spring than the imported article.

They commenced not only with a thoroughly practical knowledge of the business, but also with a full understanding of the fact that to succeed they must make a first-class article, and they have done it. Their business has increased until they were compelled to erect the large and commodious factory which they now occupy. They employ at present about fifteen hands and their establishment is a model of neatness, cleanliness and good order, unequaled in this respect by any manufacturing establishment that we can call to mind in the city. Messrs. Betts & Bro., have a large number of machines driven by steam in constant operation, such as punches, shears, rolls, swaging machines, grindstones and emery wheels, and are prepared to manufacture any kind of springs required from the lightest buggy, up to the heaviest railroad car and locomotive springs.

DIAMOND POINTED DRILL.

A. J. Severance & Co., 315 *California street*.—The Diamond Pointed Drill is a new and valuable machine for mining on a large scale, or boring deep wells through rock, being run by steam, and bores readily in any direction. A large number are in use and give entire satisfaction.

Some men are like cats, you may stroke the fur the right way for years, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on their tail, and all memory of former kindness is obliterated.

Motto for an egotist—Mind your eyes!

A man is not so soon healed as hurt.

No man liveth to himself.

Evil to him who evil thinks.

ONE FOREST FIRE.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

It's easy to read it. It's jest a few words,
Jest a name amongst others—"Burned out
By the fire in the forest"—not much, but you see,
When you read, "Simon Podder," that's me.

And it wa'n't no great shakes of a shanty, I know,
But I tell you I hated to see the thing go ;
Fur one kind o' clings to a ruff he has raised,
And a cabin built out of the trees he has blazed.

But the old house is nothin'. I soon let it go,
'Tan't that that upsets me and worrits me so;
But it's 'bout little Bennie. You heerd of it ? Aye.
I can't take it patient to onct, though I try.

Me and Mary had watched ev'ry evenin' by turn,
Lookin' out fur the wind, and the chance of a burn,
Till the smoke settled down to the ground ev'rywhar,
We could'n't see sunset, nor make out a star.

Little Bennie had gathered a heap on the floor,
His new Sunday jacket he never had wore,
His best bow and arrows, his little old spade;
They was all in a bundle so keerfully laid.

An' Mary had tied up her notions with care ;
There was picturs an' Bibles, an' dead folks' hair,
Huddled in with the spoons Mary's grandmother give,
When we bid her good-bye, and come out here to live.

By'm bye, on the edge of the clearin' in sight,
The smoke it got redder, some sparks seemed to light ;
Then the wind fanned it up, with a roar like the sea,
Until Mary and Bennie looked fearful at me.

"We must fight it!" I took off the coat that I wore.
Mary picked up her blanket. We turned from the door,
Leavin' Benny a waitin'. We told him he must,
Till we beat out the fire. Well, he whimpered at fust;

But when I looked back he was wipin' his eyes
On his old jacket sleeve. Then he looked at the skies,
An' I guessed he was sayin' his Sunday-school prayer,
As he used to o' nights kneelin' down by a chair.

Well, we slapped an' we fought at the fire with a will,
But the sneakin' red flames in the grass wasn't still,
An' kept creepin' along like a snake. By and by
Mary dropped her burnt shawl with a terrible cry :

Fur there, right between the old shanty and me,
 There was winrows of blazes, so we could'nt see
 Cabin, chimbley, or haystack, or little brown door—
 An' we never did see 'em, to speak of, no more!

You've laid little children, may be, in the dust,
 And you thought then the Master had treated you wust ;
 But you haven't had trouble like Mary an' me—
 You haven't got always a pictur to see,

Of a poor little shaver with tears in his eyes,
 Lookin' up kind o' scart to the fire-reddened skies.
 That is trouble, I take it, fur Mary an' me,
 Wors trouble than ever you're likely to see.

Married men, like candles, often go out at night, and leave their wives in the dark as to their whereabouts.

When a man dies, the first thing we talk about is his wealth, the second his failings, and the last his virtues.

The country for angry people—Ire-land.

No man can live longer at peace than his neighbor pleases.

He that blows in the dust will fill his eyes.

Long standing and little offering makes a poor priest.

HOW MONKEYS ARE CAPTURED.

Monkeys are pretty common, yet as all the families are remarkably cunning, has it ever occurred to the reader how they are taken? Pitfalls will take a lion, and the famished monarch will, after a few days starvation, dart into a cage containing food and thus be secured. But how are monkeys caught? The ape family resembling man. Their vices are human. They love liquor, and fall. In Darfour and Senaar the natives make fermented beer, of which the monkeys are passionately fond. Aware of this, the natives go to the parts of the forest frequented by the monkeys, and set on the ground these calabashes full of the enticing liquor. As soon as the monkey sees and tastes it, he utters loud cries of joy, that soon attract his comrades. Then an orgie begins, and then in a short time they show all degrees of intoxication. Then the negroes appear. The few who come too late to get fuddled escape. The drinkers are too far gone to distrust them, but apparently take them for larger species of their own genus. The negroes take some up, and these begin to weep and cover them with maudlin kisses. When a negro takes one by the hand to lead him off, the nearest monkey will cling to the one who thus finds a support and endeavor to go also. Another will grasp at him, and so on, until the negro leads a staggering line of ten or a dozen tipsy monkeys. When finally brought to the village, they are securely caged and gradually sobered down; but for two or three days a gradually diminishing supply of liquor is given them, so as to reconnoille them by degrees to their state of captivity.

SEWING MACHINES.

The Wilcox & Gibbs Family Favorite—Salesroom and Agency at 113 Post street.—The following list of “points” in favor of the Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine are difficult to gainsay, and challenge the earnest attention of all who contemplate purchasing.

1. It is the simplest.
2. It is the least liable to get out of order.
3. It is the *best made* machine; every part being an exact duplicate.
4. It is the cheapest.
5. It runs the stillest.
6. It runs the easiest.
7. It runs the fastest.
8. It has the best device to prevent the wheel running backwards.
9. It requires less mechanical skill to operate it.
10. It requires less time and instruction to learn to use it.
11. It is the most certain and reliable in operation.
12. Its needle is the *shortest*.
13. The needle is *straight*, and less liable to be broken than one *curved*.
14. Its needle is *beveled*, and therefore stronger than one with a small shank.
15. The needle is secured in its place by a patented device, which renders it *self-adjusting*, so that neither skill nor experience is necessary in setting it. It is not so with any other machine.
16. It uses but one spool and thus avoids the necessity for *complicated* machinery—which is required for two spools.
17. It sews directly from the spool; which makes it unnecessary to re-wind the thread, and adjust it in a shuttle.
18. It makes the Wilcox & Gibbs, or *twisted-loop* stitch: a stitch original with this machine, and made by no other,—and which, for general purposes, is superior to any other machine.
19. Its seam has the peculiar advantage of being taken out when it is desired; while it is less liable to rip, in use or wear, than the shuttle or lock-stitch.
20. The stitch is more elastic and stronger than the shuttle or lock-stitch.
21. The seam is the most even and beautiful.
22. The seam is always *self-fastened*; and thus the necessity for a “reversible feed,” or for any other complicated device to fasten it, is avoided.
23. Its tension is more simple, and more easily adjusted.
24. It will do a greater variety of work than any other can do in equal perfection.
25. It is more easily and speedily changed from one kind of work to another.
26. More work can be done with it in a given time.
27. It does beautiful embroidery, which the lock-stitch cannot do.
28. It has a shield to the wheel which no other has.
29. The needle being carried in a perpendicular bar, it has important advantages over machines with curved needles.

HOTELS.

Cosmopolitan.—*Corner Sansome and Bush streets, H. H. Pearson, Proprietor.*—In the year 1849 a couple of young men, just arrived from the East, arose late one Sunday morning, and concluded to make an excursion into the country. In pursuance of this object they walked in a southerly direction from the city for some distance among the sand-hills, and reaching the top of an elevation beheld an old man busily engaged in the ravine or hollow below them, erecting a frame building. Prompted by curiosity, they enquired of him what so large a building in that out-of-the-way place was intended for.

“A hotel,” he replied.

The young men could scarcely conceal their smiles at what seemed to them such a visionary project, and returning to the city, reported that a crazy man was erecting a hotel away out in the sand-hills, about five miles from town. That hotel was the “Rassette House,” located at the corner of Bush and Sansome streets.

The site was occupied afterwards by the Metropolitan Hotel, which, in its turn, gave way in 1863 to the magnificent structure now known as the Cosmopolitan. This immense caravansary occupies a space equal to about 28,000 square feet, fronting 206 feet on Bush street and 137 on Sansome, and, counting the basement, is six stories in height, and so thoroughly is it constructed that the heaviest earthquakes have left it unharmed thus far.

The exterior appearance of this noble building, on account of its immense size and height, and its numerous bay windows, heavy cornices and projecting entrance, is very imposing indeed. It has recently received a coat of white paint that makes it stand out very conspicuously, surrounded as it is, with the dingy brown buildings so much in fashion in our city. ☺

It was first kept by Seymour & Hanna, then by the Reis Bros., and after them Messrs. Tubbs & Patten, who occupied it till August 6th, 1871, when they surrendered it to Mr. Pearson, the present proprietor.

In 1867, during the proprietorship of Messrs. Tubbs & Patten, the upper story was seriously damaged by fire. It was soon repaired, however, and additions were made, making the building once and a half its former size. Entering the building the visitor is surprised to find so much of that portion which is on a level with the street devoted to hotel purposes. There is a commodious office, a spacious and well lighted reading-room, a bar-room and a magnificent billiard room, containing ten fine tables—all on the ground floor.

In the office is a telegraph apparatus connecting with the telegraphic system of the world, and visitors will always find a polite and accommodating operator present, ready to respond to their wishes.

The reading-room is kept in apple-pie order, and is fully supplied with Eastern and California papers, periodicals, etc.

The bar, one of the finest and best kept in the city, is amply supplied

with the choicest wines and liquors. On account of the growth of temperance principles in this State, a large force is constantly present in this room seemingly determined that liquors shall be *put down* somehow or other.

In the basement of the building is an extensive first-class steam laundry, and ample tonsorial and bathing accommodations.

Just in the rear of the office may be found one of Miller's Patent Safety Elevators, which carries you smoothly and comfortably to any story in the building without the necessity of personal exertion. Those, however, who are fond of exercise can make use of some of the numerous stairways, leading to the upper portions of the house. The main flight leading to the second floor is a very fine specimen of the stair builders' art, being broad and easy with rich and heavy railings, the newel post at the bottom being surmounted with a finely carved statue of a grizzly bear, who with threatening aspect challenges the attention of all who pass that way.

On the second floor may be found the public parlor and a reception parlor, both splendidly furnished. On this floor, also, in the central portion of the house, may be found the dining-room, certainly as fine an apartment as can be found anywhere devoted to a similar purpose. Its sides are adorned with numerous pilasters supporting a rich and heavy cornice, while the ceiling is deeply paneled in a most tasteful and artistic manner. Alternating with the pilasters spoken of are immense mirrors on all sides, their effect being to make the dining-room appear as if it was acres in extent. When brilliantly lighted in the evening, and filled with ladies and gentlemen, the effect is very beautiful indeed.

The house contains three hundred rooms, including one hundred suites of rooms. A large proportion of the latter comprise parlor, bed-room, bath-room and water-closet. The house has been thoroughly renovated throughout since Mr. Pearson took possession, and is furnished in a style scarcely equaled by any hotel on the Pacific coast.

This immense establishment gives employment to about one hundred persons, and has been overflowing with guests ever since it came into possession of its present proprietor. This result is undoubtedly due to several causes, one of which is the personal popularity of Mr. Pearson. While he was one of the proprietors of the Russ House he made a host of friends all over the Coast, very many of whom followed him to his new quarters. He is a gentleman of singularly quiet manners, saying but little, and has the happy faculty (specially valuable to a landlord), of making every one of his guests his personal friends. The employees also (generally speaking), are remarkable for their politeness, and evident desire to please.

This house is the resort especially of business men and families. This is attributable to the air of homelike comfort and quiet that pervades the place, coupled with the fact that while the accommodations furnished are equal to any in the world, yet the prices charged are not quite so great, ranging from two to three dollars per day.

A MODEL LOVE LETTER—RAPTURES OF CUPID.

“ MY DEAR MISS M.—Every time I think of you my heart flops up and down like a churn-dasher. Sensations of unutterable joy caper over it like young goats on a stable roof, and thrill through it like Spanish needles through a pair of tow linen trowsers. As a gosling swimmeth with delight in a mud-puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture, thicker than the hairs of a blacking brush and brighter than the hues of a humming bird’s pinions, visit me in my slumbers; and, borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it, like a pointer snapping at a blue-bottle fly. When I first beheld your angelic perfections I was bewildered, and my brain whirled around like a bumble bee under a glass tumbler. My eyes stood open like cellar doors in a country town, and I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accents of your voice. My tongue refused to wag, and in silent adoration I drank in the sweet infection of love as a thirsty man swalloweth a tumbler of hot whiskey punch.

“ Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself up by my boot-straps to the top of the church steeple, and pull the bell-rope for singing school. Day and night you are in my thoughts. When Aurora, blushing like a bride, rises from her saffron-colored couch; when the jay-bird pipes his tuneful lay in the apple-tree by the spring-house; when the chanticleer’s shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the awakening pig arises from his bed and grunted, and goeth for his morning refreshments; when the drowsy beetle wheels to droning flight at sultry noontide; and when the lowing herds come home at milking time, I think of thee; and, like a piece of gum-elastie, my heart seems stretched clear across my bosom. Your hair is like the mane of my sorrel horse powdered with gold; and the brass pins skewered through your waterfall fill me with unbounded awe. Your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat. Your eyes are glorious to behold. In their liquid depths I see legions of little Cupids bathing, like a cohort of ants in an old army cracker. When their fire hit me upon my manly breast it penetrated my whole anatomy as a load of bird-shot goes through a rotten apple. Your nose is from a chunk of Parian marble, and your mouth is puckered with sweetness. Nectar lingers on your lips, like honey on a bear’s paw; and myriads of unfledged kisses are there, ready to fly out and light somewhere, like blue-birds out of their parent nest. Your laugh rings in my ears like the wind-harp’s strain, or the bleat of a stray lamb on a bleak hillside. The dimples on your cheeks are like bowers in beds of roses, or hollows in cakes of home-made sugar.

“ I am dying to fly to thy presence, and pour out the burning eloquence of my love as thrifty house-wives pour out hot coffee. Away from you I am as melancholy as a sick rat. Sometimes I can hear the June bugs of despondency buzzing in my ears, and I feel the cold lizards of despair crawling down my back. Uncouth fears, like a thousand minnows, nibble at my spirits, and my soul is pierced with doubts like an old cheese is bored with skippers.

“ My love for you is stronger than the smell of Coffey’s patent butter or

the kick of a young cow, and more unselfish than a kitten's first caterwaul. As a song-bird hankers for the light of the day, the cautious mouse for the fresh bacon in the trap, as a mean pup hankers for new milk, so I long for thee.

" You are fairer than a speckled pullet, than a Yankee doughnut fried in sorghum molasses, brighter than a top-knot plumage on the head of a Muscovy duck. You are candy, kisses, raisins, pound-cake and sweetened toddy altogether.

" If these few remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and me to win your affections, I shall be as happy as a wood-pecker on a cherry-tree, or a stage-horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passions, I will pine away like a poisoned bedbug, and fall away from a flourishing vine of life, an untimely branch; and in the coming years, when the shadows grow from the hills, and the philosophical frog sings his cheerful evening hymns, you, happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear and catch a cold upon the last resting place o yours, affectionately,

" H."

Longest at the fire soonest finds cold.
No man can make his own hap.
One man's meat is another man's poison.
Every bird must hatch its own egg.
Pride and grace never dwelt in one place.
Rule youth well, age will rule itself.
He never had a bad day who had a good night.

MACHINE WORKS.

Deacon & Co., 120 Main street, between Mission and Howard.—The works of these gentlemen are not one of those immense establishments which we sometimes find engaged in a similar business, employing a score of supernumeraries and non-producers in the shape of trustees, superintendents, secretaries, foremen, etc., but one of those neat little establishments presided over and owned by men who are not only good business men but also practical machinists, and who, with a limited number of splendid tools, in tip top order, of the latest and most improved patterns, are capable of doing more and better work and cheaper (giving as they do their personal supervision to it), than a much more pretentious establishment. If you want a job done that requires taste and judgment and skill and care and *brains* don't take it to one of those immense establishments, where the really capable men have so much to do that they cannot give it the necessary personal supervision, but put it in the hands of Deacon & Co., who will turn out your job right in all respects. We have frequently had occasion to visit these works and always have found the work on hand to be of that character that requires more than ordinary skill.

At the time of our last visit they were constructing a large stationary steam engine designed to drive the machinery in a number of our printing establishments. It was designed by Mr. Deacon, who is not only a machinist but also a practical engineer.

HAIR JEWELRY.

Mrs. C. Cook, 519 *Montgomery street*.—Hair jewelry is fast becoming a popular method, whereby mementos of “lost dear ones” are preserved in a neat, appropriate and lasting way, or distant friends and relatives are entwined in our remembrance; most fittingly recalling past associations and endearing reminiscences, while, at the same time, we are adorning and ornamenting ourselves.

Mrs. Cook has made this a speciality, and really has been the great mover in this business on our coast, and has, by her labor and skill, shown in all our principal Fairs beautiful exhibitions of her handiwork, which has attracted the notice and admiration of all. It is needless to add she has always obtained the first premium. We remember to have seen at the late Mechanics’ Fair, a most beautiful specimen of ornamental hair-work, a wreath of flowers of varied hues, and colors composed entirely of human hair. All we can say is, go and see for yourselves, and you will find that the half has not been told. Remember the number, 519 *Montgomery street*.

SPANISH PROVERBS.

The sage ere he in debt would rise,
A supper to himself denies.

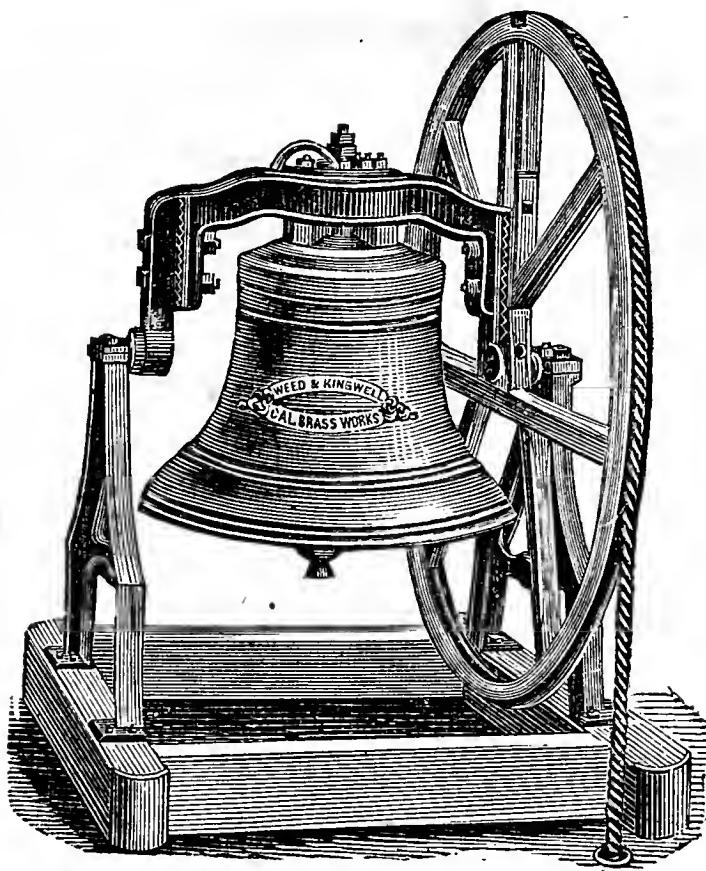
What you have time to do to-day,
Until to-morrow ne’er delay.

The looking-glass will tell to thee,
What friends deny, although they see.

Jewels have value, but the price,
Can ne’er be found of good advice.

HARDWARE.

Chas. Otto & Co., 312 *Bush street*.—This firm established business in 1854, on *Montgomery street*, where the *Occidental Hotel* now stands, the style of the firm being *A. Phillipi & Co.* In 1858 it was changed to *Marwedel & Otto*, who continued in a prosperous business till January, 1860, when they were burned by an incendiary, the fire being set twice during the same night. In this conflagration Mr. Otto lost his all, having no insurance, but through his energy, and the confidence reposed in him by the business community, he was enabled to rebuild, and in about thirty days was in successful operation again; but before the year had expired they were visited by another fire, this time, however, by the blessing of insurance, he was protected against loss. In 1863, they removed on *Bush street*, nearly opposite his present location, to which he removed 1867—Mr. Marwedel withdrawing from the firm, which was then changed to its present style, *Chas. Otto & Co.* His stock consists of a full and complete variety of *everything* in the hardware business, and makes specialities of machine screws and taps, moulders’ tools, bell hangers’ materials, etc., etc.



BRASS WORKS.

Weed & Kingwell, California Brass Works, 125 First street.—This establishment was first started by John C. Ayers, in 1851, and passed into the hands of its present proprietors in 1861, since which time the business has steadily increased, and now gives steady employment to some thirty to thirty-five employees. The proprietors, who are themselves practical mechanics, oversee every part of the establishment, and pride themselves upon turning out work which will favorably compete with the Eastern goods, both in quality and price. The manufacture of Brass Goods is fast becoming an important feature in the industry of California, and it is to be hoped that the importation of all species of brass work in a near future will be supplied from our own make, thus building up and sustaining in our own midst, not only those who have dared to build factories and erect expensive machinery to compete with importation, but also sustain a large population, whom such manufactories are necessitated to employ. The varieties of work turned out by this firm consist of all kinds of brass ship work, spikes, sheathing nails, rudder-braces, hinges, church and steamboat bells and gongs; also all kinds of steam, liquor, water, oil, and flange cocks and valves, all styles. They also furnish hydraulic pipes, nozzles, hose couplings and connections of all sizes and patterns. Special attention is given to casting into any desired shape or form brass composition, zinc, babbitt metal, etc. In short, nearly every article in the brass line is manufactured by them and shipped to all parts of the Pacific Coast. They have also orders from the Sandwich Islands, China and Japan. Agents for Siebert's Eureka Lubricators, a California invention, which is rapidly superseding all other lubricators for steam cylinders.

AUNT TABITHA.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Whatever I do and whatever I say,
 Aunt Tabitha tells me that isn't the way;
 When *she* was a girl (forty summers ago)
 Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear Aunt ! if I only would take her advice !
 But I like my own way, and I find it so nice !
 And besides, I forget half the things I am told;
 But they all will come back to me—when I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no doubt,
 He may chance to look in as I chance to look out;
She would never endure an impertinent stare—
 It is *horrid*, she says, and I musn't sit there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasures, I own,
 But it isn't quite safe to be walking alone;
 So I take a lad's arm—just for safety, you know—
 But Aunt Tabitha tells me *they* didn't do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they were then !
 They kept at arm's length those detestable men;
 What an era of virtue she lived in ! But stay—
 Were the *men* all such rogues in Aunt Tabitha's day ?

If the *men* were so wicked, I'll ask my papa
 How he dared to propose to my darling mamma;
 Was he like the rest of them ? Goodness ! Who knows ?
 And what shall *I* say if a wretch should propose ?

I am thinking if Aunt knew so little of sin,
 What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt must have been !
 And her grand-aunt—it scares me—how shockingly sad
 That we girls of to-day are so frightfully bad !

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can;
 Let *me* perish—to rescue some wretched young man ?
 Though when to the altar a victim I go,
 Aunt Tabitha will tell me *she* never did so !

—*Atlantic Monthly for March.*

Sorrow and ill-weather come unsent for.

Saying is one thing, and doing another.

Work done in haste is never finished to perfection.

Man doubles his evils by brooding upon them.

Sorrow is soon enough when it comes.

Slander always leaves a slur.

Quick at meat, quick at work.

MRS. HELPER'S PRESCRIPTION.

"Well, well, well, I must say that our Saturday evenings here at home are very pleasant, Jennie," and the Rev. Mr. Goodwin sank enjoyingly into a luxurious easy chair, which his admiring congregation had recently presented him. "With my sermons prepared for the morrow," he continued, "and my weekly visits to our parishioners showing that they are all comfortable and moderately happy, I must repeat that our Saturday evenings are *very* pleasant, indeed; and, by the way," he added, "I wish that you would manage to lay your sewing aside for an hour or so, that you may enjoy a little laziness as well as myself."

"I can't," replied Mrs. Goodwin, an intellectual, though weary looking lady, "until I finish this coat for Johnny to wear to church to-morrow."

"It seems to me those four boys keep your needle pretty busy," said he.

"They do, indeed; but they are good boys, and are so kind and helpful, that I cannot find it in my heart to complain."

"So they are, so they are," said the minister, looking kindly toward the table, around which the four bright-faced, fair-haired lads were gathered.

The next evening after church, Mrs. Helper, one of Mr. Goodwin's congregation, said to her husband:—

"John, did you notice that Mrs. Goodwin looked weary and sad at church to-night?"

"Well, yes; I must say that she looked rather faded, when compared to that good-looking husband of hers," replied Mr. Helper.

"Well, I'm going there to-morrow."

"All right; go ahead. I've not the slightest objection."

"Yes, sir, I'm going; and I'm going to find out why she looks so 'faded'—as you call it."

"No objection to that either. How will you manage it?"

"O, I'll manage it; trust me for that."

"O, yes, I forgot—you're a woman."

"Yes, sir, I'm a woman, and it's my opinion that another woman is killing herself without knowing it, and I'm going to ascertain if such is the case."

The next evening Mrs. Helper opened the subject with her husband again.

"John," said she, "I want ten dollars."

"You do, eh. What for I'd like to know?"

"Well, I've been to see Mrs. Goodwin."

"Indeed! Am I to give you ten dollars for that?"

"Yes, sir, you are; this time."

"Well, if I must, I must, I suppose. But what in the world has your visit to Mrs. Goodwin's to do with your wanting ten dollars?"

"I'm going to buy her a sewing machine, that is all."

"With ten dollars?"

"No; not with ten, but with five times ten."

"What *kind* of a sewing machine are you going to purchase?"

"That's a curious question for *you* to ask, when you know that I haven't an hour's trouble with my beautiful 'Wilson' since I purchased it

a year ago. Haven't you seen me sew with it through lace and cloth, and leather and sheet lead, even, without breaking anything or changing the tension? Why, I wouldn't *dare* get any other for Mrs. Goodwin, because most of them run so heavy that they would make her health *worse* instead of *better*—but the 'Wilson' runs as light as a feather—and besides, it makes the lock-stitch, which is so strong and elastic for plain sewing, and so beautiful for embroidery. Hasn't my machine always run splendidly?"

"Well, yes, the thing does seem to jog along pretty smooth—but how are you going to obtain the other forty dollars?"

"I'm going to make Mr. Thompson and Mr. Caldwell, and two or three others who can well afford to do so, give me ten dollars apiece."

Being a live, energetic, eloquent little lady, and withal very pretty, she accomplished her object in about three hours, much to her own gratification, and to the astonishment of her own husband, no less than that of Messrs. Thompson, Caldwell & Co., who could hardly realize their own generosity.

"I suppose you are going to San Francisco now?" said Mr. Helper, when she had concluded the narrative of her success.

"What for?" said she.

"To get the sewing machine, of course."

"I don't see why I should go to that expense. Can't I send the money to Messrs. G. A. Norton & Co., the agents, at No. 337 Kearny street, by express?"

"O, yes, you can send the money, I suppose, but will you get as good a machine?"

"Why, of course. They warrant them all for five years—don't I know of a dozen 'Wilson' machines all just as good and as reliable as mine? Why, they are as alike as two peas. The agent himself can't tell the machinery of one from another. It's just as well to send for it as to go in person, and I am going to have it sent directly to Mrs. Goodwin, and let her guess, if she can, where it came from."

Six months from that time Mr. Helper said to his wife: "Mary, do you know that I think Mrs. Goodwin is a very handsome woman! She seems to have regained her health entirely."

"Yes; she took my prescription."

"Yours! What was it pray?"

"O, a quantity of iron, wood and steel, scientifically compounded."

"Iron, wood and steel! How large was the dose?"

"It weighed about seventy-five pounds."

"O, yes," said Mr. H., a light breaking upon his vision, "your prescription cost about fifty dollars, didn't it? Well, it was cheap at that."

Too Candid.

"Patty," a lady called to a little girl who was in the parlor, "did you tell your mother that I was here?"

"Yes'am," answered Patty, demurely.

"And what did she say?"

"She said: 'Oh, that dreadful woman here again?'"

JOSH BILLINGS ON GONGS.

JOSH BILLINGS relateth his first experience with the gong thusly:—

I never can erradicate holi from mi memory the sound ov the fust gong I ever herd. I was settin on the front steps ov a tavern in the sitty of Buffalo, pensively smokin. The sun was goin to bed, and the hevins for an hour was blusheen at the performance. The Ery knal, with its golden waters, was on its way to Albany, and I was perusin the line botes a flotin by, and thinkin ov Italy (where I usen to liv), and her gondolers and gallus wimmin. My entire sole wuz, as it were, in a swet. I wanted to klime, I felt grate, I actually grew.

There are things in this life tu big tu be trifled with; there are times when a man breakes luce from hisself, when he sees sperrets, when he can almost tuch the mune, and feel as tho he kud fill both hands with the stars uv hevin, and almost sware he was a bank president. That's what ailed me.

But the korse ov true luv never did run smoothe (this is Shakspere's opinion, too). Just as I was duin my best—dummer, dummer, spat bang, beller, crash, roar, ram, dummer, dunimer, whang, rip, rare, rally, dummer, dummer, dum—with a tremenjus jump I struck the centre ov the sidewalk, with another I cleared the gutter, and with another I stood in the middle of the street snortin like an Indian pony at a band of music.

I gazed in wild despair at the tavern stand, mi hart swelling up as big as a outdoor oven, my teeth was as luce as a string of bedes, I thot all the crockery in the tavern had fell down, I thot of fenomenons, I thot of Gabrel and his horn; I was jest on the pint ov thinken ov somethin else when the landlord kum out on the frunt stupe ov the tavern, holdin by a string the bottom ov a old brass kettle. He kawled me gently with his hand. I went slola and slola up to him, he kammed my fears, he said it was a gong, I saw the kussed thing, he said supper was ready, and axed me ef I would have black or green tee, and I sed I wud.

•••
You must ask your neighbor if you will live in peace.

Desert and reward seldom keep company.

Set a hard heart against a hard hap.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

H. H. Moore, 609 *Montgomery street*.—The stock of books of this house is composed of rare and valuable standard works, illustrated books and a fine assortment of juvenile works, also a full supply of law blanks and stationery.

•••
PRINTERS.

C. A. Murdock & Co., *Steam Book and Job Printers, formerly M. D. Carr. & Co., 532 Clay street*.—Book and Job Printing in all its branches and varieties, executed in the highest style of art. Their motto is, "Good work at the lowest living rates.



SAWS AND SAW TEETH.

N. W. Spaulding, 17 and 19 *Fremont street, near Market*, Patentee and Manufacturer of Spaulding's Detachable Tooth Circular Saws.—The reputation already established for these saws throughout the lumbering regions of the Western Hemisphere (and especially upon the Pacific Coast, from Alaska to Mexico), would seem to render an advertisement of them, at this time, superfluous and unnecessary. Yet, it so happens that in this, our day and generation, and advanced age of science, when each succeeding day adds improvement upon improvement, that a good thing of to-day (no matter how superlative its merits may be), the public mind is trained to expect a better thing to-morrow. Hence, whatever is presented to the public with a change of form from the original invention, the public is too apt to hail as that identical improvement they had anticipated.

Some of his old friends and patrons will, no doubt, feel the force of this remark, and verify its truthfulness, from knowledge derived from painful experience. Being victims of this popular error, they supposed that this invention, so simple, yet so perfect, complete and eminently satisfactory, an invention which had put thousands of dollars in their pockets, should, like most other inventions of its time, give place to something better. Surely other inventions are improved upon. *Why not this?* Forgetting that this principle of inserting teeth is at once the most natural, the most simple, and, of course, the best—a fact so apparent to the mind of any intelligent mechanic, that it cannot be a matter of disputation—*besides the principle upon which the teeth in his saws are inserted, is indispensable to*

detachable teeth of any form, and is exclusively his property, guaranteed of him by virtue of a patent, which patent has been sustained in the courts of the United States in every instance where suit has been brought for its protection.

Mr. Spaulding was the first who made the use of detachable teeth in saws a success—he succeeded through patient industry in calling from the dark and hidden recesses of nature, this fortunate and valuable invention. More than ten years have now passed since these saws were first introduced in California, since which time they have been in constant increasing demand; and to-day their busy hum may be heard from shore to shore of our broad republic. If it were necessary to show the partiality of the country toward the Spaulding Saw, pages might be written in proof; prominent among the general proofs of superiority of them over all others, stands the fact that the Government, usually tardy in recognizing improvements of this character, have, without hesitation, selected them for its own use, at the different military posts through the country. We esteem it a pleasing duty to bestow merit where merit is due, and in no case, that has come to our knowledge, can we more conscientiously bestow it than upon Mr. Spaulding.

Being a practical mechanic, and several years engaged in constructing saw mills and manufacturing lumber, his large experience naturally taught him the great advantages to be derived from the use of detachable teeth in saws. Formerly inserted teeth had been used in a few isolated cases about the country, but their use had become almost obsolete, from the fact that no means had at that time been devised by which the teeth could be adjusted, and, at the same time, preserve the saw from destruction while using them. By the invention of Mr. Spaulding, represented in the above cut, the object, long and devoutly wished for, was attained. This device was so complete and nicely adapted to the purpose for which it was intended by the inventor, that all the attempts that have been made for the last ten years by a score of pseudo-inventors to improve upon it, have only added to its original popularity. Various have been the fantastic shapes by which these would-be inventors have fashioned teeth in saws, and by cunningly arranged arguments sought to inflict them upon the public as improvements, but time has discovered what they are, and they are rapidly taking their places among the things that were.

The Spaulding Saw is manufactured from Wm. Jessop & Sons' celebrated cast steel, and are all warranted. No saw is allowed to leave the works till carefully inspected by himself in person, or by a skilled mechanic employed for the purpose. Owing to the constantly increasing demand for these saws, we learn that Mr. Spaulding has greatly extended his facilities for manufacturing by improved machinery, by more extensive works, and the employment of a greater number of workmen. Hence, he can afford to supply the market on more favorable terms than ever before.

Repairing and inserting teeth into old saws is done by this establishment with neatness and dispatch, and upon the most favorable terms. As most of the saw-mills through the country have been ordered through this house, any information respecting them, as regards prices, improvements, etc., will be cheerfully furnished.

SAWS.



Pacific Saw Manufacturing Company, 17 and 19 *Fremont street*.—The first Saws manufactured in this city from the sheet steel was exhibited by the parties comprising this company, at the Mechanics' Institute Fair, held in this city in 1865. At that time all the work was done by hand, even the polishing of a 12 foot Muley Saw, the steel plate of which weighed before cutting 140 pounds; at the close of the Fair, this saw was taken to the mill of Messrs. Macpherson & Wetherbee, at the Noyo river, and, after a trial, was pronounced by them better than the imported Saws they had been using, since then, they, as well as nearly all of the other mill owners of this coast, have continued to use the Saws made by this company. In 1866, this firm commenced operations on Pine street, having steam power and machinery adapted for the manufacture of Circular, Mill, Muley, Cross Cut and Butcher Saws.

Their business increased steadily until their factory became too small for the extra amount of business done, when they were compelled to erect in July, 1868, the building which they now occupy, at 17 and 19 Fremont street. The works cover an area of 137 feet by 45 feet. The main building is three stories high, which they have fitted up expressly for this business, and contains the newest and most improved machinery for the manufacture of Saws of every description, from the largest Circular, Mill or Muley Saw, to the smallest for mechanical purposes. The best quality of cast steel is used in the manufacture of Saws by this company, made expressly for that purpose by Messrs. William Jessop & Sons., the well-known steel converters of Sheffield, England.

In manufacturing Circular Saws, the plates of steel are first flattened by hammering on anvils, the centre hole is then drilled, and placed on a mandrel where it is turned around under a die in a press and cut on a true circle, after which an index plate is put on, and the teeth is cut, exact

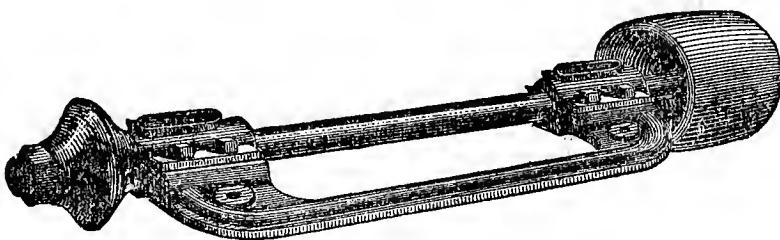
distances between each point, and all of equal depth; by means of these index plates, all marking out of the teeth is done away with, as they are fastened to the saw plate, that is being toothed, and made to revolve around the desired distance from tooth to tooth. In cutting teeth into Cross Cut, or other long Saws, one space is cut and the plate moved to a guage equidistant to the next tooth, thereby forming one tooth at each revolution of the press, which is run at forty revolutions per minute.

For cutting Hand, Panel, Scroll, Butcher and Wood Saws, one of A. Bartholff's patent presses is used, which is so arranged as to cut any size teeth from two to eighteen, to one inch, and to move the Saw along the exact distance to be cut, leaving nothing for the operator to do but to remove the blades when the teeth are cut in them, and place others on to be toothed; this press cuts about 240 teeth per minute.

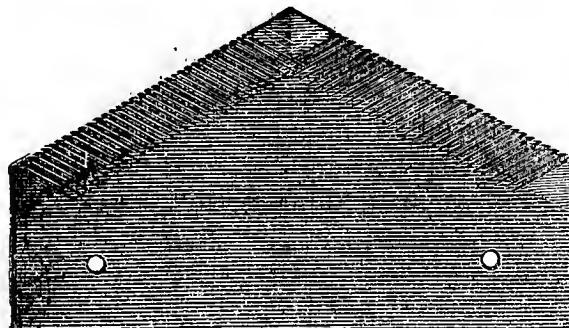
After the Saw, whether Circular, Cross Cut, Muley or small, for hand use is toothed, it is then hardened and tempered; this is done by placing the plates in a furnace and allowing them to remain there until they are of a clear red heat, (being careful not to overheat and burn them), they are then removed and dipped into troughs containing a mixture of oil, beeswax, rosin, etc., which makes the steel as hard and brittle as glass. The oil is then cleaned off and the plates put into the tempering furnace and heated until they are brought to temper required, (these furnaces are so arranged that uniform heat is imparted to the Saws being tempered,) after tempering, the Saws being warped and crooked, are straightened, which is very particular work; then ground and polished by machinery, and straightened again, when they are ready for the salesroom.

This company also manufacture Circular Saw Mandrels, Planing Knives, Curriers' Knives, Reaping and Mowing Machine Sections, springs and all articles requiring a spring temper.

CHARLES P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. JAMES PATTERSON.



SAW MANDREL.



REAPER SECTION.

WHERE SHALL THE BABY'S DIMPLE BE?

Over the cradle a mother hung,
 Softly crooning a slumber song,
 And these were the simple words she sung
 All the evening long :

“Cheek or chin, or knuckle or knee,
 Where shall the baby's dimple be ?
 Where shall the angel's finger rest
 When he comes down to the baby's nest ?
 Where shall the angel's touch remain
 When he awakens my babe again ?”

Still, as she bent and sang so low,
 A murmur into her music broke,
 And she paused to hear, for she could but know
 The baby's angel spoke :

“Cheek or chin, or knuckle or knee,
 Where shall the baby's dimple be ?
 Where shall my fingers fall and rest
 When I come down to the baby's nest ?
 Where shall my finger's touch remain
 When I awaken your babe again ?”

Silent the mother sat and dwelt
 Long in the delay of choice,
 And then by her baby's side she knelt
 And sang with a pleasant voice :

“Not on the limb, oh, angel dear !
 For the charm with its youth will disappear,
 Not on the cheek shall the dimple be,
 For the harboring smile will fade and flee ;
 But touch thou the chin with an impress deep,
 And my baby the angel's seal shall keep.”

INK MANUFACTURERS.

The Pacific Ink Factory, J. J. Knowlton & Co., 405 Sansome street.—This is the only manufactory of inks on the Pacific Coast worthy of mention. Mr. Knowlton commenced this business some eight years since, and it is now built up to be a large establishment, making every variety of ink known to the trade, also mucilage and blueing of superior quality. We can speak from positive knowledge, having used several varieties of his inks for many years. Patronize home manufacturers.

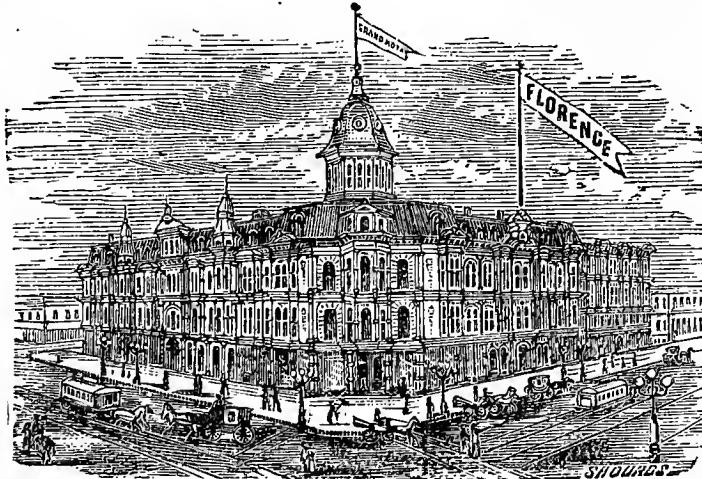
Honesty is no pride.

He that has a full purse never wanted a friend.

Of evil grain no good seed can come.

SEWING MACHINES.

Florence Sewing Machines, *Samuel Hill, Agent, 19 New Montgomery street.—*



The Florence Sewing Machine was introduced on this coast in the year 1863, and has since been one of the most successful agencies of the Florence company, the sales having been nearly equal to the sales here, of all the sewing machines of other manufacture combined.

Mr. Hill has presented them for competition with all the first-class machines, and able judges have declared in favor of the Florence. At our State Fairs in 1865 and 1866, spirited contests were made for the premiums.

The following were the awards of the committees :

To the President of the California State Agricultural Society:— Your committee on sewing machines beg leave to report that we have examined the several sewing machines on exhibition—the Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, and FLORENCE, and find that for general family use the Florence is the best.

J. N. ANDREWS,
THOS. C. McHALE,
L. ELKUS.

After a careful investigation of this new and beautiful machine, viewing it, as we do, in its mechanical points, we consider it worthy of much praise, particularly that portion of its arrangement by which the REVERSIBLE MOTION is obtained, which is simplicity itself, and in our opinion worthy of special consideration. Also, the complete and positive control over the tension, as exhibited in this machine, along with the arrangement for taking up the slack of the thread, as was shown in sewing without any alteration, and without any stoppage of machine from the finest lace to four thicknesses of leather.

Your Committee, therefore, after a close and careful investigation, consider it the best and most improved machine now in use, and award it the first and highest premium.

THOMAS HANSBROW,
GEORGE SCHMEISER,
SAMUEL BLAIR,

Committee on Sewing Machines, Cal. State Agricultural Society.

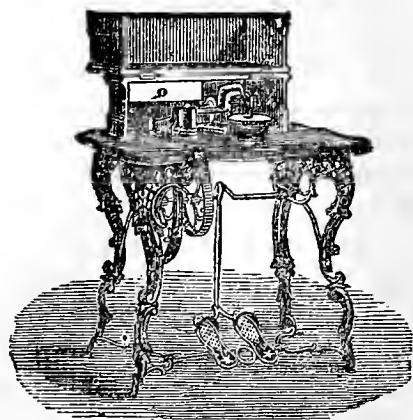
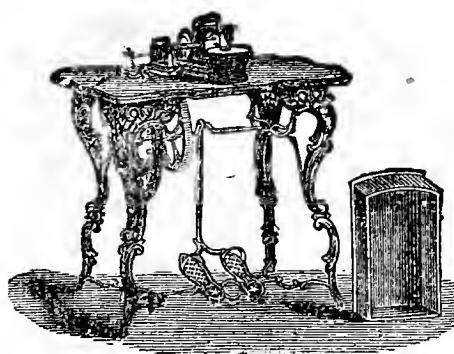
In fact the Florence has in every instance obtained the premium whenever placed in competition at the Fairs on this coast in the past eight years, or since its introduction here.

A peculiar feature of this machine is that it is easily kept in order and so confident is the agent of its superiority in this respect that he publishes far and near, this remarkable proposition:—"If there is a Florence Sewing Machine within one thousand miles of San Francisco not working well and giving entire satisfaction, if I am informed of it, it will be attended to without expense of any kind to the owner." This probably has done more in introducing the machine than anything else, as no other sewing machine agency has thought it best or safe to make a like offer.

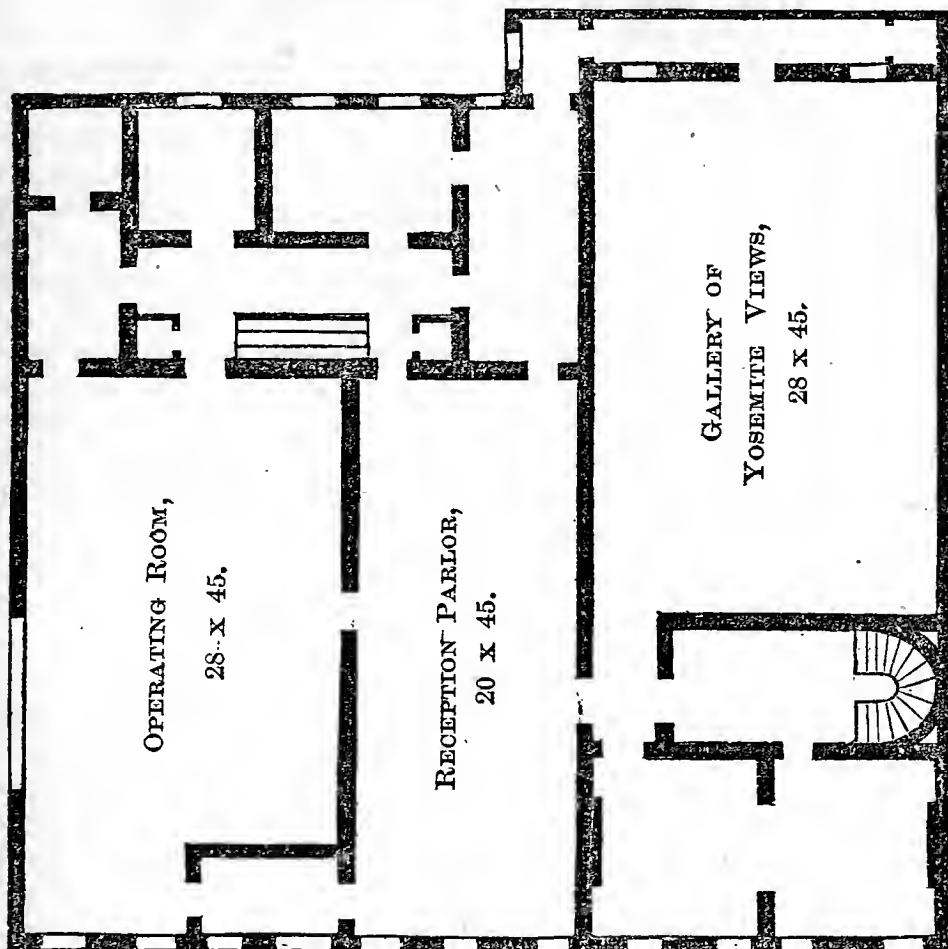
The varieties of sewing performed on this machine are limited only by the desires of the operator and the wants of the family. The stitch is the lock stitch, so universally decided to be the best; the ingenious manner of making the stitch is well worthy of investigation, and bespeaks much for the genius of the inventor, as one may run the work either backward or forward with equal ease at will. This is often a great convenience and can be done only with the Florence. Another important advantage connected with the manner of making the stitch by this machine is the perfect tension obtained, enabling one to sew from the lightest to the heaviest goods without making any change in the machine.

These are a few of the more prominent features of this indispensable article to every household. The prices of these machines range from sixty-five dollars upwards, depending upon the finish and ornamentation.

To the reader we would say, as a present for Christmas, New Year, or the birthday of one near and dear to you, nothing could be more prized, as its use combines a pleasant employment of the time for a useful purpose. We are satisfied after carefully examining the different sewing machines, and "their name is legion," that the Florence is the instrument especially adapted to every lady's use and capable of rendering the greatest amount of assistance in performing that heretofore dreaded task, the family sewing. The sewing machine has become a necessity, regard it either as conducive to health or as a saving of expense. With a good sewing machine a woman can sew more in one month than in four months by hand sewing; but far more important than this, is the question of life and health.



PHOTOGRAPH GALLERIES.



MONTGOMERY STREET.

C. E. Watkins, Yosemite Art Gallery, Montgomery street, opposite the Lick House entrance.—The accompanying diagram is a plan of what is probably one of the largest and most finely fitted-up photograph galleries on this Continent; all that experience or good taste can suggest, is here combined to beautify and adorn. The rooms occupy the second floor of almost half of a block. The wainscoting in the reception parlor consists of a series of views which are not only miracles of photographic art, but are delineations of some of the finest residences and views to be found in San Francisco.

The walls of the room, called the Yosemite Art Gallery, are adorned with one hundred and twenty-five of those superb views of Pacific Coast scenery (in size 18 by 22 inches,) which have given Watkins a reputation world-wide. To obtain them, he has spent several of the best years of his life camping beside mountain streams, or laboriously toiling to the summit of lofty peaks, from which he has beheld, and transfixed on his faithful negatives, some of the most awe-inspiring scenery that the eye of man has yet gazed upon.

Here also may be found stereoscopic views by the thousand—views in Oregon; views on the Central Pacific railroad; views of Yosemite's wonders; views of almost everything curious, grand or instructive. Next

to a journey to Yosemite itself, is a visit to this delightful retreat, where hours and even days can be spent without exhausting its resources.

Mr. Watkins has placed all this luxury and elegance; all of these sources of refined and rational enjoyment at the disposal—not only of his immediate patrons, but the public at large, who throng his rooms daily, and who are always made as welcome by the genial proprietor and his polite assistants as if they came as customers.

We have not space sufficient at our disposal to give the reader an idea of the beauty and extent of this splendid establishment, but invite them to visit it and see for themselves, and should they desire to see their lineaments reflected in a perfect photograph, they may feel assured of meeting with the most courteous treatment coupled with a determination to produce work that shall suit. In one thing only will the stranger be disappointed, perhaps; receiving first-class work produced by first-class artists, aided by first-class mechanical appliances; he may expect to pay exorbitant prices, but he will find that they will compare favorably with any gallery in the city producing good work.

CURIOSITIES OF LIFE.

Lay your finger on your pulse, and know that at every stroke some immortal passes to his Maker; some fellow-being crosses the river of death; and if we think of it we may well wonder that it should be so long before our turn comes.

Half of all who live die before seventeen.

Only one person in ten thousand lives to be one hundred years old, and but one in a hundred reaches sixty.

The married live longer than the single.

There is one soldier to every eight persons, and out of every thousand born only five weddings take place.

If you take a thousand persons who have reached seventy years, there are of clergymen, orators and public speakers, 44; farmers, 40; workmen, 33; soldiers, 22; lawyers, 29; professors, 27; doctors, 24.

These statements are very instructive. Farmers and workmen do not arrive at a good old age as often as the clergyman and others who perform no manual labor; but this is owing to the neglect of the laws of health, inattention to the proper habits of life in eating, drinking, sleeping, dress, and the proper care of themselves after the work of the day is done. These farmers or workmen eat a heavy supper on a summer's day, and sit around the doors in their shirt sleeves, and in their tired condition and weakened circulation, are easily chilled, leaving the foundation for diarrhea, bilious colic, lung fever or consumption.

REMARKABLE EFFECT OF AN ADVERTISEMENT.

A family in Florida lost their little boy, and advertised for him in a daily newspaper. That very afternoon an alligator crawled up out of a swamp and died on the front door-step. In his stomach was found a handful of red hair, some bone buttons, a pair of boot-heels, a glass alley, a pair of check pants and a paper collar. The advertisement did it.

FOUNDRIES.

Occidental Foundry, 137 and 139 First street, is the name of an establishment recently opened in this city, on the old stand of the Vulcan Foundry. It is owned and conducted by Messrs. Steiger & Boland, who bring into the new enterprise an experience in the business of some twenty years on this coast. Many of the best moulders formerly associated with them, have again found employment. We understand also that the former foreman of the pattern department of the Vulcan Iron Works is to have charge of the designs and patterns for the new firm.

For the main foundry a new building has taken the place of the old, which is said to be as large, and as well arranged in all its internal workings, as any of the kind in the city, while its advantages for proper ingress and egress are all that could be desired; the whole building running back from First street 137½ feet to W. T. Garratt's Brass Works, with a frontage of 57 feet on Natoma street. Everything has been provided to make it a first-class custom foundry—their motto being "promptness and neatness in the execution of all orders." Of the work on hand, we noticed some large kettles and tanks for the San Francisco Assaying and Refining Works. Retorts and a variety of other manufactured articles for two of our principal sugar refineries (the Bay and the California and the Pacific Sugar Refining Companies); a good display of different kinds of implements for the San Francisco Screw and Bolt Works of Phelps Bros., Drumm street; sundry sections of pump machinery for David Stoddart's Machine Works, as also a choice collection of cones, swedge blocks and tweer irons manufactured for the Glasgow Metal and Iron Works Company, Fremont street, together with a quantity of milling and mining machinery, for this city and the interior; the entire iron work of the new warehouse and works of the San Francisco Cordage Company; a large order for shoes and dies for Mexican mines, is being executed here, and ten Hepburn & McCurdy's improved roller pans, with the suitable settlers—of these last this foundry has the sole right of manufacture.

SAD TALE FROM SELMA.

It appears that twelve young men of that city swore off drinking on New Year's day, 1871, and agreed to deposit with one of their number, on the first day of each month, \$10 each, the total to be divided among the members of the association who on the first day of January, 1872, should prove to have been faithful to their pledge. One by one the members backslid and yielded to the liquid temptation, until only a single individual was left, who at noon on New Year's day was to receive \$1,400. The only one faithful among the faithless, proceeded to the rendezvous at the appointed hour. He waited until ten minutes after noon, and then thought he would run into the saloon next door and get a nip. He had just swallowed it when ten of the other members entered to take their noonday Angostura, and he found to his horror that his watch was twenty minutes fast, and the money was lost. The eleven therefore proceeded to the residence of the treasurer, and found that he had lost all the money playing draw poker with one of the church trustees. The sad occurrence has cast a gloom over the whole community.

MELTING MOMENTS.

ONE winter evening, a country storekeeper in the Mountain State was about closing his doors for the night, when, while standing in the snow outside, putting up his window-shutters, he saw through the glass a lounging, worthless fellow within take half a pound of fresh butter from the shelf, and hastily conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon, and a very few moments found the Green Mountain storekeeper at once indulging his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief with a facetious sort of torture, for which he might have gained a premium from the old Inquisition.

“Stay, Seth!” said the storekeeper, coming in, and closing the door after him, slapping his hands over his shoulders, and stamping the snow off his shoes.

Seth had his hand on the door, and his hat upon his head, and the roll of butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

“Seth, we’ll have a little warm Santa Cruz,” said the Green Mountain grocer, as he opened the stove door, and stuffed in as many sticks as the space would admit. “Without it, you’d freeze going home such a night as this.”

Seth felt very uncertain; he had the butter and was exceedingly anxious to be off; but the temptation of “something warm” sadly interfered with his resolution to go. This hesitation, however, was soon settled by the right owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him in a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by barrels and boxes that, while the country grocer sat before him, there was no possibility of his getting out; and right in this very place, sure enough the storekeeper sat down.

Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and he declared he must go.

“Not till you have something warm, Seth. Come I’ve got a story to tell you, Seth; sit down now.” And Seth was again pushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

“O, it’s too hot here!” said the petty thief, again attempting to rise.

“I say, Seth, sit down; I reckon now, on such a night as this, a little something warm wouldn’t hurt a fellow; come, sit down.”

“Sit down—don’t be in such a plaguy hurry,” repeated the grocer, pushing him back in his chair.

“But I’ve got the cows to fodder, and some wood to split, and I must be a goin’,” continued the persecuted chap.

“But you mustn’t tear yourself away, Seth, in this manner. Sit down; let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cool; you appear to be fidgety,” said the grocer, with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot rum toddy, the very sight of which in Seth’s present situation would have made the hair stand erect upon his head, had it not been oiled and kept down by the butter.

“Seth, I’ll give you a toast now, and you can *butter* it yourself,” said

the grocer, yet with an air of such consummate simplicity, that poor Seth still believed himself unsuspected. "Seth, here's—here's a Christmas goose, well roasted and basted, eh? I tell you Seth, it's the greatest eating in creation. And, Seth, don't you use hog's fat or common cooking butter to baste a goose with. Come, take your butter—I mean, Seth, take your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to *smoke* as well as to *melt*, and his mouth was as hermetically sealed up as though he had been born dumb. Streak after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the greasy overflow. Talking away as if nothing was the matter, the grocer kept stuffing the wood in the stove, while poor Seth sat bolt upright with his back against the counter, and his knees almost touching the red-hot furnace before him.

"Very cold night this," said the grocer. "Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as if you were warm! Why don't you take your hat off? Here, let me put your hat away."

"No!" exclaimed poor Seth at last, with a spasmodic effort to get his tongue loose, and clapping both hands upon his hat—"no!—I must go—let me out—I ain't well—let me go!" A greasy cataract was now pouring down the poor fellow's face and neck, and soaking into his clothes, and trickling down his body into his very boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil.

"Well, good-night, Seth," said the humorous Vermonter, "if you *will* go;" adding, as Seth got into the road, "Neighbor, I reckon the fun I've had out of you is worth sixpence; so I sha'n't charge you for that half-pound of butter."

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A DICKENS OF A ROMANCE.

An ingenious romance reader has connected the following Dickensy item: "Oliver Twist" had some "Hard Times" in the "Battle of Life," and having been saved from the "Wreck of the Golden Mary" by "Our Mutual Friend," "Nicholas Nickleby," has just finished reading "A Tale of Two Cities" to "Martin Chuzzlewit," during which time "Cricket on the Hearth" had been chirping right merrily, while "The Chimes" from the adjacent church were heard, when "Seven Poor Travelers" commenced to sing a "Christmas Carol." "Barnaby Rudge" then arrived from the "Old Curiosity Shop" with some "Pictures from Italy" and "Sketches by Boz," to show "Little Dorrit" who was busy with the "Pickwick Papers;" when "David Copperfield," who had been taking "American Notes," entered and informed the company that the "Great Expectations" of "Dombey & Son," regarding "Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy," has not been realized, and that he had seen "Boots at the Holly Tree Inn" taking "Somebody's Luggage" to "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings," in a street that has "No Thoroughfare," opposite "Bleak House," where the "Haunted Man," who had just given one of "Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions" to an "Uncommercial Traveler," was brooding over "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

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The worth of a thing may be best known by the want of it.

IRON FOUNDRIES.

Aetna Iron Works, Hanscom & Co., Proprietors, southeast corner of Fremont and Tehama streets.—This establishment, though only established some six years, has, by the indomitable energy, skill and management of its proprietors, taken rank among the first in the country. Their business extends from Alaska to Central America, and includes all the Pacific Coast Territory between.

They have established a good reputation for marine engine work as well as for stationary, and for all kinds of mill work this firm is unexcelled. They make as specialties,—Tyler's improved water wheel, Dunbar's steam piston packing, Hanscom's improved steam pump, a Pacific Coast invention, and of great capacity and simplicity; Hanscom's quartz crusher, Varney's amalgamating pans, White's improved rotary roasting furnaces, Pendergast's superior white iron stamp and pan shoes and dies; Nye & Pattee's patent steam vacuum pump,—and are prepared to make all other kinds of machinery in the best manner, giving their personal attention to the various departments of their establishment, which secures better results than when superintendence is under employees. Some of the finest iron fronts for building in San Francisco and other places have been manufactured by this firm, and they have the best assortment of house work patterns of any foundry on the Pacific Coast.

They make a specialty of propeller wheels for steamers, having made more than any other firm in California, and have special advantages over other shops for this particular kind of work.

Those parties who have had to purchase much toothed gearing know the difficulty of getting their patterns properly made; by giving their orders to Hanscom & Co., they will be guaranteed satisfaction.

A BEAUTIFUL CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT.

The following beautiful chemical experiment may easily be performed by a lady, to the great astonishment of a circle at her tea party: Take two or three leaves of red cabbage, cut them into small bits, put them into a basin, and pour a pint of boiling water on them; let it stand an hour, then pour off the liquor into a decanter. It will be of a fine blue color. Then take four wine glasses; into one put six drops of strong vinegar, another six drops of solution of soda, into a third the same quantity of a strong solution of alum, and let the fourth glass remain empty. The glasses may be prepared some time before, and the few drops of colorless liquids which have been placed in them will not be noticed. Fill up the glasses from the decanter, and the liquid poured into the glass containing the acid will quickly become a beautiful red, that in the glass containing the soda will be a fine green, that poured in the empty one will remain unchanged. By adding a little vinegar to the green it will immediately change to a red, and adding a little solution of soda to the red it will assume a fine green, thus showing the actions of acids and alkalies on vegetable blues.

Gold is good, but it may be dear bought.

HARDWARE AND AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE.**MARCUS C. HAWLEY & CO.**

108 and 110 *Front street* and 12 and 14 *Pine street*.—The very name of Hawley suggests hardware on the Pacific Coast. Ever since the city has been in existence these gentleman have occupied a prominent position in its business circles. They are perhaps more widely known, especially by old residents of the State, than any other hardware house on the coast. Other firms have arisen and flourished extensively and decayed (some of them are even putting forth a second growth), while Marcus C. Hawley & Co., have gone steadily on from year to year keeping up with the times, and are to-day doing a more successful and rapidly increasing business than ever before.

Their thorough knowledge of the business acquired by long experience enables them to meet the requirements of the trade on this coast in a more satisfactory manner, both as to price and quality, than any other firm in their own line possibly can do, however hard and honestly they may try. Marcus C. Hawley & Co., have always shown a determination to have the leading articles in their line. This is more noticeable to the ordinary observer in their agricultural goods. Take for example their mowers and reapers. Is there in use anything quite up to the "Buckeye?" Is there any mower sold that can be recommended for all kinds of work as its equal? Every hardware dealer on this coast and every unprejudiced farmer, if they would speak their honest convictions, would have to admit that there is not.

One will claim a superior knife and guard; another, superiority of gearing; another, a better lifting device; another, lightness, and so on, but when you come right down to actual hard work the "Buckeye" always comes out triumphant. It not only cuts the lodged and trampled grass or grain, but it does so without being pulled to pieces while doing it. A glance suffices to show that its strength and durability is greater than any other known, and this strong and solid appearance has caused unscrupulous agents of rival machines to allege that it runs heavy, ignoring the fact that it is its very rigidity that makes its machinery run without binding or getting out of line, and consequently lighter than any fragile machine possibly can be. The weight of a machine adds nothing to speak of to its draft while it does add materially to its strength and durability. The "Buckeye" is a mower, also a reaper with a dropper or raking attachment, or can be used with a hand rake.

They sell the Haines latest improved headers, and it has at last come to be acknowledged that they are about the only ones worth purchasing. The celebrated Sweepstakes Threshers are also sold by them—undoubtedly the most rapid and durable machines of this class in use. To accompany them they sell the Carey or Climax horsepowers, either mounted or down. They also sell hay cutters, feed mills, portable saw mills, root cutters, corn shellers, road scrapers, wheelbarrows, grindstones, hay presses, cider presses, grain drills, hay rakes and a full line of shelf hardware.

Their brother, Edward Hawley, established the house of Hawley, Dodd & Co., Portland, Oregon, which firm does the most extensive hardware and agricultural business in that State.

TWO LITTLE ROGUES.

BY MRS. A. M. DIAZ.

Says Sammy to Dick,
 "Come hurry! Come quick!
 And we'll do, and we'll do, and we'll do!
 Our mammy's away,
 She's gone for to stay,
 And we'll make a great hullabaloo!
 Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo!
 We'll make a great hullabaloo."

Says Dickey to Sam,
 "All weddy I am,
 To do, and to do, and to do,
 But how doesth it go?
 I so ittle to know.
 Thay, what be a hullabawoo?"
 Ri too! ri loo! woo! woo! woo!
 Thay, what be a hullabawoo?"

"O, slammings and bangings,
 And whingings and whangings;
 And very bad mischief we'll do!
 We'll clatter and shout,
 And knock things about,
 And that's what's a hullabaloo!
 Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo!
 And that's what's a hullabaloo!"

Slide down the front stairs,
 Tip over the chairs!
 Now into the pantry break through!
 Pull down all the tinware,
 And pretty things in there,
 All aboard for a hullabaloo!
 Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo!
 All aboard for a hullabaloo!"

Now roll up the table,
 Far up as you're able,
 Chairs, sofa, big easy-chair, too!
 Put the lamps and the vases
 In funny old places.
 How's this for a hullabaloo?
 Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo!
 How's this for a hullabaloo?"

Let the dishes and pans
 Be the womans and mans;
 Everybody keep still in their pew!
 Mammy's gown I'll get next,
 And preach you a text.
 Dick! hush with your hullabaloo!
 Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo!
 Dickey! hush with your hullabaloo!"

As the preacher in gown
 Climbed up and looked down,
 His queer congregation to view,
 Said Dickey to Sammy,
 "O, dere comes our mammy!
 She'll pank for dis hullabawoo!
 Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo!
 She'll pank for dis hullabawoo!

"O, mammy! O, mammy!"
 Cried Dickey and Sammy,
 "We'll never again, certain true!"
 But with firm step she trod
 To take down the rod—
 O, then came a hullabaloo!
 "Bohoo! bohoo! woo! woo! woo!
 O, then came a hullabaloo!

CUNDURANGO.

The Great Cancer Remedy, G. W. Chesley & Co., Agents, 51 Front street, Sacramento.—This plant is a recent discovery, indigenous to South America, and is creating considerable excitement in the medical profession.

Dr. D. W. Bliss, of Washington, in whose hands a quantity of Cundurango plant was placed for trial, has issued a circular in which he details his experience with the remedy. He says that in the case of Mrs. Matthews, Vice-President Colfax's mother, who was afflicted with cancer on the breast, far advanced in its course, with secondary cancerous deposits, the constitutional and local symptoms as well as the typical symptoms of blood-poisoning yielded and finally disappeared under a treatment of twenty-six days. Dr. Bliss considers the Cundurango as reliable a specific in cancer, scrofula, and other blood diseases, as cinchona and its alkaloids have proved to be in zymotic diseases. This positive testimony will be hailed with delight by the thousands who are suffering with diseases of the blood—cancer, scrofula and syphilitic diseases in all their forms, or from the subtle effects of malaria, chills and fever, biliousness, etc. With great care and expense the undersigned, with the aid of the best medical experience, have prepared a bitter containing Cundurango and other medicinal roots and herbs, which from frequent trial and experience bids a bold defiance to many of the ills that flesh is heir to, and proclaims itself the friend of mankind. S. B. STODDARD & SON, AGENTS, 405 FRONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO. All orders addressed, G. W. Chesley & Co., Wholesale Grocers, Sacramento.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALERS.

Cheney, Souther & Co., 215 and 217 California street.—This house, though comparatively new, is one of the most promising in the city, and one whose success has been flattering, indeed, while contending with the older houses in the liquor business, whose reputation was already established. Cheney, Souther & Co. started their house in 1869, in a quiet, unassuming manner, on Clay street, having made their Eastern connections with the Cedar Run Creek Distillery of the Messrs. Saffell, at Frankfort; (by the way, one of the oldest, as also one in the best of repute in the State of Kentucky); and by careful management and strict attention to their business, have already attained an enviable position among the trade, whose confidence they possess in a large degree, and which promises much for their future success. Already have they found the old premises too contracted for their increasing trade and importations, and we now find them occupying the spacious and elegant stores, Nos. 215 and 217 California street, immediately among the heaviest merchants of our city.

Probably no store in their line of business is so well finished throughout as this they now occupy; the walls being all hard finished, and very neatly ceiled above on both floors, while the stairway is wide and easy of access to the upper floor. The store is some one hundred feet in length by thirty wide, nearly twenty-five of the end being cut off for their spacious counting-room, which is lighted by three circular skylights of ground glass, giving a very pretty effect to the general *tout ensemble* of black walnut appointments within. The upper floor is used for the bottling of their various brands of family liquors, put up specially for the drug trade, this being with them a specialty—the large and increasing demands in this branch of the business is indication of their popularity with the Apothecaries. The immense cellar, reaching far out into the street, is used for the storage of wines that are being in process of fining, and for surplus stock of the store.

Their brand of "CEDAR RUN" BOURBON WHISKY, has a very extensive sale, and is already an established favorite with the people of this coast.

They have secured the exclusive agency of DOCTOR ABERNETHY'S GINGER BRANDY, an excellent stomachic, possessing all the virtues of the Extract in a much more palatable form. In fact it is a very inviting cordial, acting as a gentle stimulus for the exhausted system, by whatever cause produced, and is especially acceptable to the ladies.

All of the popular foreign and domestic brands of wines, cordials and bitters can be found here, as also the more palatable, sparkling champagne wines to suit the most fastidious. This house has the sole agency of the well-known brand, "PAUL RUINART & KURZ" champagne, direct from Reims, France, which connoisseurs pronounce delicious, and equal to anything the market affords. We confidently commend this house to the public as every way worthy their confidence, and one which will not disappoint any reasonable expectations.

Nothing is so reasonable and cheap as good manners.

All difficulties are overcome by assiduity and diligence.

POSTAGE RATES IN UNITED STATES.

LETTERS—*The standard single rate weight is $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. avoirdupois.*

Single rate letter, throughout the United States	3 cents
For each additional $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. or fraction	3 "
Drop-letters, for local delivery, single rate	2 "
" where there is no local delivery, single rate	1 "

These postages must be prepaid by stamps. Letters are to be forwarded without additional charge, if the person to whom they are addressed has changed his residence, and has left proper directions to such effect. Letters uncalled for will be returned to the sender, if a request to that effect be written upon the envelope. Properly certified letters of soldiers and sailors will be forwarded without prepayment. No extra charge is made for the service of carriers taking letters to or from post offices.

NEWSPAPERS—*The standard single rate is 4 oz. avoirdupois.*

Daily, (seven times a week)	35 cents per quarter
" (six times a week)	30 "
Tri-weekly	15 "
Semi-weekly	10 "
Weekly	5 "

These rates must be prepaid quarterly or yearly; for full security they should be paid at the office where the paper is received. One copy of a weekly newspaper may be sent free by the publisher to each subscriber who resides in the county where the paper is published.

PERIODICALS—*The standard single rate is 4 oz. avoirdupois.*

Semi-monthly	6 cents per quarter
Monthly	3 "
Quarterly	1 "

TRANSIENT PRINTED MATTER—

Books, for each single rate of 4 oz. avoirdupois...	4 cents
Circulars, not exceeding three in one envelope constituting a single rate	2 cents

MISCELLANEOUS MAILABLE MATTER, (embracing all pamphlets, occasional publications, transient newspaper, book manuscripts and proof sheets, whether corrected or not, maps, prints, engravings, sheet music, blanks, flexible patterns, samples and sample cards, photographic paper, letter envelopes, postal envelopes or wrappers, cards, paper, plain or ornamental, photographic representations of different types, seeds, cuttings, bulbs, roots and scions) on one package to one address, for each single rate of 4 oz. avoirdupois

2 cents

[By a decision of the Post Office Department, manuscripts and proofs passing between authors and editors of magazines and newspapers are not regarded as passing "between authors and publishers," and must pay *letter postage.*] Prepayment by stamps is required for all postage on transient printed matter. *The maximum weight of any package of printed or miscellaneous matter is 4 lbs. avoirdupois.*

REGISTRATION—Letters may be registered on payment of a fee of fifteen cents, but the Government takes no responsibility for safe carriage or compensation in case of loss.

MONEY ORDERS.

All principal post offices now receive small sums of money and issue drafts for the same upon other post offices, subject to the following charges and regulations :

- On orders not exceeding \$20, 10 cents.
- Over \$20 and not exceeding \$30, 15 cents.
- Over \$30 and not exceeding \$40, 20 cents.
- Over \$40 and not exceeding \$50, 25 cents.

INTERNATIONAL MONEY ORDERS ON GREAT BRITAIN AND SWITZERLAND may be obtained upon the payment of the following fees, viz :

GREAT BRITAIN.

- On orders not exceeding \$10, 25 cents.
- Over \$10 and not exceeding \$20, 50 cents.
- Over \$20 and not exceeding \$30, 75 cents.
- Over \$30 and not exceeding \$40, \$1.00.
- Over \$40 and not exceeding \$50, \$1.25.

SWITZERLAND.

Rates of Commission—in United States Currency—charged for issuing International money orders, to be transmitted by the Postmaster at New York to Switzerland.

- On orders not exceeding \$20, 10 cents.
- Over \$20 and not exceeding \$30, 15 cents.
- Over \$30 and not exceeding \$40, 20 cents.
- Over \$40 and not exceeding \$50, 25 cents.

Rates of Charge for Exchange—To be deducted by the Postmaster at New York, from the value in U. S. Gold, of International Order on Switzerland.

- On orders not exceeding \$20, 20 cents (gold).
- Over \$20 and not exceeding \$30, 30 cents (gold.)
- Over \$30 and not exceeding \$40, 40 cents “
- Over \$40 and not exceeding \$50, 50 cents “

No fractions of cents to be introduced in an Order. United States Treasury Notes or National Bank Notes only, received or paid.

The Order is only payable at the office upon which it is drawn. The Order should be collected within one year from its date. After once paying an Order, by *whomsoever presented*, the Department will be liable to no further claim.

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BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS.

H. A. Deming, Agent, 113 Kearny street, between Sutter and Post.—Do all the ladies know that with the aid of these patterns they can cut and make any garment to fit perfectly? If they do not, they are placed at a disadvantage. It is just as easy to dress themselves and children fashionably and elegantly as otherwise, by securing these patterns at a trifling expense. They are of the latest and most elegant styles. Indeed this house establishes the fashions to a large extent, issuing, as they do, a splendid fashion magazine, and sending their patterns all over the country by the million.

TEMBLOR MUY TERRIBLE.

(THE EARTHQUAKE.)

There's warning in the sky !
Aerial fires through heaven roll,
And red Auroras fleck the pole;
Cometic trains illume the sky,
And blazing meteors flash on high;
Strange lights through constellations run,
And black eclipses blot the sun;
While sheeted lightning sears the land,
And terrors rise on ev'ry hand;
There's warning in the sky !

There's danger in the deep !
The good ship ready for the main,
Hangs helpless at her rusty chain;
The sailor prays for fav'ring gales,
But not a breath will stir the sails;
The dolphin flaunts not through the spray;
The shark has ceased to hunt his prey;
The albatross soars high in air;
There's dread—there's warning ev'rywhere;
There's danger in the deep !

There's terror in the wind !
Typhoons in awful fury rave,
And whirlwinds lash the troubled wave;
Siroccos blast the torrid plain,
While temp'rate zones are drowned in rain;
The dread volcanoes blaze on high,
And pois'nous vapors fill the sky;
While pestilential plagues prevail,
Portending death in ev'ry gale;
There's terror in the wind !

There's trouble in the land !
Portentous hangs the pulseless air;
The wolf forsakes his hidden lair;
The sky is clad in dusky dun,
And strangely glares the yellow sun;
The vane moves not above the spire;
The ocean glows like liquid fire;
The gull has left the sultry shore;
The hound pants helpless at the door;
There's trouble in the land !

There's trembling in the town !
And hark ! what means that awful sound,
Like triple thunder in the ground ?

What wakes that rattling, deaf'ning roar ?
 Why leaps the ocean on the shore;
 The solid hills are toppling down !
 A nameless fear pervades the town;
 While shrieks and wailings of despair
 Are borne upon the stifling air;
 There's trembling in the town !

There's weeping o'er the scene !
 On yester-eve the city, gay,
 Had closed a pleasing holiday;
 Last night the thoughtless, happy throng
 Enjoyed the wine and merry song;
 To-day the sable emblems wave
 O'er many a mangled victim's grave,
 While ruthless Ruin lifts her wand
 Above the God-forsaken land !

There's weeping o'er the scene !

W. Frank Stewart.

SKITTER'S TRAP.

JOHN HENRY JONES had arrived at that age when, in the natural course of human events, young men are subject to attacks of puppy-love —when moonshine is the thing most congenial to their yearning souls, when freckled girls' kisses are their "Balm in Gilead," and when it is dollars to cents that they will manage to make consummate jackasses of themselves. That was what ailed John Henry.

Henrietta Jane Skitters was an incipient woman, and had scarcely dropped her infantile lisp and the length of her chin-curtains. She was of that plentiful female sort, you understand, who run to sentiment and spit-curls, and who had a blame sight sooner have young men's heads on their hearts than common sense ideas in them. She was a nice girl, you know, only she had ruined her appetite for beefsteak by devouring too many dime novels. That was what ailed Henrietta Jane.

Rudolph Beethoven Skitters was a cynical, cross-grained, bald-headed second fiddler in an Orchestra, and was old enough to know better. He had thought the matter carefully over, you observe, and had concluded that all men are liars, swindlers, knaves, thieves, politicians, or some other species of infernal rascals. Therefore, he hated mankind with a double concentrated intensity, only approached by his innate love for gin. That was what ailed Rudolph Beethoven.

John Henry and Henrietta Jane met. He closed his right eye and winked with the one that was left. She closed her left eye and winked with the one that was right. From that moment, you comprehend, the ethereal essence evolved by the comingling of ecstatic—well, you know as well as I do the effect of puppy-love upon the human race. They burst the arms of the old man's rocking chair by sitting in it double, and slobbered over each other daily from seven to twelve o'clock P. M. He hugged her until her dress was threadbare under the arms, and she clawed around his

collar until all the button holes were stretched out. The cat and canary bird, unwilling spectators of these scenes, had died in unspeakable agony, and things were generally getting thick, when the old man dropped on the situation. Rudolph Beethoven Skitters didn't rant much. He only remarked that he didn't know as he wanted to waste a healthy young man, but that, if a certain nameless youth ever dared to cross his drawbridge again, a coroner, a sexton, an undertaker and a minister would be entitled to their customary fees. Then he gave John Henry a piece of bread and butter, and told him to run right home to his doting mother. As for Henrietta Jane, she never sat down with any comfort for two weeks, during which time the recollection of a six-horse power spanking was vividly impressed upon her memory.

But John Henry, you notice, was no slouch of a lover. He meandered right back to the Skitters mansion and kissed Henrietta Jane until she thought she was in heaven, between two clouds, with angels flopping their wings and tossing peppermint drops into her mouth. She got spanked, and he got kicked out at twelve o'clock every night as regularly as the sun rose ; but somehow they got hardened to it, and didn't seem to mind it any worth mentioning.

At length the cynical old cuss, who could'nt bear to see the children have any fun playing at make-fools-of-themselves, swoved that he would break up the game or burst. So he hired a misguided mechanic to build an infernal machine, all for to spoil John Henry. It had a steel strap to it, that clashed together like the jaws of death, and a two-foot mortar that held eleven pounds of powder and a peck of old nails. He carried it home on the sly, you see, and made the front gate a sort of trigger to it. One blame dark night he fixed the thing all up, and left it ready, you observe, to macerate John Henry the moment he touched the gate. Then the old villain wandered off to Hebinger's and absorbed gin until twelve o'clock. In the meantime, John Henry, for the first time in three months, failed to call on Henrietta Jane.

"I know it's pretty rough to kill a fellow," soliloquized old Skitters, as he neared his home, "but he's brought it on himself. I wonder if they'll hang me for it? I'll swear that I fixed it up for burglars, anyhow, and I guess it'll be all right. Wonder if there's much excitement about it? There don't seem to be any light in the house. Wonder what they've done with his mangled remains? Ha, ha, ha! it's mighty funny though, come to think of it. How surprised he must have—"

Just at this point old Skitters put his hand on the gate.

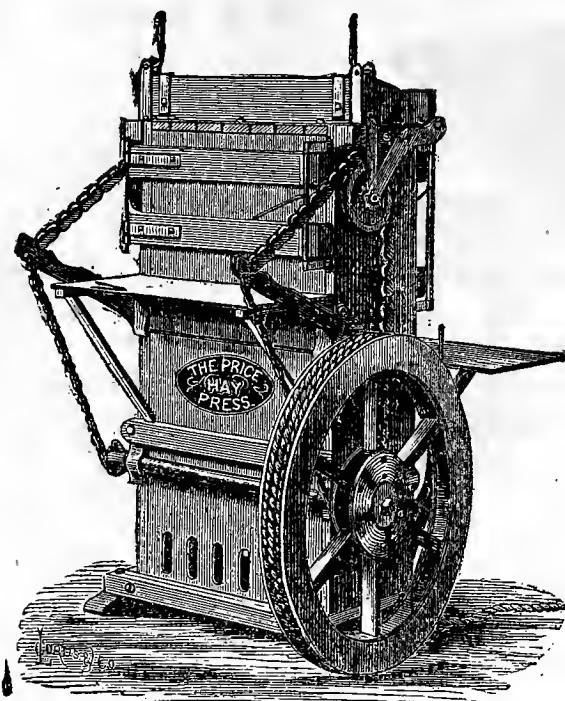
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John Henry and Henrietta Jane have been married two years now. An inmate of their household is a banged up old man, who navigates by crutch power, and who is constantly picking bits of old nails out of himself. The hair has all been singed off his head, and he keeps one of his arms in a glass jar, preserved in alcohol. He says it is rheumatism that ails him.

TITUS A. BRICK.

—♦♦♦—

You cannot sell the cow and sup the milk.



HAY PRESSES.

Price Press Company, I. J. Truman, 17 Front street, San Francisco, and C. H. Hubbard, 9 J street, Sacramento, Agents.

The above cut is a representation of one of the most remarkable and successful inventions of the Pacific coast. It is sometimes called the Petaluma Press, on account of its having been invented in that place some ten years since. There are nearly three hundred of them in use in California, and it is safe to say that they bale at least three quarters of the hay on the coast. One of them baled TWENTY-SIX TONS FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR POUNDS IN ONE DAY, near Mountain View, Santa Clara county, California, in 1872, and several parties in the neighborhood of San Francisco Bay averaged over one hundred tons per week, for weeks together.

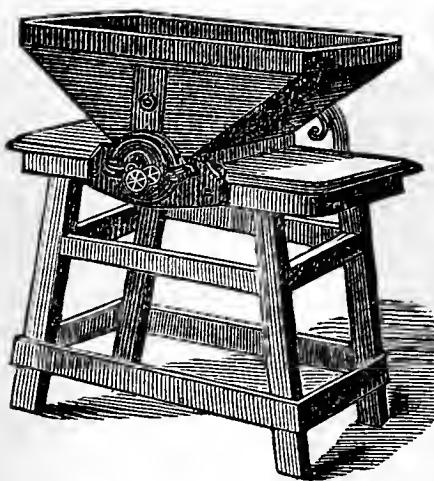
They frequently bale twenty tons and upward per day, with four men.

To persons familiar with the capacity of other presses, who know that an average day's work with them is not more than ten tons, these statements must appear incredible, and we should hesitate to make them if the presses had not performed as stated, year after year, in almost every valley in California. It is no exaggeration to say that the invention of this press has reduced the price of baling, where used, at least one half, in the past six years.

These presses bale twice as fast as any other, and no man who expects to bale hay as a business can afford to buy any other, because with them he can barely pay expenses; while baling hay with the Price Press has for years invariably been a sure and rapid way to make money.

There are four sizes of them manufactured, ranging in height from seven feet to eight feet eight inches, and in price from three to five hundred dollars. The bales range in weight, from two hundred to four hundred pounds.

THE CHALLENGE FEED MILL.



M. S. Bowdish, with Hawley & Co., corner California and Battery streets, General Agent for California and Oregon.—This highly successful invention is coming into very general use for custom work, and by farmers, for grinding all kinds of grain into feed. It operates on a new principle, and was patented by Nelson Burr, of Batavia, Illinois, in 1860. Its novelty consists of a narrow and small grinding surface, the largest size used being only seven inches in diameter, made of white iron, and, being adjustable, they can be replaced at a trifling cost when dulled or worn out, making the mill practical for farmers, dairymen, lumbermen, warehousemen, distillers and all who grind feed. They can be used with any kind of power—wind, water, horse or steam, from one to eight horse, grinding from two hundred and fifty pounds to one ton per hour.

Cost of mills, \$75 to \$100. Horse powers furnished to order from \$75 to \$150, suitable for running the mills, pumping, sawing, churning, etc., etc. Also agent for the Excelsior and Golden State Wind Mills, manufactured by Atwood & Bodwell.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Responsible agents solicited.

—••—
A good name will shine forever.
—••—

WOODEN WARE.

E. K. Howes & Co., 118, 120 and 122 Front street.—This firm manufactures every description of wooden ware, and of all styles and varieties—including pails, tubs, kegs of all descriptions, washboards, box and dash churns, refrigerators, ice chests, butter workers, sieves, kits, barrel covers, etc., etc., from material grown in this State, and on this coast. The woods used for same, consist of sugar pine, cedar, ash, maple and redwood, of which they consume in the course of a year, over 1,000 cords. They give employment to some forty men, having the only complete factory for the manufacture of wooden ware on this coast, situated at the corner of Main and Mission streets, occupying a full fifty-vara lot, their power being furnished by an engine of 100 horse-power. This manufactory has been the means of stopping the importation of Eastern ware of every description thus adding largely to "Home Interests," and benefiting all who use such goods, by having a really fine and useful article in place of the ordinary Eastern ware. This firm also manufacture all the Syrup Kegs used by the S. F. and Pacific Sugar Refinery, to the amount of 5,000 per month; thus again benefiting and giving employment to more than one hundred men in the different branches connected in their completion. The ware is for sale at their place of business, at low figures, and in any quantity.

THE WIDOW BEDOTT'S POETRY.

BY FRANCES M. WHITCHER.

YES,—he was one o' the best men that ever trod shoe-leather, husband was, though Miss Jinkins says (she 'twas Poll Bingham), *she* says, I never found it out till after he died, but that's the consarndest lie that ever was told, though it's jest a piece with everything else she says about me. I guess if everybody could see the poitry I writ to his memory, nobody wouldn't think I didnt set store by him. Want to hear it? Well, I'll see if I can say it; it ginerally affects me wonderfully, seems to harrer up my feelin's; but I'll try. Dident know I ever writ poitry? How you talk! used to make lots on't; hain't so much late years. I remember once when Parson Potter had a bee, I sent him an amazin' great cheese, and writ a piece o' poitry, and pasted on top on't. It says:—

Teach him for to proclaim
 Salvation to the folks ;
No occasion give for any blame,
 Nor wicked people's jokes.

And so it goes on, but guess I won't stop to say the rest on now, seein there's seven and forty verses.

Parson Potter and his wife was wonderfully pleased with it; used to sing it to the tune o' Haddem. But I was gwine to tell the one I made in relation to husband; it begins as follers:

He never jawed in all his life,
 He never was unkind,—
And (tho' I say it that was his wife)
 Such men you seldom find.

(That's as true as the Scripturs; I never knowed him to say a harsh word.)

I never changed my single lot,—
 I thought 'twould be a sin—

(Though widder Jinkins says it's because I never had a chance.) Now 't ain't for me to say whether I ever had a numerous number o' chances or not, but there's them livin' that *might* tell if they wos a mind to; why, this poitry was writ on account of being joked about Major Coon, three year after husband died. I guess the ginerality o' folks knows what was the nature o' Major Coon's feelin's towards me, tho' his wife and Miss Jinkins *does* say I tried to ketch him. The fact is, Miss Coon feels wonderfully cut up 'cause she knows the Major took her "Jack at a pinch,"—seein' he couldent get such as he wanted, he took such as he could get,—but I goes on to say—

I never changed my single lot,
 I thought 'twould be a sin,—
For I thought so much o' Deacon Bedott,
 I never got married agin.

If ever a hasty word he spoke,
 His anger dident last,
 But vanished like tobacker smoke
 Afore the wintry blast.

And since it was my lot to be
 The wife of such a man,
 Tell the men that's after me
 To ketch me if they can.

If I was sick a single jot,
 He called the doctor in—

That's a fact—he used to be scairt to death if anything ailed me. Now only jest think—widder Jinkins told Sam Pendergrasses wife (she 'twas Sally Smith) that she guessed the deacon dident set no great store by me, or he woudlent a went off to confrence meetin' when I was down with the fever. The truth is, they couldent git along without him no way. Parson Potter seldom went to confrence meetin', and when he wa'n't there, who was ther, pray tell, that knowed enough to take the lead if husband dident do it ? Deacon Kenipe hadent no gift, and Deacon Crosby hadent no inclination, and so it all come on Deacon Bedott,—and he was always ready and willin' to do his duty, you know; as long as he was able to stand on his legs he continued to go to confrence meetin'; why, I've knowed that man to go when he couldent scarcely crawl on account o' the pain in the spine of his back. He had a wonderful gift, and he wa'n't a man to keep his talents hid up in a napkin,—so you see 'twas from a sense o' duty he went when I was sick, whatever Miss Jinkins may say to the contrary. But where was I ? Oh !—

If I was sick a single jot,
 He called the doctor in—
 I sot so much by Deacon Bedott,
 I never got married agin.

A wonderful tender heart he had,
 That felt for all mankind,—
 It made him feel amazin' bad
 To see the world so blind.

Whiskey and rum he tasted not—

That's as true as the Scripturs,—but if you'll believe it, Betsy Ann Kenipe told my Melissy that Miss Jinkins said one day to their house, how 't she'd seen Deacon Bedott high, time and agin ! did you ever ! Well, I'm glad nobody don't pretend to mind anything *she* says. I've knowed Poll Bingham from a gal, and she never knowed how to speak the truth—besides she always had a pertikkeler spite against husband and me, and between us tew I'll tell you why if you won't mention it, for I make it a pint never to say nothin' to injure nobody. Well, she was a ravin'-distracted after my husband herself, but it's a long story. I'll tell you about it some other time, and then you'll know why widder Jinkins is etarnally runnin' me down. See,—where had I got to ? O, I remember now,—

Whiskey and rum he tasted not,—
 He thought it was a sin,—
 I thought so much o' Deacon Bedott
 I never got married agin.

But now he's dead ! the thought is killin',
 My grief I can't control—
 He never left a single shillin'
 His widder to console.

But that wa' n't his fault—he was so out o' health for a number o' year afore he died, it ain't to be wondered at he didnt lay up nothin'—however, it didnt give him no great oneasiness,—he never cared much for airthly riches, though Miss Pendergrass says she heard Miss Jinkins say Deacon Bedott was as tight as the skin on his back,—begrudging folks their vittals when they came to his house ! did you ever ! why, he was the hull-soudest man I ever see in all my born days. If I'd such a husband as Bill Jinkins was, I'd hold my tongue about my neighbors' husbands. He was a dretful mean man, used to get drunk every day of his life, and he had an awful high temper,—used to swear like all possest when he got mad,—and I've heard my husband say, (and he wa' n't a man that ever said anything that wa' n't true),—I've heard *him* say Bill Jinkins would cheat his own father out of his eye teeth if he had a chance. Where was I ? Oh ! “His widder to console,”—ther ain't but one more verse, 't ain't a very lengthy poim. When Parson Potter read it, he says to me, says he,—“ What did you stop so soon for ?”—but Miss Jinkins told the Crosbys *she* thought I'd better a' stopt afore I'd begun,—she's a purty critter to talk so, I must say. I'd like to see some poityr o' hern,—I guess it would be astonishin' stuff ; and mor'n all that, she said there wa'n't a word o' truth in the hull on't,—said I never cared two cents for the deacon. What an everlastin' lie !! Why, when he died, I took it so hard I went deranged, and took on so for a spell, they was afraid they should have to send me to a Lunattic Arsenal. But that's a painful subject, I won't dwell on't. I conclude as follers :—

I'll never change my single lot,—
 I think 't would be a sin,—
 The inconsolable widder o' Deacon Bedott
 Don't intend to get married agin.

Excuse my cryin'—my feelin's always overcomes me so when I say that poityr—O-o-o-o-o-o !

Nothing difficult to a willing mind.

Every man is architect of his own fortune.

Wilful waste makes woeful want.

False friends are worse than open enemies.

According to reason each thing has its season.

He who gives seasonably gives twice as much.

A man that hath no virtue in himself envieth virtue in others.

Long tarrying takes all the thanks away.

Mischief oftens returns upon the authors of it.

OCULISTS.

Drs. Morgan & Wilson, 526 *Kearny street*.—We called at the Eye Infirmary of Drs. Morgan & Wilson some days since, and had a very pleasant interview with a few of their many patients, they being so busily engaged attending to their professional duties we were afforded but a short opportunity to talk to them. We found their rooms filled with all ages and both sexes, with every grade of the diseases of the eye, from the simplest form of inflammation, to the most complicated, even to the organic destruction of the eye itself.

In contemplating the suffering and variety of the diseases there presented, we were sad, and could not help the involuntary exclamation—Oh, that the science of medicine knew some “Balm in Gilead” to alleviate these sufferers, and restore their lost sight, the greatest loss that can befall a human being.

While we were thus meditating, we were presented to a good-looking lady, about twenty-five years of age, whom we supposed accompanied some of the patients to the Infirmary, as we could observe no evidence of disease of the eyes, but, to our great surprise, we gleaned the following history of her case from her own lips, and for the information of the reader we will relate it just as it occurred :

Ques.—“What is your name, Madam?”

Ans.—“Mrs. Jane Albert, of Brownsville, Yuba County, California.”

Ques.—“Were you ever suffering from diseased eyes?”

Ans.—“Yes sir; nearly all my life—being attacked in my infancy.”

Ques.—“Have you subjected yourself to oculists for treatment?”

Ans.—“I have to eminent oculists East, and have also tried many on this coast; getting worse, month after month and year after year, until I was totally blind, and continued so for eleven months, at which time I was recommended to call on Dr. Morgan, having heard of his great success with Leonard P. Eder, of Marysville, and J. E. Haskell, then of Sacramento, now of this city. I was led into his office, which was then on Kearny street, opposite the present location, ENTIRELY BLIND.”

Ques.—“What did Dr. Morgan say to you on examination of your eyes and learning their history?”

Ans.—“That they could be easily cured.”

Ques.—“Was not your faith somewhat shaken in medical science after your eventful experience and sad disappointment after so many years treatment?”

Ans.—“Yes sir; I confess it was but at the earnest solicitation of my husband and many kind friends I consented to undergo what I supposed to be another six months of torture.”

Ques.—“What was the result? please state the facts in as few words as possible.”

Ans.—“On the 9th day of May, 1867, I was led into the Eye Infirmary (as I before stated), blind. He immediately commenced treatment and in nine weeks I was discharged cured, and returned to my home, and then, for the first time, beheld my own child, who was eighteen months old. You can only imagine my joy, for I cannot command words to relate

it. This was five years since, and my eyes have been as perfect ever since, as you now see them, and I never come to San Francisco without calling on Dr. Morgan to thank and bless him for the great good he has done me—and that is my mission here now—and I am glad I met you, for I take great pleasure in relating this incident, and declaring it the most delightful occurrence of my life."

No one can hear the plain and unvarnished statements of Mrs. Albert, without being impressed with their truthfulness. We had the pleasure of conversing with quite a number of other patients, and witnessed the progress of treatment in its varied forms and conditions, but as it would, in the main, be a repetition of the above, our space will not permit their productions.

The following are a few of the many statements of well-known persons :

"I will speak of Mr. Jeremiah Lynch, of Clear Lake, and Mr. Henry Thompson, of Placerville—cases that came under my observation while under Dr. Morgan's treatment. Thompson had been suffering for over a year with granulated lids of both eyes, and had treated with other oculists for several months, and when he went to Dr. Morgan was entirely blind. But in eight weeks afterwards he could see to lead a blind man about the city, and in fifteen weeks he went home with eyesight sufficient to do ordinary work, and a good prospect of an entire restoration of sight.

Mr. Lynch had a *cataract* in his left eye, from which he had been blind of that eye for four years. I saw Dr. Morgan operate, and never saw an operation performed with greater skill. In just two weeks after, he went home seeing, as he told me, nearly as well out of that eye as he ever did."

REV. JAMES E. BARNES,

Silveyville, Solano County, Cal.

"This is to certify that in the summer of 1859, while crossing the Plains, my eyes became diseased, and since that time I have been subject to spells of blindness, lasting from four to nine weeks, caused from granulations of the lids, and producing opacity of the cornea. For two years I was entirely blind in one eye, and could only, by the aid of powerful magnifying glasses, see to read or write with the other. Language would fail to give an adequate idea of the pain I endured. I exhausted my own skill and the skill of several eminent doctors, but found no permanent relief. In short, I had become discouraged, and life had lost its charms, when a Mr. Resinger told me of a cure performed on Mrs. Jane Albert's eyes, by Dr. D. T. Morgan, of San Francisco. Hope revived instinctively, and without delay I visited the Bay, and found from those acquainted with Dr. M. that his success was unrivaled as an Oculist. I visited the Doctor and was soon convinced that he understood the anatomy of the eye; but whether his treatment would be successful in my case, could only be proven by trial. I was surprised when he told me that in six weeks I would be able to read and write without glasses. His treatment commenced October 9th, 1868, and ceased November 14th, and when I left the Infirmary I could see to read and write any print or writing without glasses. I would also bear testimony of the skilfulness of operations on my eyes, and the eyes of others under my observation, performed

by Dr. M. Dr. M's gentlemanly deportment and familiarity inspires his patients with confidence, love and respect, and I most sincerely recommend him to all afflicted with their eyes."

DR. A. G. DOOM, P. M.,

Loyalton, Sierra County, Cal.

VALLEJO, March 6th, 1869.

"DR. D. T. MORGAN—Dear Sir: My husband, Mr. A. Avery, from whose eye you removed a *cataract* by a surgical operation, was able to see to recognize countenances, and go anywhere about the city alone, with the eye you operated on, in which he had been entirely blind over two years. The operation was an entire success, and you did him an incomparable service in restoring the sight of that eye, as he was blind in the other from the same cause. My dear husband did not live long, however, to enjoy the benefits of eyesight. You know that he was sixty-six years old, and that he was getting feeble; he lived only thirteen days after being taken sick; he died the 23d December, 1868. My husband had the greatest confidence in your skill, and would have had you operate on the other eye had he lived. I feel very grateful, indeed, for what you did for him, and am very sorry, beyond expression, that he could not live to enjoy the benefits of eyesight."

Yours truly,

MRS. A. AVERY.

DIXON, SOLANO Co., March 25th, 1869.

"I have been suffering with chronic sore eyes for the past eight years, with occasional spells of severe inflammation and ulceration. For the past two years I have been entirely unable to read, write, or do any work requiring much eyesight. The upper eyelids were almost powerless, so that I could open them only partially, and the lashes turned inward on the eyeball, creating irritation and a continual discharge of tears, causing me to go with my head down and eyes shaded. The pain I endured at times was beyond description. I placed myself under Dr. D. T. Morgan's treatment four weeks ago. He performed an operation on both upper eyelids, removing a piece from each an inch long and half an inch wide, which caused them to open sufficiently and remove the irritation. After four weeks treatment, the granules are cured, the inflammation has subsided, and my sight is restored so that I can write or read fine print. My eyes are quite strong, and are relieved of all disagreeable symptoms.

"I am very thankful, indeed, for the prompt and skillful manner in which Dr. M. has cured my eyes. The cure was performed in less time than I thought possible, and my sight is better than I ever thought it would be. I take pleasure in recommending Dr. M. to those who are afflicted with diseased eyes. Any one wishing further particulars can inquire of my husband, Nathaniel P. Williams, Dixon Station, Solano County, Cal."

SARAH J. WILLIAMS.

"I consider it a duty I owe the public to make known the circumstances connected with my blindness and final cure. I also consider it a pleasure to make an acknowledgement of the great service Dr. D. T. Morgan, Oculist, 226 Sutter street, San Francisco, rendered me in curing

my eyes and restoring my sight after several months blindness. I went first under Dr. ——'s treatment, an oculist in San Francisco, and remained under his care seven months, and became blind, so that I had to be led around the city. I found that I was getting worse, so I concluded to change doctors, and I went under Dr. Morgan's treatment. My eyes commenced improving at once, and in three weeks I could see to go around alone, and after fourteen weeks treatment I came home and went to work with sight sufficient to read coarse letters and earn a living for myself and family, and my sight is still improving. My case was granulated eyelids and opacity of the cornea, and I am confident that I would have been blind to-day had it not been for the superior skill of Dr. Morgan."

HENRY THOMPSON.

Placerville, March 19, 1869.

Statement of Dr. Horace Allen, late of Chicago, now in practice in this city, who is familiar with the office practice of Dr. Morgan. Dr. Allen occupying rooms in the same building, contiguous to the Infirmary, visiting this institution frequently, thus affording him an opportunity of observing the treatment and its results, and, at our request, he kindly furnished us the following statement :

"Remarkable cures of various complicated diseases of the eye at Drs. Morgan & Wilson's Eye Infirmary, 526 Kearny street, many of which I have had the pleasure of witnessing, both by operation and treatment, some of them cases that have been treated from six months to five years by other oculists, most of which were made worse, and others left entirely blind. Many of those same cases subsequently came to this Infirmary for treatment, all, without any exception, left in from four weeks to three months entirely cured, except those cases that were made entirely blind by previous treatment, and even some that were to all appearances *permanently* blind, and declared to be so by eminent oculists of this city, were restored to perfect sight and others greatly benefited. The only cases where the patients were not made to see, that I have observed, are those that the barbarous treatment they had received before entering the Infirmary had made them *permanently* blind, which is certain to follow such treatment. These cases were staphyloma, amaurosis, those operated on for cataract and artificial pupil, and various diseased conditions of the orbit and general system.

"Scores of cases of a perfect analogous character to those that have been treated in Europe for from one to five years in the Infiraries by the most scientific skill of that country, producing but partial recovery, have been, by Dr. Morgan's skill and treatment, perfectly cured in from eight to eighteen weeks, in San Francisco, California, which can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses, many of whom have stood the severest test for years after being cured, proving a perfect restoration of the eye. This, I think, should be known to the world for the world's good. It does certainly appear that the treatment adopted at this Infirmary is known only to themselves."

(Signed),

HORACE ALLEN, M. D.

526 Kearny street.

"I came to San Francisco the first day of December, 1868, with two blind boys—Samuel and Alonzo. They were born blind, the cause being cataracts. I took them to Dr. D. T. Morgan and had their eyes examined, and he told me that he could give them sight by an operation. I placed them in Dr. Morgan's care, and he operated on one eye, only, of each of the boys. He succeeded in removing the cataracts and restored them to sight. As soon as they were allowed to remove the bandage from their eyes, they could see to go around alone, and have been constantly improving, and bid fair to regain sight enough to do business, and earn a living for themselves.

LEONARD BUTTERFIELD.

San Francisco, March 26th, 1869.

Jeremiah Lynch of Clear Lake, California, blind five years in one eye—system treatment and operation, all told, five weeks—sees to read ordinary print. Fourteen months following, the other eye was operated on—total treatment, two weeks; and sees still better than with the former. Commenced treatment, October 1st, 1868.

Nathaniel Knight, (more commonly known as "Ned Knight,") of Marysville, California, operated on for cataract; total treatment, five weeks. Three years thereafter, he was operated on for cataract in the other eye, and sees better than with the former—he is now working in a butcher shop in his own city. First operation was performed June 10th, 1867, and the last two years after.

Mrs. Samuel R. Dyer, formerly of San Francisco, but who now resides in St. Louis, Missouri, suffered from granular conjunctiva for five years; was treated four years by other oculists, and was cured at this Infirmary in five weeks. Also her son, John Dyer, treated at the same time for the same disease, with a like rapid result. Both were treated in May, 1869.

Lucinda Ford, treated by other oculists about ten years, at intervals—case was entropion and ulcerated cornea; discharged, cured, in twelve weeks. This is a case that received her education from the blind asylum, and her friends gave her up as hopelessly blind for life; but now she can read and write as well as anybody. Treated July, 1868.

Albert Cressy of the Bay City Laundry, corner of Turk and Filmore streets, San Francisco, granulated eyelids, four months standing; commenced treatment, February 4th, 1868; discharged, cured, March 1st, 1868.

A. Avery of Sacramento, totally blind of cataract in one eye for four years—system treated one week, when the operation was performed, and in eight days after could see to read and write.

There is a preparation originated by Dr. Morgan, which he resorts to for the relief and cure of the majority of diseases incident to our climate, and it *does* seem, if there is *any* truth in the statement of human beings, works **WONDERFUL RESULTS**.

If we understand aright this is a secret preparation, the formula for which is locked within his own breast—it is known among his patients as "tarantla juice." What we greatly regret is, that some means has never been adopted by the profession to compel the disclosure of preparations so valuable as this. Candor prompted us to say, on leaving the institution, that the great dread of diseases of the eye had lost one-half its terror, and if we should visit there a few more times, we dare not predict the result.

OYSTERS.

Pacific Oyster House, 337 Bush Street.

In strolling round the other night,
 To look at 'Frisco by gas light,
 Our careless feet by chance did stray
 To where a fountain's ceaseless play
 Of waters bright, did make a screen
 Through which a sweet bouquet was seen;
 While mossy stone and pearly shell,
 O'er which the waters softly fell,
 Made that window seem to be
 Some fairy grotto of the sea.

"Stop," said my friend, "let's go in here—
 It looks so nice—and try their cheer."

"All right," I said, "I must agree
 That this place suits me to a 'T.'"

No sooner had we found a seat
 Than at our side a waiter neat
 Made his appearance, asked our wish—
 Said they had almost any dish
 That we might name. We found it true,
And cooked magnificently, too;
 All kinds of oysters, juicy, fat,
 Cooked every style; just think of that,
 And if your mouth don't water, then
 You're different from other men.

They'd clams and crabs and terrapins;
 In fact, we found they had within
 That cosy place *all* kinds of game,
 Fish, flesh or fowl which we could name,
 While every dish was, I am sure,
 Prepared to tempt an epicure.

The ladies, too, have found, 'twould seem,
 That they have here the best ice cream;
 So here they flock, the little sinners,
 To get what they call "such nice dinners."

Whoever doubts this let him rush
 To three hundred thirty-seven Bush,
 And there this truth he'll fine made plain:
 Who goes there once will go again.

CHARLES HAAKE, PROPRIETOR.

•••

WORTH KNOWING.

To cure a wound by a rusty nail, take common sheep's wool, burn on a shovel or pan of live coals, hold the part injured over the smoke a few times. This will prevent lock jaw from the effects of the wound.

SIGNS AND OMENS.

An old gentleman, whose style was Germanized, was asked what he thought of signs and omens.

"Vell, I don't dinks mooch of dem dings, und I don't believe avery-dings; but I dells you somedimes dere is somedings ash dose dings. Now de oder night I sits and reads mine newspaper, und my frau says :

"Fritz, de dog ish howling!"

"Vell, I don' dinks mooch of dem dings, und I goes on und reads mine paper, und my frau she say—

"Fritz, I dells you dere ish some pad ish happen. *De dog ish howling!*"

"Vell, I goes to pet, und I shleeps, und all night long ven I vakes up dere vas dat dog howling outside, und ven I dream I here dat howling vorsher ash never. Und in de morning I kits up und kits mine breakfast, und mine frau she looks at me und say, werry solemn,—

"Fritz, dere ish somedings pad ish happen. *De dog vas howl all night.*"

"Und shoost den de newspaper came in, und I opens him, und by shings, vot you dinks! *dere vas a man died in Philadelphia!*"

CHICKEN ON THE BRAIN.

Commodore Stewart is a talented but eccentric individual, and has a weakness for chickens. On one occasion, being found near a poultry-yard under suspicious circumstances, he was interrogated rather sharply by the owner of the premises as follows:

"Well, Jim, what are you doing here?"

"O, nuffin, nuffin! jess walkin' roun'."

"What do you want with my chickens?"

Nuffin at all. I was lookin' at 'em, day looks so nice."

This answer was both conciliatory and conclusive, and would have been satisfactory had it not been for Jim's hat. It seemed to have a motion entirely unusual in hats, and manifestly due to some remarkable cause. It seemed to contract and expand and move of itself, and clearly without Jim's volition. So the next inquiry was,—

"What is the matter with your hat?"

"My hat? Dat's an ole hat. I'se fond of dat hat."

"Well, take it off and let's look at it."

"Take off dis hat? No, sah. I'd ketch cold in my head, sartan. Always keep my hat on when I'm out o' doors."

And with that Jim was about beating a hasty retreat, when, at his first step, a low "kluk, kluk, kluk," was heard coming only too clearly from the region of his head-gear. This was fatal; and Jim was stopped and forced to remove his hat, when a plump, half-grown chicken jumped out and ran hastily away. The air with which the culprit gazed after it was a study for a painter; it expressed to a perfection wonder and perplexity blended, but not a trace of guilt. Slowly he spoke, as though explaining the matter to himself, and accounting for so remarkable an incident.

"Well, if dat ain't de funniest ting I ebber did see. Why, dat dar chicken must have clum up de leg of my pantaloons."

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

We direct attention to the excellent cut of this noble building which we present on the opposite page. It is situated on the corner of Bush and Sansome streets, San Francisco, and is under the management of Mr. H. H. Pearson, formerly of the Russ House. Mr. P. has had much experience in his line, and understands the wants of the public on this coast to a "T." He took charge of the Cosmopolitan in September 1871, and since that time the house has been crowded with guests. A fuller description may be found on pages 136 and 137 of this work.

A burnt child dreads the fire.

Sorrow is soon enough when it comes.

Slander always leaves a slur.

Quick at meat, quick at a work.

Sorrow and ill weather come unsent for.

Desert and reward seldom keep company.

Work done in haste is never finished to perfection.

Prosperity gains a multitude of friends.

When good cheer is lacking, friends will be packing.

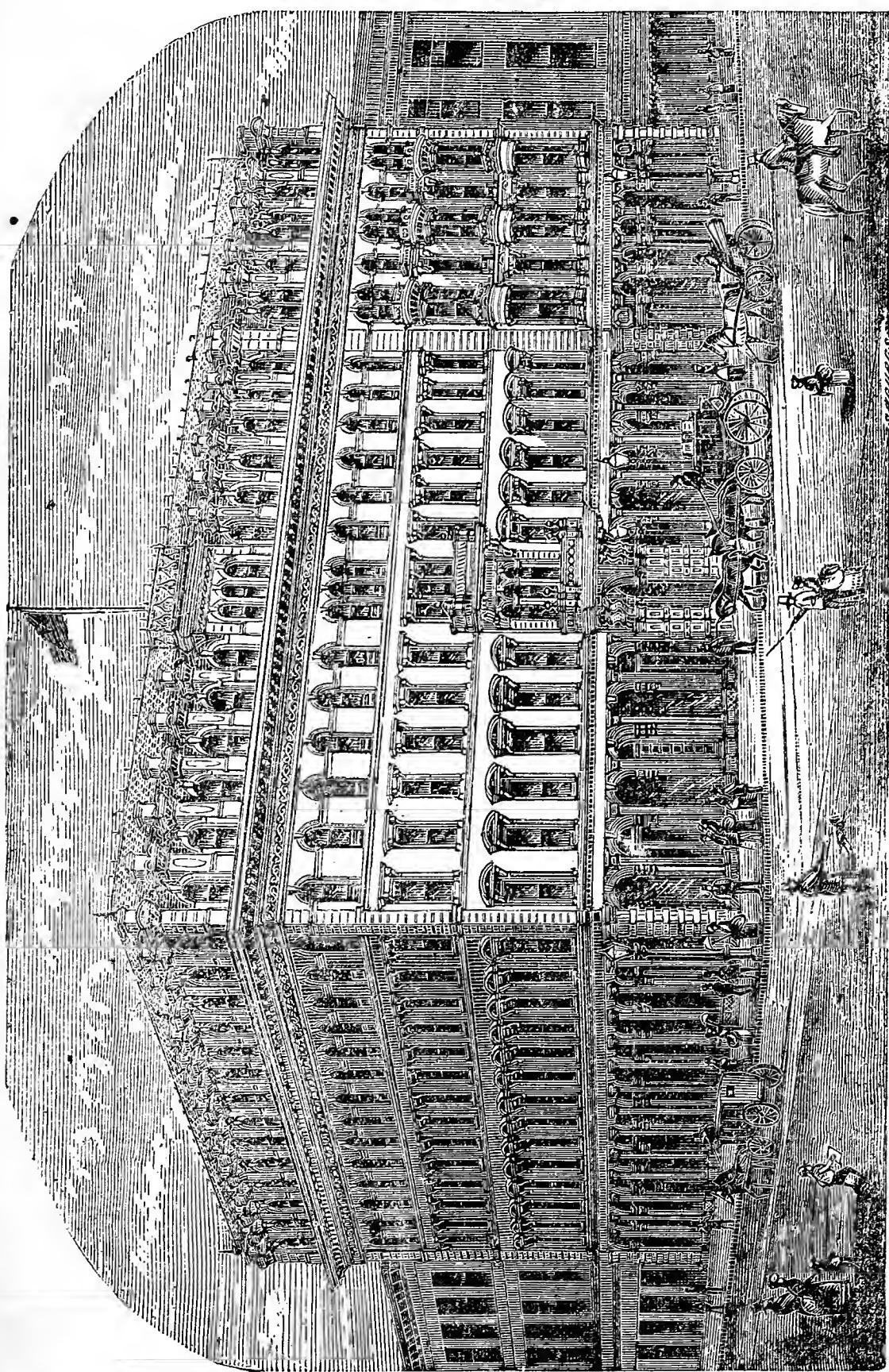
MACHINE SHOPS.

F. A. Huntington, 18 and 20 *Fremont street*.—At the beginning of this work may be found the modest advertisement of this gentleman's shingle machine, said to be one of the most successful in use, as indeed it ought to be, having been invented and constructed by one of the most clear headed and thoughtful mechanics to be found in San Francisco. He is not only the inventor of the shingle machine but of a half dozen other useful and ingenious machines, among which may be mentioned his portable saw-mill; a new plan of constructing the boilers of portable engines whereby the heating surface is largely increased and the fuel more effectually utilized; an improved job cylinder printing press that has the type on the cylinder and works with astonishing rapidity, besides numerous little devices in connection with various machines which he has constructed. He has a very complete lot of superior machinery and tools in his establishment and is fully prepared not only to give his customers the benefit of them, but also of his personal advice and supervision.

CELEBRATED LINIMENT.

One ounce Oraganum; one ounce Gum-Camphor; two ounces Oil Spike; four drachms Tincture Capsicum; one pint ninety-five pr. ct. Alcohol. For cuts, sores, bruises, sore throat, stiff neck, lameness of any kind, take a small piece of flannel, wet, and rub for five to ten minutes; for pain, inwardly, thirty to sixty drops in a little water, and rub outside; for sore throat, *inhale* and rub outside.

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL,
BUSH STREET.



MUSIC WAREHOUSE.

Kohler, Chase & Co., 633-5 *Clay street*.—Who says that we are not a music-loving people? Who says that we are uncultivated, uncivilized and wholly given up to the pursuit of the “Almighty dollar?” Who says that we cultivate the real to the entire exclusion of the ideal? Not those who have wandered through our beautiful photograph galleries, or our immense book stores; nor those who have gazed upon our magnificent seminaries, colleges and libraries; nor yet those who have whiled away pleasant hours in the numerous elegant music warerooms with which San Francisco is supplied. At the head of the latter stands the well-known house of Kohler, Chase & Co., formerly A. Kohler, which has been established nearly twenty-two years—almost as long as San Francisco itself.

In September, 1870, they moved into the large and beautiful building which they now occupy, and which is undoubtedly one of the finest and best arranged structures devoted to the sale of musical merchandise in the United States. This immense establishment is thirty-six feet front, extending clear through from Clay to Commercial streets, and is three stories in height, exclusive of the basement.

Entering from Clay street, the visitor sees before him interminable rows of costly pianos and beautiful cabinet organs, while on either hand in endless array, are shining brass instruments, white keyed accordions, musical looking violins, overgrown bass viols, melodious flutes, big drums and little drums, snare drums and kettle drums; in short, almost every instrument known, from a grand piano down to a penny whistle. The impressions which a person receives when visiting this room for the first time are somewhat curious. All is still and quiet to the ear, while to the eye all is bustle, activity and life. The clerks and employees are seen moving about, but the sound of their footsteps is lost in the vast hall; musicians wander about among the instruments, stopping occasionally to draw forth a few rich chords from an organ, or to run their fingers rapidly over the resounding keys of a piano; but the sound is softened by distance, and serves only to make the quiet more noticeable. The immense glass doors at either end of the building opening as they do directly into the streets, also assist in producing these impressions. They exclude the noise, but permit a panorama of passengers and vehicles, which appear as if shod with rubber, to pass constantly before the vision.

This house enjoys the advantage of selling the celebrated Chickering piano, and the world-renowned Mason & Hamlin cabinet organ, each standing a head and shoulders above other instruments of the kind. They also sell the Emerson and the Marschall & Mittauer pianos. The second and third stories of the building is a perfect paradise for Young America, being devoted to children’s carriages, toys, etc., of which Messrs. Kohler, Chase & Co., are large importers.

We would be pleased, if our space permitted, to speak of the politeness that one always meets with from all connected with the house, whether they come as purchasers or merely to pass a pleasant hour.

STENCIL PLATES, BRANDS, ETC.

F. M. Truworthy, 318 *Front street, up stairs*.—The cutting of stencil plates in this city, has through the ingenuity and enterprise of Mr. Truworthy, been elevated to a very important branch of business.

It is but a small matter for one to learn a trade, and follow in the wake of his predecessor; applying rules laid down by others, and performing in a passable way the duties devolving upon him in the vocation selected as a business pursuit, but in this day of progression, the mechanic must add some original thought to advance his own branch of industry, otherwise he becomes a mere machine, and has lived a purposeless life to a useless end.

The subject of our sketch, (Mr. Truworthy), has advanced many new ideas and applied them to the art of stenciling. He commenced this business as an apprentice some eighteen years since, and after being taught by the best of his trade, he commenced for himself in 1858, and has turned out the best work of any one in his line of business on the Pacific Coast, as attested to by all our fairs, having obtained the first premium every time he presented his samples of work in competition with others. Also many leading merchants of this city are not content to say he is the best stencil cutter on the Pacific Coast, but affirm there is none superior to him in the United States.

However, what most attracted our attention, in passing through his factory, was the workmanship and art displayed in the execution of some of the great variety of samples suspended from the walls of his apartments. There one will find not only letters of the most artistic and ornamental kind, but buildings delineated with nearly the precision of the artist or photographer, also paintings that would be considered a credit to the brush of our engravers and lithographers.

The reader would be well rewarded for the time spent by calling to examine the style and workmanship of the exhibition of Mr. Truworthy's handiwork, and may rest assured he will be courteously received by the proprietor. Remember his number is 318 Front street.

The employees of his establishment are those to whom he taught their trade, thus being well skilled in the art, and all work executed is guaranteed to suit the most fastidious.

STENCIL CUTTING AND ENGRAVING.

George M. Wood, 312 *Bush street*.—The name of Mr. Wood is familiarly associated with the business of stencil cutting and engraving, to the people of the city, having for over fourteen years devoted himself to this business.

The manufacture of door plates is of considerable importance, and Mr. Wood has undoubtedly a larger stock of them, than all others in this line of business on the Pacific Coast combined, and his plates are superior, being hard plated, and double the usual thickness. Small stencils for marking clothing in writing style, is another large branch of his business; also engraving of every kind is executed in the neatest style.

Mr. Wood is a large importer of seal presses, and the only house on the coast that keeps a full supply of stencil goods for the trade.

A THRILLING RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

THE train was standing at Summit Station; the engineer leaning out of the cab window was awaiting the order to go ahead; the passengers in the two coaches next the locomotive were bidding good-bye to their friends on the platform, who predicted a dangerous ride down the side of the mountain, in the face of the inky black thunderstorm that suddenly appeared approaching from the west as night came on. The head light of the locomotive threw its glare a hundred yards ahead, down the track, into the gathering darkness. The red signal lantern on the rear platform was in its place, and the train was about to start, when suddenly was heard the cry of fire ! fire ! fire !

The train was composed of the two passenger cars next the locomotive, and six oil cars, the foremost of which was on fire, and blazing fearfully.

The passenger cars were quickly uncoupled from the others, and the locomotive started ahead with them, quieting the fears of the passengers, some of whom were crowding out the doors, while others were trying to climb out of the windows. They had proceeded but a few yards and were slackening up, when a yell was heard from those at the station. *The blazing oil cars had started too!* The engineer comprehended the situation at a glance, and put on all the steam which sent the driving wheels spinning round with fearful rapidity as they endeavored to overcome the inertia of the train. It actually seemed as if the locomotive was frightened, and was making extraordinary exertions to get the passenger cars out of the way of the burning train. At last the wheels took firm hold of the track, and the distance between the passenger and oil cars increased, and now commenced one of the most fearful races that the pen of man has ever recorded.

The road pursued a zigzag course down the side of the mountain, descending *nine hundred feet in ten miles*. The track was plainly visible from the village below, and appeared, from that point, like a gigantic, old-fashioned, worm fence. Down this awful declivity both trains rushed. The engineer seeing that his train was at a safe distance from the other, shut off steam, but did not dare to whistle down brakes, lest he should be overtaken. In one minute from the time they started, they had attained a speed of fifty miles an hour. The passengers, who with pale faces had been watching the burning train through the open windows, now withdrew from them, and grasped the seats of the wildly rocking car, expecting, momentarily, to be hurled from the track into the dark chasms below.

The velocity caused the flames to enwrap all the oil cars, which immediately took fire and burnt fearfully. The oil train was about two hundred feet long, yet, such was the intensity with which the oil burned, that the flames extended back at least four hundred feet further, making a stream of fire six hundred feet long, shooting down the track with the velocity of light in pursuit of that doomed passenger train. On and on with rapidly increasing speed they flew, over bridges, through cuts, around promontories, till it seemed that they *must* leave the winding track and go straight to the valley below. Rocks, trees, fences and farm-houses along the road for a quarter of a mile on either side, were lighted up by the flying, lurid light as at noonday. From the plain below the scene was indescribably terrific—the thunderstorm enwrapping the mountain in blackness added to

its sublimity. It appeared as if a comet had struck the earth and was pursuing its erratic course along its surface. As the burning mass flew rapidly from curve to curve in its descent, it looked as if an immense torch was being waved gently from side to side by giant hands.

Still on it came; the whistle of the locomotive shrieking, at short intervals, a wild note of alarm, as it endeavored to escape from the blazing fiend. The foot of the mountain was nearly reached. The speed at this time was absolutely appalling—it could not have been less than one hundred miles per hour, and yet the ears clung to the track. The trains reached the lofty curving bridge that spans the river at this point; the passenger cars had gained slightly during the descent, and were at this time about fifty yards ahead.

Suddenly the forward oil car was seen to turn partly over and leap into the river—a hundred feet below—followed by the other five. In their descent, the oil was spilled on the timbers of the bridge and over the surface of the river where it continued to burn furiously, enwrapping the bridge and making its destruction immediate and certain.

The engineer upon witnessing the leap of the oil cars, whistled down brakes, and the flying train was stopped about two miles from the bridge, having, as by a miracle, escaped unharmed. Many of the passengers had fainted, but speedily recovered when the train stopped. It was afterward ascertained that the train ran eleven miles in seven minutes.

A "SMILING MAN."

He plies his trade in a cozy den,
Where thirsty citizens, now and then,
Drop in to "wet their whistles :"
He's one of the blandest of "smiling" men,
Extremely clever, and knows just when
To cast his witty missiles.

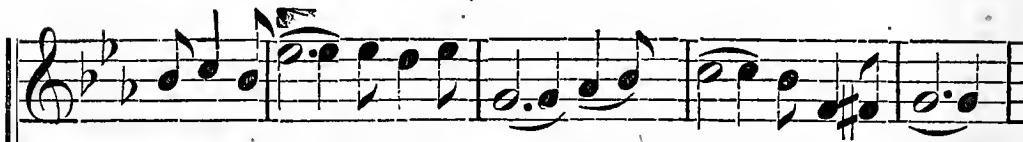
His nasal organ is sharp and thin—
A sort of stalactite over the chin—
Which juts from the visage under;
His ears protrude like a sturgeon's fin;
His eyes are gray, and sallow his skin—
In short, he's a "smiling" wonder !

His den is filled with marvelous things—
Toys from Japan, shells, fossils and rings,
And Indian goods in profusion;
Knives which belong to cannibal kings,
Enormous plumes from the condor's wings—
All scattered around in confusion.

A wonderful place, that saw-dust den !
A marvelous trap for unwary men
Who go there to "wet their whistles :"
And he with the nose so sharp and thin—
A grinning goblin welcoming in
His prey to a couch of thistles.

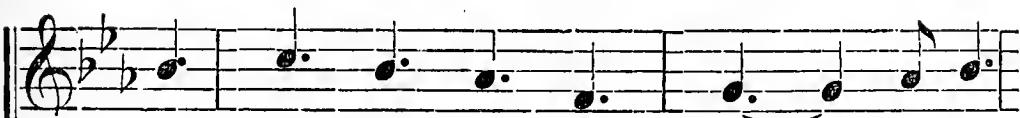
SONG OF THE

“FLORENCE”



In-ven-tive Ge-nius gave to man Things pleas-ing to the sight,
 When wo-man toil'd for dai-ly bread From ear-ly morn till eve;
 In ev-ry home in ev-ry land Its praise is sung a - loud;

And such as man has of-ten wish-ed Would make our la-bors light,
 How ma-ny eyes were dim-med with tears, How ma - ny hearts did grieve,
 It works a - like for rich and poor, The hum - ble and the proud.



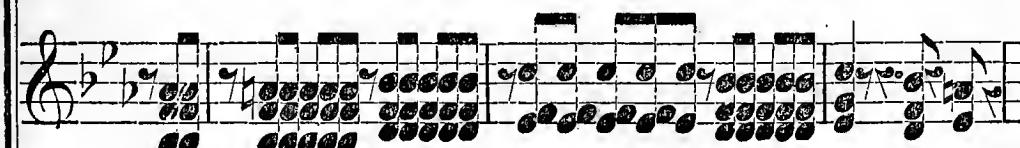
Then turned to wo - man with a smile,
 But now she has her house - - - hold pet,
 It is the pride of ev - - - 'ry heart,



And made her heart re - - - joice,
 And one to which she'll cling,
 And ev - - - 'ry wo - man's care,



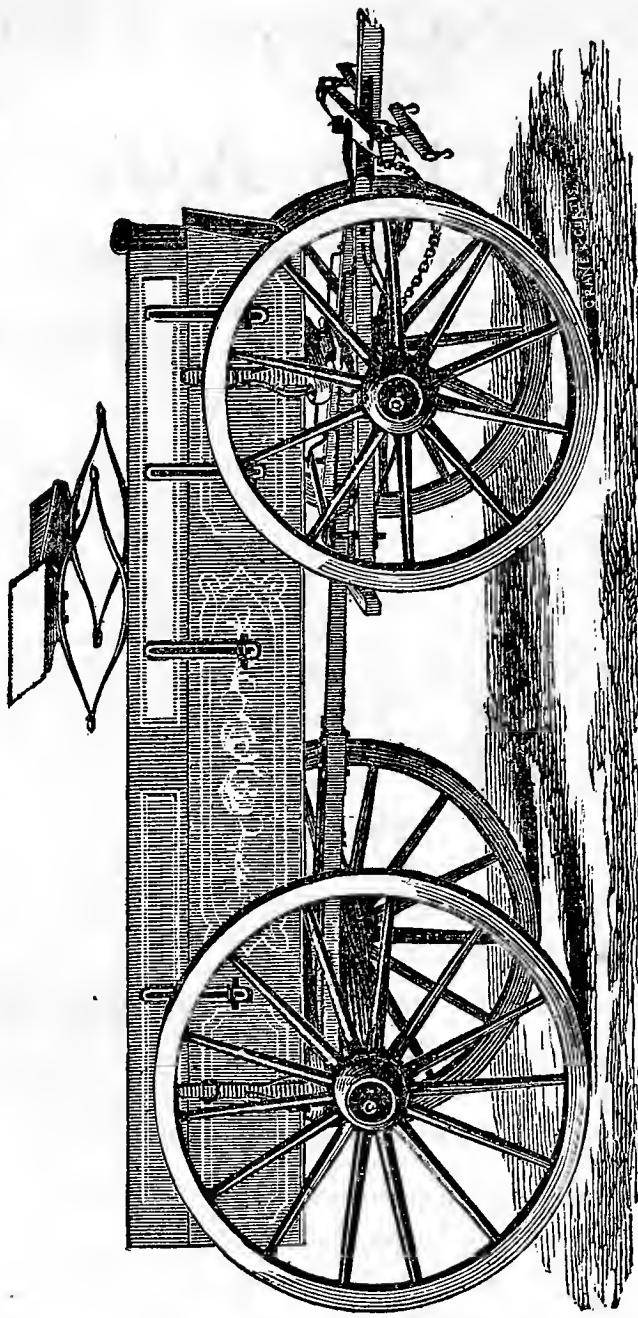
For she in ev - - ry house - hold sings Its prai - ses with her
 For la - - - bor is a plea - ure now, And she can toil and
 "God bless the men who make it," is In ev - - ry wo - man's



voice, 'Tis the song..... 'Tis the
 sing of the sew-ing mac-hine,
 prayer of the sew-ing ma-chine,
 -
 song..... In ev'-ry home wher-ev-er 'tis seen There's a
 of the sew-ing ma-chine wher-ev-er 'tis seen The FLOR-ENCE ma-chine,
 of the sew-ing ma-chine wher-ev-er 'tis seen The FLOR-ENCE ma-chine,
 -
 -
 -


 A musical score for a piece titled "Song of the Sewing Machine". The score consists of ten staves of music. The top two staves are for voices, with lyrics: "song..... There's a song..... Of the", "of the sewing ma-chine, of the sewing ma-chine, Of the", "of the sewing ma-chine, of the sewing ma-chine." The middle two staves are for a piano, showing a bass line and chords. The bottom two staves are for a piano, showing a bass line and chords. The lyrics continue on the bottom staves: "beau - ti - ful FLOR - ENCE ma - chine.....", "beau - ti - ful FLOR - ENCE ma - chine.....", and "beau - ti - ful FLOR - ENCE ma - chine.....". The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat.

Jackson, Michigan Waggons



ALL SIZES OF
IRON AND SHELL AXLES
FOR SALE VERY LOW

BY

J. D. ARTHUR & SON,
SAN FRANCISCO.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

TEAM WAGGONS

FOR SALE IN THIS MARKET.

HOPE, McKILLOP & CO.,
 THE
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317 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

J. ARTHUR HOPE, . . . MANAGER.

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HOPE, McKILLOP & CO., Portland, Oregon.
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JOHN McKILLOP & CO., Baltimore.
TAPPAN, McKILLOP & CO., Toledo.
WRIGHT, McKILLOP & CO., Kansas City.
MOORE, McKILLOP & CO., Quincy.
MURRAY, MIDDLEMISS & CO., Toronto.
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ESTABLISHED A. D. 1842, IN NEW YORK,

FOR THE PROTECTION OF TRADE AND COLLECTION OF DEBTS.

Associate Offices in all the principal cities of the United States and Dominion of Canada,
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Supplies information as to the character, capital, antecedents, and mercantile position of Bankers,
 Merchants, etc., in the United States, Dominion of Canada, Hawaiian Islands, etc.

Special Attention given to Legal Business and the Collection of Debts

Throughout the above-named localities.

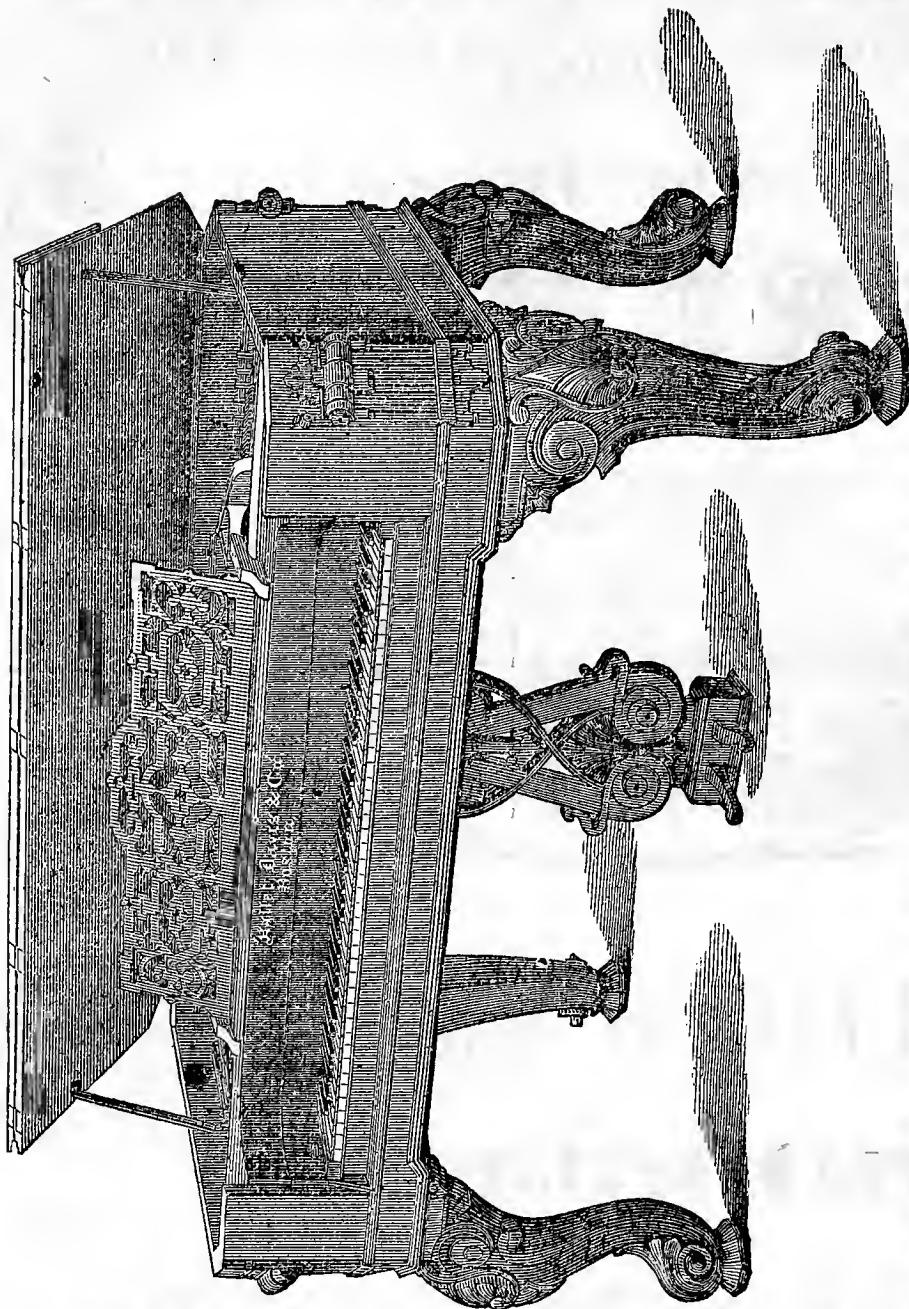
Names of reliable Attorneys throughout the Pacific Coast furnished Free on application to the Agency

Refer to the Bankers and Leading Merchants of the United States.

References in San Francisco :

Pacific Bank.
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 Glasgow Iron and Metal Importing Company.
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W. M. G. BAGGER,

SOLE AGENT FOR THIS COAST.

Hallet, Davis & Co's
CELEBRATED
PIANOS!

This will certify that the Hallet, Davis & Co. Pianos, exhibited by Wm. G. Badger, at the Eighth Industrial Fair of the Mechanics' Institute, held at San Francisco, 1871, received the First Premium and only Medal awarded for Eastern-made Pianos.

A. S. HALLIDIE, President Board of Managers.

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Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. Also, Sole Agent for Geo. Woods & Co's Parlor and Vestry Organs, the Finest in the world.

WAREROOMS, No. 7 SANSOME STREET, S. F.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

No. 8.

1872,

IMPORTERS OF

MARROWWARE,



THE CHAMPION SELF-RAKE REAPER.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

STEAM ENGINES, ETC.

Nos. 13, 15, 17 and 19 Front Street,

San Francisco,

Nos. 9, 11, 13 and 15 J Street,

SACRAMENTO.

M A R C H , 1872.

We again hand you our Price List of MACHINES and some of the goods imported and controlled by us exclusively. Our aim is to keep nothing but articles of known worth and merit, and our long experience in the agricultural machinery trade enables us to give FARMERS just what they REQUIRE, and they are saved the expense of EXPERIMENTING. We desire to call your attention particularly to the great improvements made in the Agricultural Implements offered for sale by us. Our aim is to sell only the best, and those we can recommend. The prices given are *subject to change without notice*, and persons sending their orders to us can rely on having them filled with the greatest care and at the *lowest* market rates. Our constant aim is to sell Machines *perfect* in every respect, and to make our *House* worthy the patronage of an appreciative public, whose favors in the past we gratefully acknowledge, and respectfully solicit their continuance.

Orders addressed to either SACRAMENTO or SAN FRANCISCO, will receive prompt attention. Very respectfully yours,

BAKER & HAMILTON.

SCOTT VALLEY, Siskiyou Co., Cal., Jan. 20, 1871.

MESSRS. BAKER & HAMILTON, SACRAMENTO—Gentlemen: There never was a Thresher that had to pass through the same ordeal of criticism as the Pitts' Improved Separator bought of you last summer. You will remember me telling you my experience with Russell and Sweepstakes for the last fifteen years, and I came to Sacramento for the purpose of buying a Russell. On your recommendation I bought the Pitts, and I do say it is the best machine in use. For entirely separating the grain from the straw, for thoroughly cleaning and not cracking the same, and for threshing just as much as you can get to it, the Pitts Improved is certainly without a rival. Having tried and seen all the different Threshing Machines work that are in use, my advice to any one wishing to purchase, is, to get a Wood & Mann Engine of suitable size, and Pitts Improved Separator, and look no farther.

Yours truly,

H. W. MORGAN.

WINDSOR, Sonoma Co., Jan. 15, 1871.

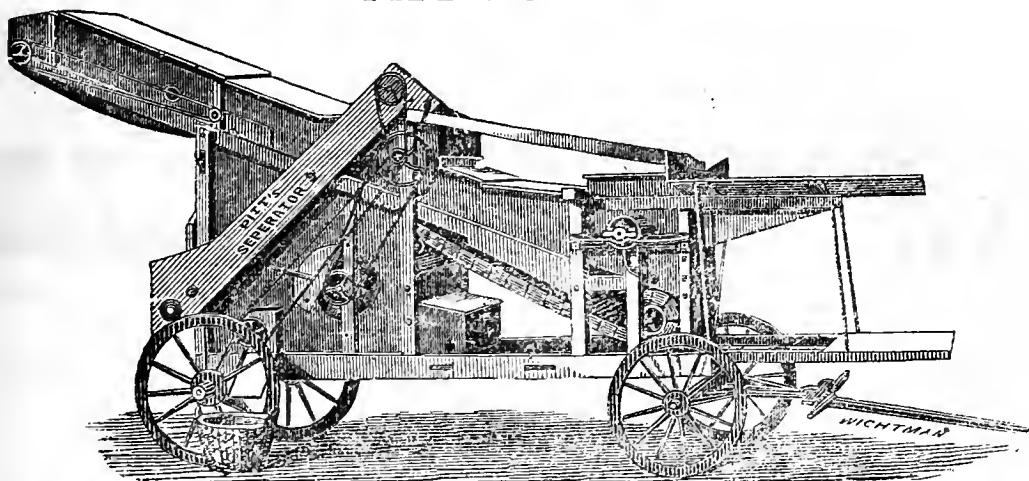
MESSRS. BAKER & HAMILTON—Gents: Your favor of 11th inst. came duly to hand, asking me how I liked the Pitts Improved Separator and Wood and Mann Engine that I bought of you last season. So far as I am competent to judge, they are far ahead of all others that I have seen, and I have had 15 years' experience threshing in this State. I have threshed as high as 2,800 bushels in one day.

Yours truly,

JAMES KENNEDY.

“THE CALIFORNIAN.”

IMPROVED



PITTS' THRESHING MACHINE.

This is the acknowledged head of all SEPARATORS, and by continued improvements compels others to keep in the wake. Attempting to imitate and *improve*, without having a practical knowledge of what he desires to accomplish, an unskillful imitator brings forth a very poor representative of the original. The PITTS' THRESHER has stood at the head of Separators for a number of years, during which time innumerable aspirants for public favor have been introduced with great pretensions—have struggled and lingered through a few brief years, and then disappeared. The “CALIFORNIAN” has outlived all competition, and to-day stands higher than ever before. The Concave may be *raised* or *lowered* while the Machine is in *motion*. The Shoe is protected by guides, to which a Straw Stacker can be attached. No other Machine has this. They are the only Machines which required no altering last season. The *teeth* are so arranged that it is impossible to crack the grain; yet it threshes *clean*, and *no grain* goes over in the chaff or straw. MR. BRONSON, a *practical thresher and mechanic*, visited this coast from the factory, and adopted improvements suggested by the successful threshers here, and to them the machine is greatly indebted for its unparalleled success. Always buy the *best*. You will find it the *cheapest* in the end. The cost of repairs is insignificant in comparison with other machines. We only add two of the many hundreds of testimonials we have received, speaking of its superior excellence, on the opposite page.

PITTS' IMPROVED SEPARATORS.

28 in. Band Cylinder, no drive belt or jack...	\$425
28 in. Geared “	450
32 in. Band “ no drive belt or jack...	525
32 in. Geared “	550
36 in. Band “ no drive belt or jack...	625
36 in. Geared “	650
40 in. Band “ no drive belt or jack...	700
Pitts' Large Band Jack, extra.....	40
Driving Belt extra, 54 cents per foot.	
Ball's Tornado Separator, 30 in. and various sizes of RUSSELL'S at special rates, very cheap.	

Pitts' Improved Double Pinion Horse Power.

4 horse, complete.....	\$175
8 “ “ “	200
10. “ “ “	225
12 “ “ “	250
Burt's 1 horse Tread Power.....	175
“ 2 “ “ “	225
Emery's 3 “ “ “	250
1 horse California Sweep Power.....	90

Complete Geared Threshers, same price as Separator and Power together. Band Threshers, \$40 extra. This includes 100 feet of Driving Belt free with each complete Band Machine.

16 feet Straw Stackers, \$50. 22 feet Stackers, \$55.

Portable Threshing Engines.

8x10 Wood & Mann, 10 to 12 horse, patent water bottoms.....	\$1,600
8x12 Wood & Mann, 12 to 15 horse, patent water bottoms.....	1,750
9x12 Wood & Mann, 14 to 16 horse, patent water bottoms.....	2,000
8x12 Hittinger, 12 to 15 horse.....	1,650

Steam Threshers at same price as Engine and Separator together, and 100 feet Driving Belt included.

Our *Engines* and *Separators* are *complete* and ready for the field *without additional cost* to the purchaser. We have spared no expense to make

them the most effective and *durable* machines in the *world*, and at the prices quoted are *cheaper* than any other.

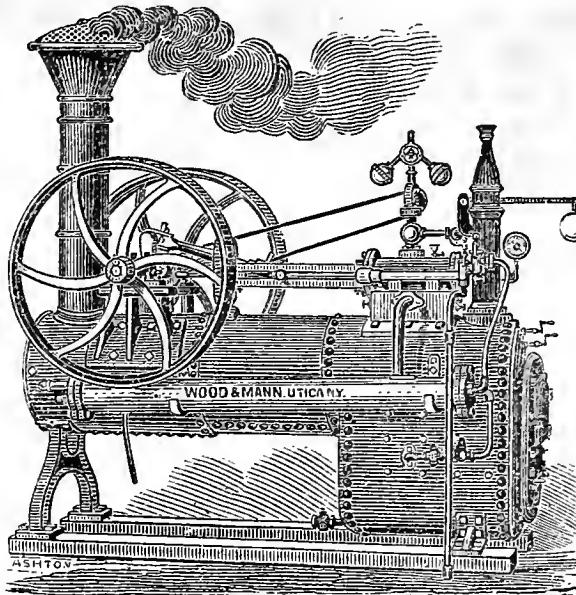
All sizes of *Hoadley Engines* at special rates.

Hoisting Engines.

5½x12 Vertical Engine and Boiler.....	\$1,000
6x12 " " " and Vertical Boiler.	1,100
6x12 Horizontal " " and Vertical Boiler.	1,100

These Hoisting Engines are complete, gearing covered—relief cocks—exhaust, made to go either in or outside of smoke-pipe; winch on end of shaft, and other improvements, making the engines worth \$100 more than any other in market.

Our Threshing Engines are mounted on very strong wagons, and are complete in every particular.



WOOD & MANN PATENT TEAM ENGINE.

The "CHAMPION" Reaper & Mower.

This is the pioneer two-wheeled machine of the world; has been on this coast but a few years, and has very quietly stepped to the front and is now acknowledged to be the *best* Reaper, best Mower and best Self Raker on the coast. It took the *First Premium* at the Mechanic's Fair, held in San Francisco in 1871, in competition with all the machines represented. The Champion deservedly stands as the "King of the Field." It is not built for mere sale, but real practical utility and durability. It is a paragon of excellence, combining strength, neatness of finish and substantial construction. Avoiding all side draft or weight on the horse's necks, it is under the complete control of the driver, easily thrown in and out of gear, and is adapted to any height of stubble. It mows as well as reaps, is adapted to all countries and all soils. It mows without choking, and the peculiar flexible arrangement of the cutter-bar, as well as the ground plan of the machine enables it to pass obstructions without delay, and follow the exact profile of the ground, leaving a neat, smooth stubble. The vibration of the knife through the teeth is as noiseless and works as smooth as a pair of shears. The reaping arrangements are equally meritorious. It is built as a Reaper with both Self-Rake and Dropper attachments, as desired. The Self-Rake is one of the most ingenious yet simple inventions ever presented to the American people. It operates in all kinds of grain, heavy or light, lodged or standing, and on any kind of ground that you can plow. It is so arranged as to be adapted to any size gavels desired. It leaves the grain even and compact for binding, without wastage or straggling. In regard to price, we do not claim that we offer the Champion for the fewest dollars, but we do claim we offer the *cheapest* Reaper and Mower in market, regard being had to the workmanship and material employed. The prices of the Champion are fixed as follows:

No. 2, Self Rake, Reaper and Mower.....	\$250	No. 4, Dropping Rake, Reaper and Mower ..	\$215
No. 2, Hand " " "	215	No. 2, Mowers.....	155
No. 4, Self " " "	250	No. 3, "	135
No. 4, Hand " " "	215	No. 4, "	155

The Nos. 2 and 4 Reap 5 feet and Mow 4½ feet.

MISCELLANEOUS COMBINED REAPERS AND MOWERS.

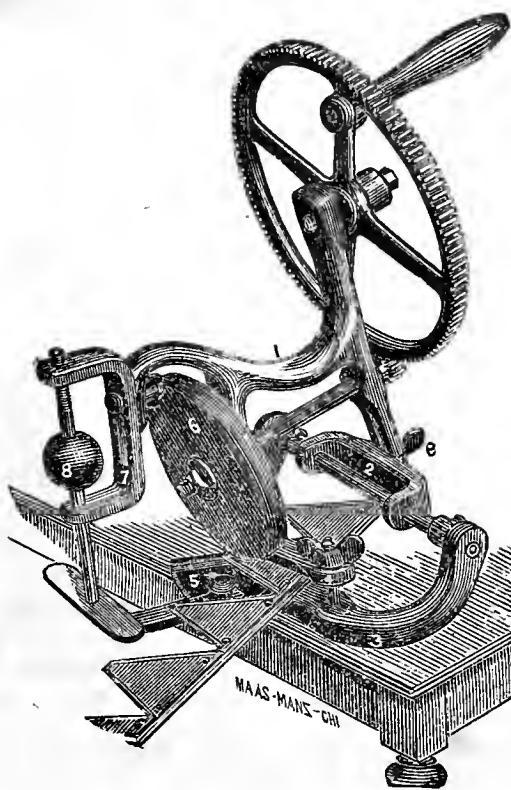
Excelsior Med. Dropper Reaper, reaps 6 feet; mows $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet.....	\$200
" Junior Dropper.....	190
The Junior reaps $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and mows 4 1-6 feet.	
McCormick's 6 ft. Self-Rake. new style.....	250
New York Reaper Hand-Rake, 6 ft	200
Burt's Hand-Rake, 6 ft.....	200

M O W E R S.

No. 2 Champion, $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet.....	\$155	Excelsior Medium, $4\frac{1}{2}$ ft.....	\$145
No. 3 " $4\frac{1}{4}$ " 135		" Junior, 4 1-6 ft.....	130
No. 4 " $4\frac{1}{2}$ " 155		Union No. 1, $4\frac{1}{2}$ ft.....	110
		" 2, $4\frac{1}{4}$ ft	105

The UNION is the best low priced Machine in the State. Runs light, very strong and durable, and is in every respect a first-class Mower.

THE EXCELSIOR GRINDER is indispensable where Mowers are used. The Knives can be sharpened perfectly in half the time it takes on the ordinary grindstones. The bevels are always kept the same, and the sections wear evenly. Every farmer should have one. Saves its cost in one season. Price \$10.



Ordinary Sickle Sections...	\$2 50
" Mower " ..	2 50
Reaper Sickles, each	
Mower Knives, "	
Header Sickles, 10 ft., each.	
" 12 ft., "	

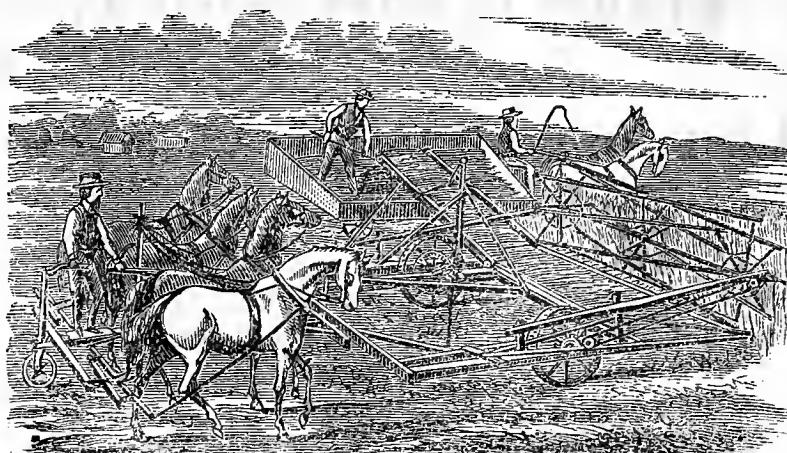
Reaping Attachments for Mowers.

Champion No. 2, Self-Rake...	\$95
" 2, Hand Rake ..	60
" 4, " ..	60
" 4, Self-Rake ...	95
" 4, Dropper.....	60
Excelsior Med. Dropper	65
" Junior Dropper.....	60

Excelsior Section Grinder, \$10.

HAINES' GENUINE IMPROVED HEADERS.

Haines' Genuine Improved Headers,	\$325
10 ft. Screw Hub Wheels.....	350
12 " " "	350
10 ft. Iron Drive Wheel	350
12 " " "	375



HAINES' GENUINE HEADERS, IMPROVED.

30 in. Header, Draper's.....	\$30
36 in. " " "	30
36 in. " " " for 12 ft. Header	35
Jackson's Lifters.....	60
Manning's "	50

WOOD'S IMPROVED HEADER WITH PATENT REEL RAISER.

10 ft. cut.....\$	10 ft. Header Knives.....\$
12 ft. ""\$	12 " " ""\$

THE HAINES' IMPROVED HEADERS offered by us are greatly improved over everything on the coast. We have been agents for this reliable Header for a long time, and all sold by us have given perfect satisfaction. It is impossible to enumerate the important improvements put on our Machines. Our supply of the Genuine Haines is limited, and we would suggest early orders.

W A G O N S .

Baker & Hamilton's Screw Hub Header Wagons with Whiffs and Neck Yokes, \$75. We reduced the price of these wagons \$10 since last season. We have a few sets of common Trucks at from \$45 to \$55.

Bain's Celebrated Farm and Freight Wagons.

Bain's Regular Grade Wagons.

2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. axle, \$95, gearings only	
3 " " 100, " "	
3 $\frac{1}{4}$ " " 105, " "	
3 $\frac{3}{4}$ " " 110, " "	
4 " " 115, " "	
All with Double Trees, Stay Chains and Neck Yokes.	



Bain's Extra California Wagons,	
Heavy Tires, secured with oval Head Rivets, Patent Seamless Thimble Skein.	
3 in. axle.....\$107	
3 $\frac{1}{4}$ " " 112	
3 $\frac{3}{4}$ " " 117	
4 " " 120	
25 "	25

Eastern Beds and Brakes and Spring Seat, \$25 additional to above. California State Rack-Box Spring Seat and Brake, \$35 to \$45 extra, according to finish.

Bain's California Header Wagons, made of selected timber, \$100.

The Bain Wagons are gotten up on the Days Work Plan, offering no inducements to the mechanic to hurry or slight his work, but, on the contrary, insuring completeness in all respects, as well as a superiority over all such as are made so largely on the Jobbing Plan.

LEONARD PATENT SEAMLESS THIMBLE SKEIN,

which is only used in their manufacture, is indispensable to insure light draught and a perfect running wagon.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

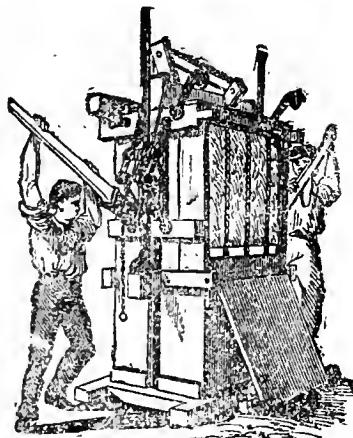
General Agents for the Pacific Coast.

9, 11, 13 and 15 J Street, } Principal Depots. } 13, 15, 17 and 19 Front St.,
SACRAMENTO. } SAN FRANCISCO.

BAKER & HAMILTON'S

Eagle Hay Presses.

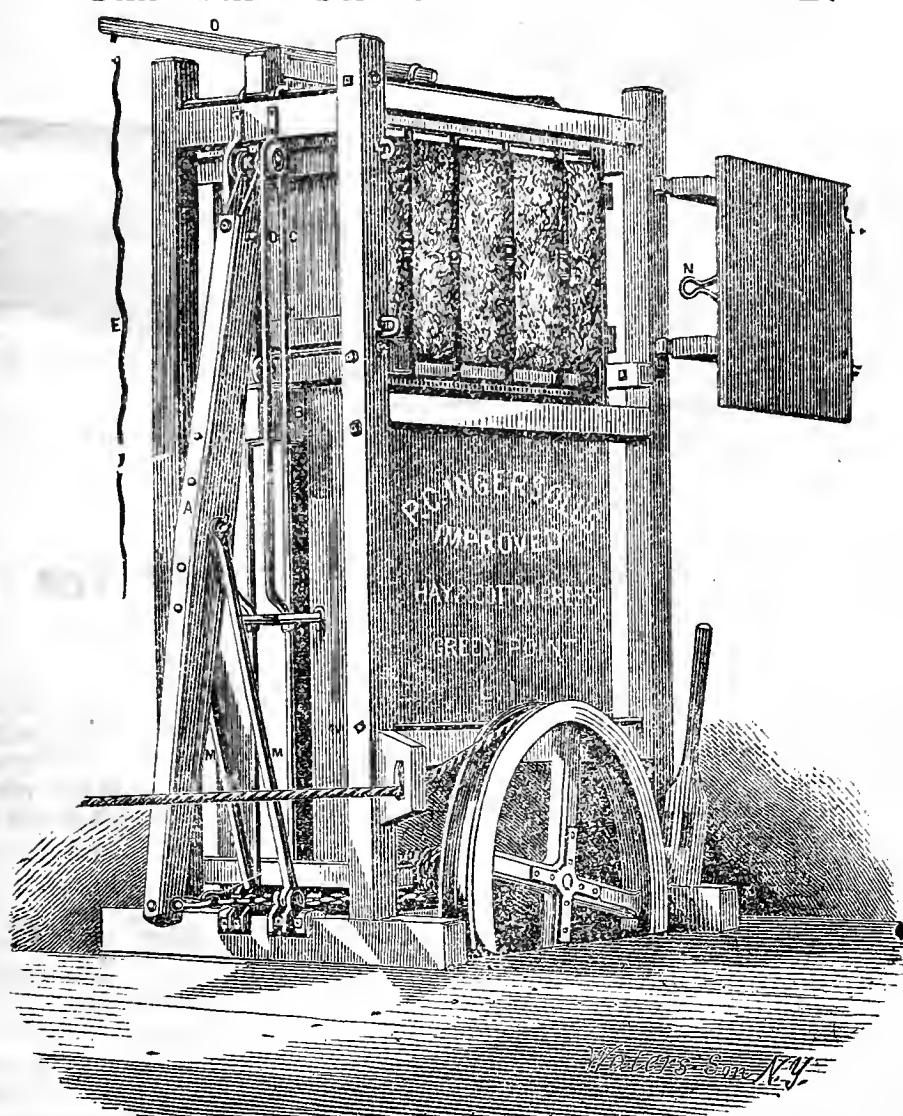
No. 1, Eagle Chain Hand Press..	\$150
No. 2, " " "	175
No. 1, Eagle Bar " " "	150
No. 1, " Power Hay Press...	275



Hand Hay Press.

We are Sole Agents on this coast for these HAY PRESSES. They are the best and

CHEAPEST ON THE COAST.



EAGLE No. 1 POWER HAY PRESS.

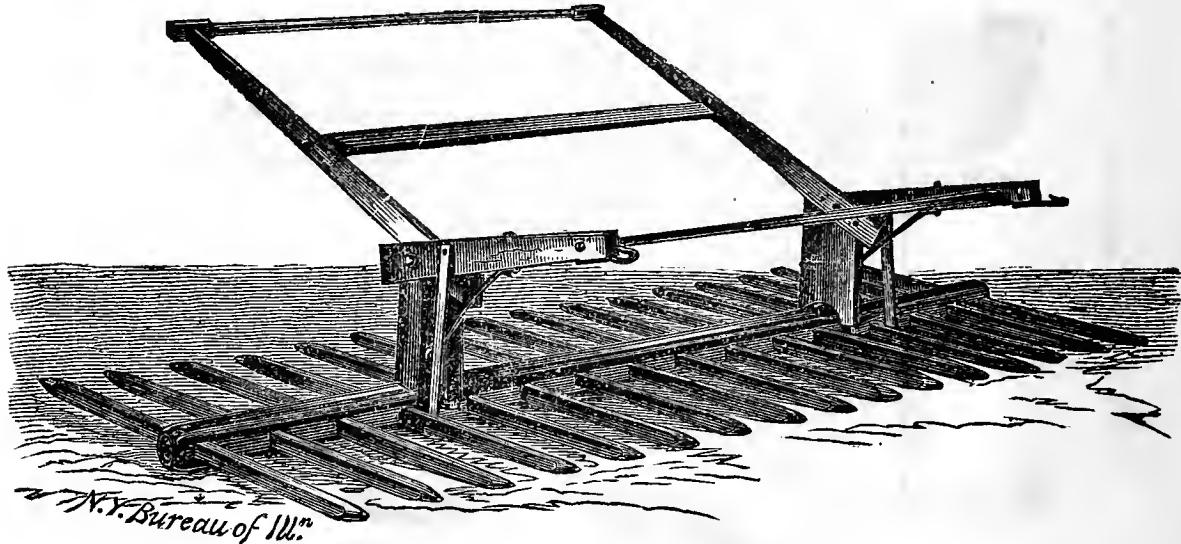
HORSE RAKES.

WHITCOMB'S WHEELED WIRE HORSE RAKE, \$45.

Revolving 8-ft. Heads.	\$ 9
" 10-ft. "	10
No. 1, 26-t. Wire Rake.....	12
No. 2, 28-t. "	14
No. 3, 30-t. "	16

This is the simplest, cheapest and best *Wheeled Horse Rake* ever invented. The head is operated by means of treadles, gives the operator more complete control over it than any other method, and also avoids that continual jerking on the horse which is so objectionable in every other Rake. The driver's hands are always free for the management of the horse. Nine-tenths of the Wheeled Rakes used on this coast are sold by us, and are always Whitcomb's.

A NEW REVOLVING HORSE RAKE AND THE BEST.



The TIFFIN Horse Rake ready for use.

This is the best *Revolving Rake*, worth a dozen of the old kind to wear out. It has 16 hickory teeth, nine-foot head, patented tripping clutch. It is made of the best quality of seasoned timber, by experienced and competent mechanics. *No Rakes sent out on Commission.* The price is \$12, and will be sent to any part of the coast, C. O. D. All orders or letters of inquiry should be addressed Baker & Hamilton, Sacramento or San Francisco.

Hand Hay Rakes.

Mortise Head, per doz.....	
Extra 3 Bowed, "	

Horse Forks.

Myers', each with 3 Blocks, &c.....	\$12.00
Sweepstakes (Stockton Fork) Wood	25.00
" " " Iron	30.00
Harpoon Hay Fork, complete set.....	21.35

The Harpoon Hay Fork is, without doubt, the cheapest horse fork on the coast. It weighs but eleven pounds, yet has frequently unloaded one ton of hay and carried it to the height of twenty-five feet in four minutes. Pamphlets containing full description sent on application.

HAY FORKS.

[A LARGE DISCOUNT ON THESE PRICES TO DEALERS.]

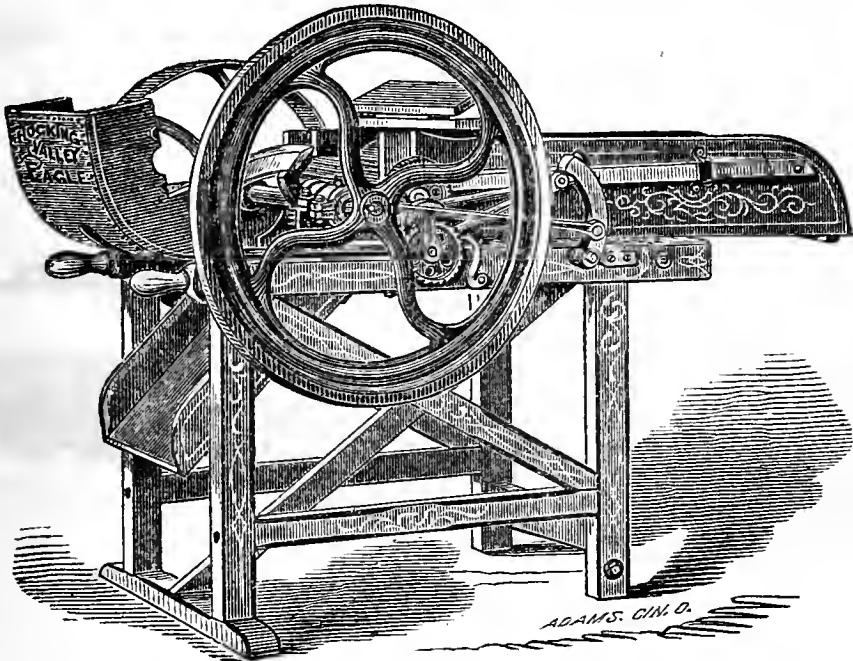
Batcheller's No. 3, 3 tined 6 ft. strapped ..	\$13 50	Baker & Hamilton, No. 3, 4 tined, 4½ ft. st'd 17 50
" " " riveted....	12 00	" " " 5 do. do. 17 50
" " 4 tined 5 ft. " ..	15 00	
Williamsport " 3 " ..	10 00	These Baker & Hamilton Forks are superior to any in market. Handles are all selected, and the steel extra tempered. Bright red finish, with our labels.
W. & H. No. 3, 3 tined, 6 ft. hdles 12 00		
Baker & Hamilton, No. 3, 3 tined, 6 ft. hdles		
strapped, 13 50		
" " " 4½ ft. hdles 12 00		Batcheller's D handle Manure..... \$16 00
" " " 16 in. tines,		Clow's 4 tined Wood Barley Forks..... 15 00
4½ ft. hdles 16 00		" " Steel Tine Barley Forks..... 18 00
" " " 16 in. tines,		Remington's 4 tined Wood " " .. 15 00
6 ft. hdles. 16 00		Baker & Hamilton 5 tin'd wood Barley Forks 18 00
" " 4 tined, 4½ ft.... 16 00		Extra fingers for do., per doz

SPADING FORKS.

Long Handled, strapped.....	\$20 50	D Handled, not strapped.....	\$20 00
" " not "	19 50	D "	21 50

EAGLE FEED CUTTERS.

BAKER & HAMILTON'S



Prices in San Francisco and Sacramento.

No. 1, 6 in. Knife, cuts $\frac{1}{2}$ bush. per minute.	\$30.	No. 4, 13 in. Knife, cuts 2 bush. per minute.	\$50.
" 2, 8 " " 1 " " " : 35.		" 5, 15 " " " 3 " " " 60.	
" 3, 11 " " 1½ " " " : 40.		" 6, 20 " " " 6 " " " 100.	

THE EAGLE FEED CUTTER.

Since its invention about three years ago, this machine has been fast growing in favor throughout the country, and is fast becoming the favorite with all classes, owing to its adaptability to any kind of work required of it; ease and rapidity with which it does its work; ease with which it is adjusted to cut long or short; convenience of being kept in order; strength and force of construction; being always ready for use; and last but not least, its never failing to please them.

THE SHEARING BAR, against which the knife works with a shearing, drawing cut, is made of cast iron, heavy and strong, and is so arranged that it can be moved towards the knife as it wears away.

THE FEED ARRANGEMENT is very simple, strong, and effective, and unlike all machines fed with gearing, it draws the material forward the desired distance after the knife has passed the bar, and holds it there until the knife again passes and cuts it off, thus avoiding any crowding against the knife; and no change of gearing is necessary to change the length of cut, but simply to loosen one nut and slide the back end of the pawls up or down as desired and again tighten the nut, and can thus be changed to cut any length desired, from one-fourth to nearly two inches.

Nos. 1, 2, and 3, for Hand only.
No. 6, for Power only.
Nos. 4 and 5, for Hand and Power.

The Celebrated California Sweepstakes Gang Plow

Cheapest and best Gang Plow in the United States



2000 IN USE IN CALIFORNIA.

IMPROVED "SWEEPSTAKE" IRON CLAD GANG PLOW. SURSA'S PATENT.

The extraordinary sale of this Gang Plow during the past four seasons, is owing to its possessing so MANY IMPORTANT ADVANTAGES OVER ALL OTHER GANGS IN THE MARKET, among which are the following:

The remarkable simplicity of its construction renders it impossible for it to get out of order, and enables them to be built exceedingly strong and light. By means of powerful levers, conveniently placed, it is raised quickly and easily out of the ground, or readily pressed into it. It will plow from one to ten inches deep, and ALWAYS retain a level position at any desired point. No other attempts this. It is the most portable plow in use, and is the neatest and most compact. The draft is very light, and a boy ten years old can plow as much as two men with single plows, and in a much superior manner. Extra parts can be obtained at the factory, and are warranted to fit, as all are made from the same pattern.

Those offered for sale the present season are greatly improved, and made in the most thorough and workmanlike manner possible, with previous defects corrected, and several important improvements added. The extensive sale of the Sweepstakes Gang has induced numerous imitators to put in market inferior Gangs, which are weak, clumsy, and void of any of the essential points which make a good Gang.

The SWEEPSTAKE GANG is the standard of merit by which all others judge their Gangs, and many use the name to sell their inferior article. The Sweepstakes Gang is only manufactured by the SWEEPSTAKE PLOW CO., at San Leandro, and farmers should order direct of us, or see that they get the SWEEPSTAKE GANG, and not an imitation. No Gangs sent on commission; orders filled as received.

Prices at San Leandro—"Sweepstakes" steel with Two Extra Points, \$75.
" " " " " Iron Clad" " " " " " \$85.

Collins' Moulds and Points on either, \$10 extra without extra Points.

BAKER & HAMILTON, | SWEEPSTAKE PLOW CO.,
SOLE AGENTS SAN FRANCISCO AND SACRAMENTO. | SAN LEANDRO.

HUIE'S PATENT GANG PLOW.

Having purchased the Huie Gang Plows sold by order of an assignee, at very low figures, we are enabled to offer them at greatly reduced prices—below the cost of importation—giving a Gang combining

Simplicity, Utility, Durability and Low Price.

They are selling very rapidly and we would advise early orders. This is the cheapest GOOD Gang offered. Being boxed, the transportation is low.

We offer at following low figures till all present stock is sold:
Price of Steel Gang, \$60. Price of Collins' \$75. Without Extra Shares.

For an order of five Huie Steel Gangs we will take off ten per cent. Address

BAKER & HAMILTON,

Manufacturers and Importers of all kinds of Agricultural Implements and Hardware.
SAN FRANCISCO AND SACRAMENTO.

One of the

MOST IMPORTANT INVENTIONS

Ever introduced among the farming community is the

Gem Broad-Cast Seed Sower.

Prices.

Gem Hand Sower \$10
 " Power " 55

THE

Gem Power Sower

is easily attached to a wagon or cart, and is pronounced by all who have used them to be superior to all other broadcast Sowers.

The grain is thrown out on each side, as if sown by hand. The old style machines always left a DOUBLE quantity behind the wagon. The GEM sows more evenly than by hand.



GEM HAND SEED-SOWER.

Advantages of Gem Hand Seed-Sower.

1. They are very simple in construction, therefore not liable to get out of repair.
2. They can be used successfully on horseback, in a wagon, or carried by the operator.
3. Three times the amount of work can be accomplished in the same space of time over hand-sowing.
4. The machine throws a double or single cast, as required.
5. It can be used in windy weather, doing good work, when it is impossible to sow by hand.
6. They sow on either side of the operator, at pleasure.

STAR MOLINE PLOWS.

We are the sole agents on this coast for the celebrated STAR MOLINE PLOW. They are made EXTRA HARD, elegantly finished, and the only plow which scours in every soil found in California and Oregon.



Purchasers should see that each Plow is branded on the beam with a BRIGHT RED STAR, and our name over it. There are numerous cheap sheet steel Moline Plows in market, which are nearly without merit except the NAME "Moline."

STAR MOLINE PLOWS.

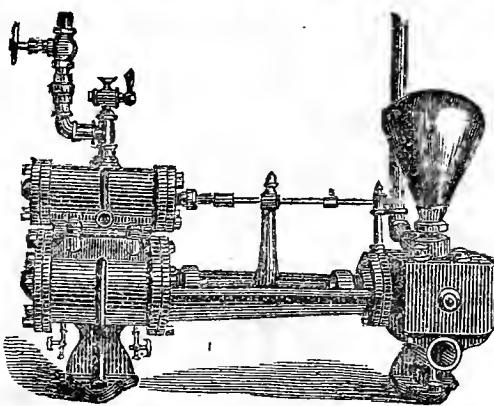
No. 6 cuts 14 in.....	\$16 00	18-inch Extra Breakers	\$45 00
No. 7 cut 12 in.....	15 00	20-inch Extra Breakers	50 00
No. 7½ c t.....	14 50	The Breakers have extra share Rolling	
No. 8 cuts 10 in.....	9 00	Coulter and Gauge-wheel.	
No. 8½ cuts 9 in.....	8 50	Single Shovel Plow, Wood Beams.....	7 50
High Landside, \$1 extra.		Double Shovel Plow, Wood Beams	8 00
S No. 1 cuts 12 in., Cast Steel.....	19 00	Double Shovel Plow, Iron Beams.....	9 00
S No. 1 cuts 12 in., Cast Steel, Iron Beam..	22 00	Three Shovel Plow, Iron Beams.....	12 00
16-inch Extra Breakers	40 00	Sweepstake Single Plow, 12-inch.....	20 00

We have a large stock of COLLINS' SMITH'S PLOWS, PEORIA, BOSTON CLIPPER and CAST PLOWS, Price Lists of which will be furnished on application.

Earle's Patent Steam Pump.

We are the SOLE AGENTS for this superior

Steam Pump
on this coast, and have samples of nearly all kinds in store.



We sell at Eastern cost and import to order any size not in stock. Full particulars in pamphlet, which we will be pleased to furnish on application. This pump has more peculiar features to recommend it to practical use than any other.

WE CLAIM THE FOLLOWING ADVANTAGES :

First—It is composed of fewer pieces; every part is easy of access; all joints are "ground," and both pistons have "Spring Rings."

Second—The steam valve is a single cylinder of cast-iron, perfectly balanced, which in its motions is without comparative friction. It is operated by steam taken from the main cylinder, after it has completed its work and is ready to be exhausted, thus economizing steam to a great extent.

Third—It is without "dead points," starting whenever steam is admitted to the cylinder, consequently dispensing with all starting levers, cranks, balance wheels, cams, springs, weights, gears and other appliances ordinarily used.

Fourth—The peculiar construction of the water cylinder renders it easy to change the valves, thereby fitting them for either hot or cold, thick or thin liquids, oils and acids.

Fifth—It runs without noise or jar, and as the steam valve has only a horizontal motion, and being balanced, at a great speed also. It works as perfectly at one stroke per minute as at two hundred strokes.

This pump took the Silver Medal (First premium), at the Mechanics' Association in Boston in 1865; also the Gold Medal at the American Institute in New York; and also the Gold Medal of the Maryland Institute in 1865. Address,

BAKER & HAMILTON,
SAN FRANCISCO.

THE IMPROVED EXCELSIOR LAWN MOWER,



EXCELSIOR LAWN MOWER.

The only PERFECT Lawn Mower. This year are greatly improved over those we sold last, and what defects WERE found in those, are now remedied.

Much has been written in relation to

LAWN MOWERS.

A great variety have been presented to the public, few of which had sufficient merit to win for them a wide reputation. The "EXCELSIOR" is sold all over the United States, and is used in all the public parks in the country.

No. 0 cuts 11 in. \$20
 " 1 " 14 " \$30
 " 2 " 18 " \$35
 } The No. 1 is the best size.

CHAMPION POST HOLE DIGGER.

ADVANTAGES :

It will do the work twice as fast as any other implement for the purpose.

It will do the work much easier.

It will do the work better, as the hole can be made any size or shape required.

It is easily kept in order.

Anybody can sharpen it.

Can dig to any depth you choose with it.

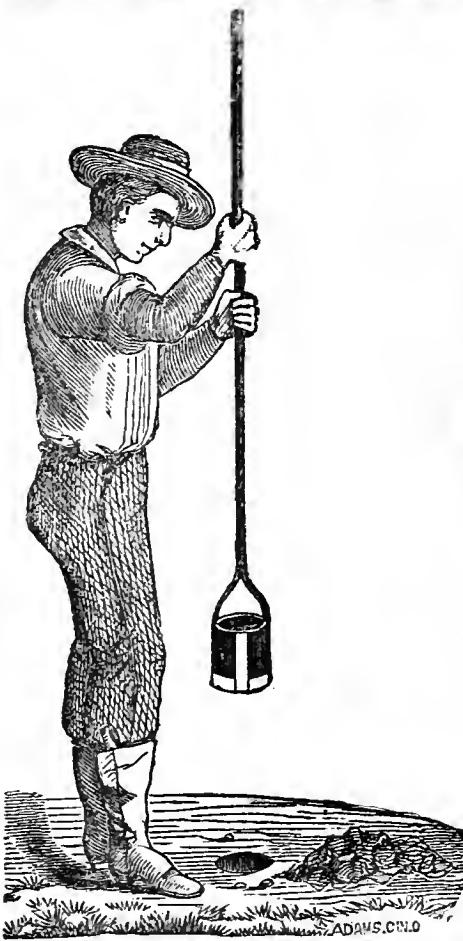
DESCRIPTION.

The cut illustrates the implement perfectly.

The cylinder is of steel, sharp at its lower edge, the bevel all being from the inside.

It is left open on one side, so as to allow it to spring open and hold the dirt that is pressed in it.

The handle is of round iron, and long enough to make a hole four feet deep.



THE EUREKA CLOTHES WRINGER.

THE FACTS.

Experience has taught and proved three things, viz:

1st. That wood is not a suitable material for Wringing Machines ; it swells or shrinks as it becomes wet or dry, and is constantly getting out of repair. It is shaky at one time, hard to operate at another ; a screw is needed here, a nut there, &c., till the would-be-calm house-wife loses her temper and pronounces it A PERFECT NUISANCE.

2d. Thumb-screws and cog-wheels are the active and vital principles of those complicated ma-

an imperfect strain is brought to bear upon them, and they are made to SELL and not to wear.

Now to the point, for "facts are stubborn things;" here is the other side.

1st. The Eureka Wringer has no wood about it except the crank handle. It is made of the best grades of iron and steel, finely finished and galvanized, so it cannot rust. It cannot and will not get out of order, except in actual wear, from years of service, and the sensible house-wife smiles as she sees it brought into the house.

2d. It has no cog-wheels or thumb-screws. The machine is self-adjusting in every respect, always ready for any sized article ; the "handkerchief and table-spread" go through, one after another, and are found to be equally dry, and "with so little labor," said house-wife is delighted, and pronounces it a "GEM," and "SO SIMPLE."

3d. The Rolls are INDESTRUCTIBLE, and cannot twist or tear ; they will wear evenly, and years of constant service will hardly tell upon them.

PRICES AT RETAIL.

No. 2—Ordinary Family size, 10 in. roll mach. \$7 50 | No. 4—Largest Family size 12 in. mach. \$10 00
No. 3—Extra Family size, 11 in. roll mach.... 8 00 | Liberal Discount to dealers, by the dozen.

DIRECTIONS :

Grasp as in the cuts and strike it into the ground, raising it up you bring the dirt with it.

Drop it carelessly on the ground, keeping hold of the handle, and the dirt will fall out ; proceed in this manner to the desired depth.

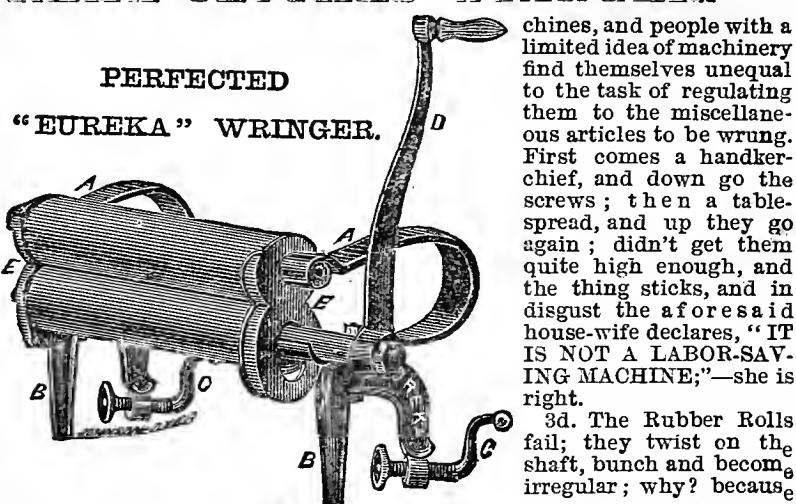
If you wish the hole any other shape or larger, commence at the top and cut down.

CAUTION :

All persons are cautioned against manufacturing this implement, or any one infringing LEED'S PATENT, as they will be legally dealt with.

RETAIL PRICE, . . \$6.50.

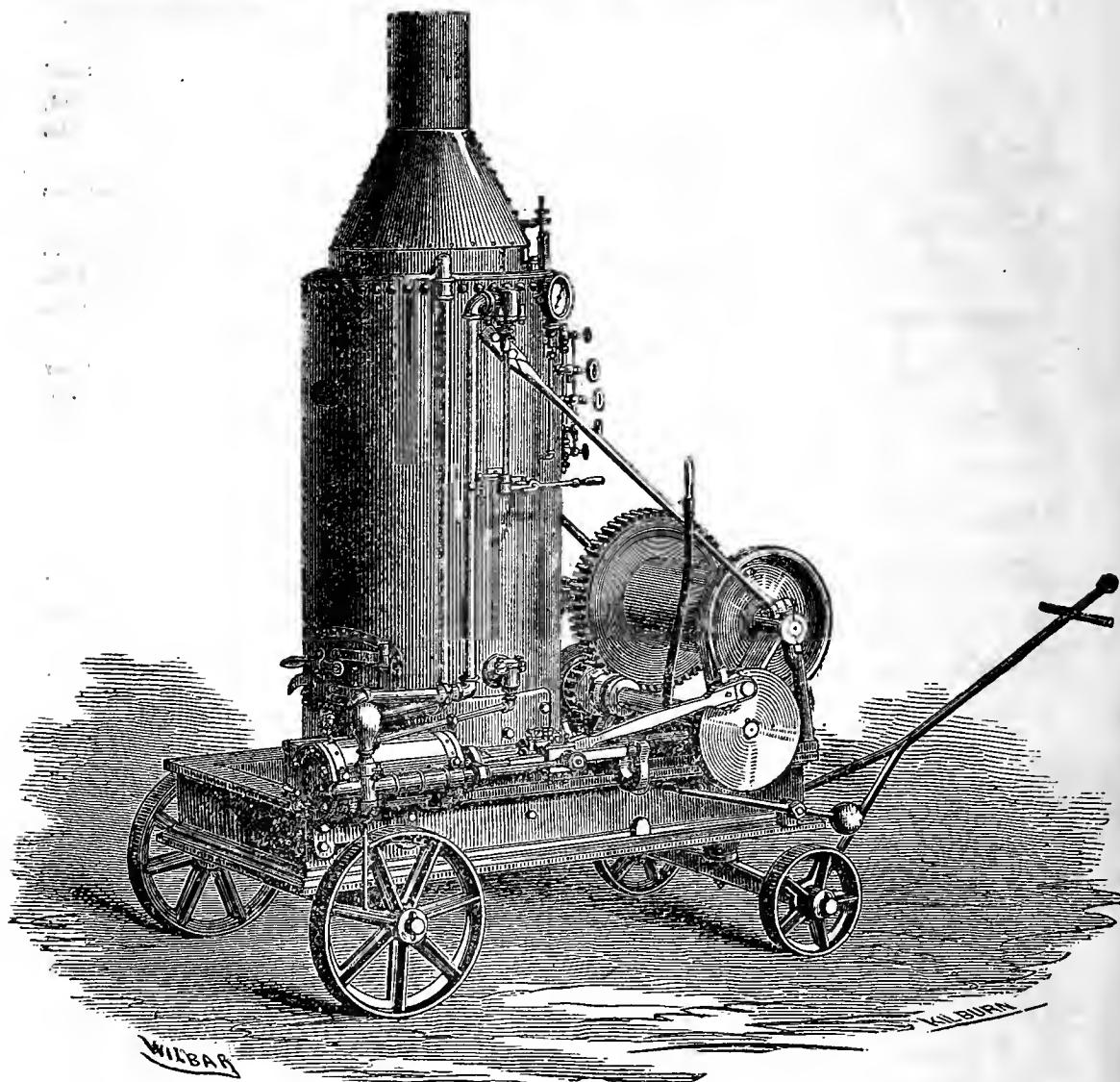
This is less than the price of common augers.



chines, and people with a limited idea of machinery find themselves unequal to the task of regulating them to the miscellaneous articles to be wrung. First comes a handkerchief, and down go the screws ; then a table-spread, and up they go again ; didn't get them quite high enough, and the thing sticks, and in disgust the aforesaid house-wife declares, "IT IS NOT A LABOR-SAVING MACHINE,"—she is right.

3d. The Rubber Rolls fail ; they twist on the shaft, bunch and become irregular ; why? because

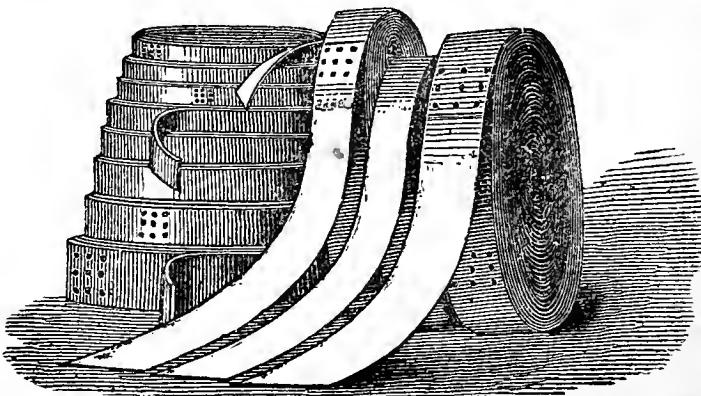
HOISTING ENGINES.



Horizontal Engine, Vertical Boiler.—Hoisting Engine on Truck.

We are sole agents for Messrs. Rawson and Hittinger on this coast, and keep in stock samples of their Engines, and import any style to order. Their *Hoisting Engines* are perfect in every respect. The *gearing* is *covered*. There is a *Winch* on one end of the main shaft, which will be found very useful for hauling logs, &c. The exhaust pipe is so arranged that the steam can be exhausted in the smoke pipe or outside, or a part each place. Full price lists furnished on application.

WE KEEP
A
FULL STOCK
OF THE BEST
LEATHER BELTING
In Market.
LIST OF
PRICES
FURNISHED.



RUBBER BELTING
All Sizes.
LACE LEATHER.
—
Lard Oil.
Machine Oil.
—
COPPER RIVETS
All Sizes.

Patent Leather Belting.—All Widths.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

DEXTER HAND MADE HORSE NAILS.

CUMBERLAND COAL IN CASKS AND SACKS.

WOODWORKING MACHINERY, ALL KINDS IMPORTED TO ORDER.

LARD OIL, CASTOR OIL, MACHINE OIL, AXLE GREASE, ALL THE VARIOUS MAKES.

COTTON WASTE, STEAM PACKING.

LOW'S PATENT SHINGLE MACHINES.—SOLE AGENTS.

BRASS GLOBE OILERS, OIL AND TALLOW CUPS.

STEAM, GLASS AND WATER GAUGES.

LACE LEATHER, PATENT BELT RIVETS.

GRAIN DRILLS, 9, 10, 11, 12 & 16 HOE.

STAR MOLINE PLOWS, EXTRA HARDENED.

HARROWS, ALL SIZES FROM 24 TO 120 TEETH.

GARDEN SEED DRILLS.

VANDIVER CORN PLANTER. PLANTS 20 ACRES PER DAY.

THRESHING MACHINE TEETH.

Extra parts for all machines we sell. We have a new selected stock of shelf and heavy

HARDWARE,

And would respectfully ask the patronage of dealers.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

9, 11, 13 and 15 J Street.

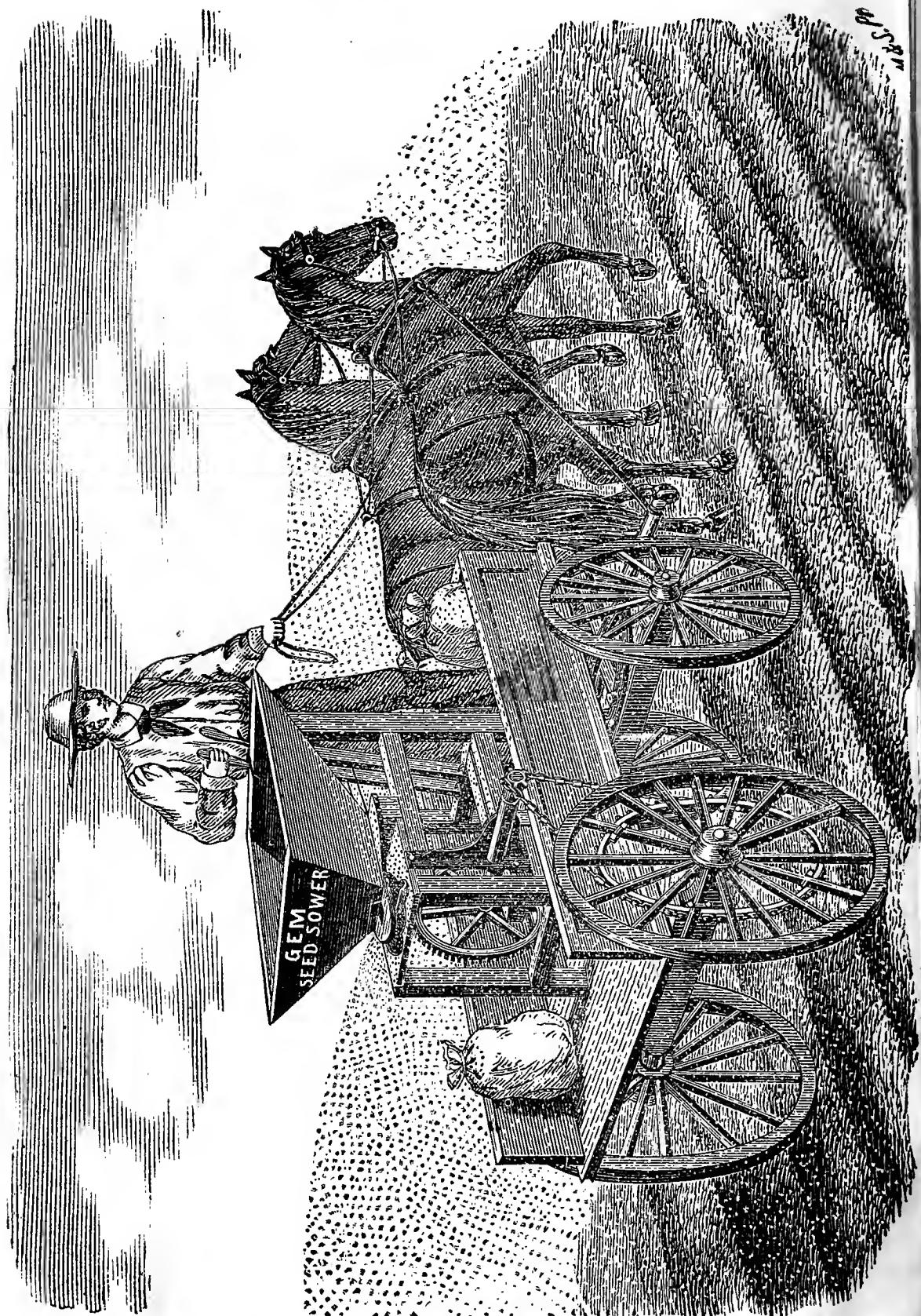
SACRAMENTO.

13, 15, 17 and 19 Front Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Sweepstake Plow Co., San Leandro.

BAKER & HAMILTON'S



CALIFORNIA GEM POWER SEED-SOWER.











